JOHN MARTIN on THE ROYAL BALLET

Saturday Review

APRIL 27, 1963 / 25¢

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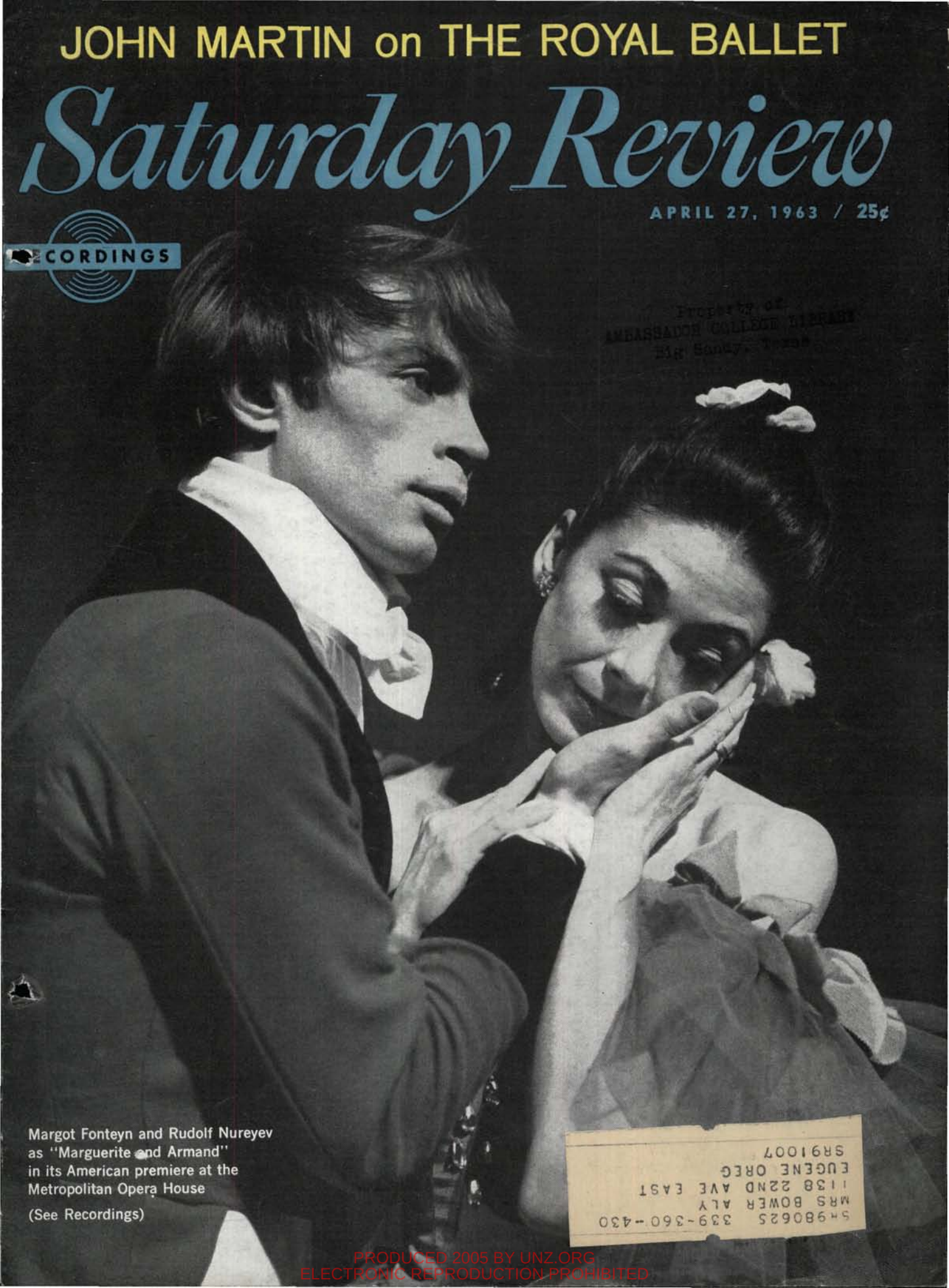

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INTERPRETER

Slide rules and petticoats . . . what a combination! Incongruous? Yet this home economist, who is employed by the Frigidaire Division of General Motors, is involved with each. She wears many "hats" . . . tester, designer, writer, demonstrator. She conducts classes in home economics in schools and companies—teaches how to get the most out of new GM-built household appliances.

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In 1955 a book appeared called *The New American Right*. Published by Pantheon in the waning moments of the tumult which had attended Senator Joseph McCarthy, it was received respectfully and after a time went out of print.

About two years later, the *New York Times* and the *San Francisco Chronicle*, among others, said that the book should be brought out again. It was the best work on, in Seymour Martin Lipset's phrase, the "Radical Right." The book said that it was not concerned with McCarthyism (or, as "one wit put it, McCarthywasm") alone but with the "deeper running social currents of a turbulent midcentury America." These currents have continued to run. When the volume's editor, Daniel Bell, approached the original authors to see whether they would like to amend their earlier statements for a new edition, he found that each wanted his original observations to stand, but to write a new chapter as well.

Because the authors are Bell, Lipset, David Riesman, Richard Hofstadter, Nathan Glazer, Peter Viereck, Talcott Parsons, Alan F. Westin, and H. H. Hyman, the book is alive with ideas. In *The Radical Right*, political scientists, social scientists, and historians, not all of them flaming liberals, combine to ask questions and suggest answers. One, for example: Is the Birch Society the same as McCarthyism? This is a rare combination of comment on events as they happen and the longer, cooler, more reflective view as they go on to become history.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Radical Right ($4.95), edited by Daniel Bell, is published by Doubleday & Co., Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies are available at your local bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 228 Worth Avenue, Palm Beach, Florida.

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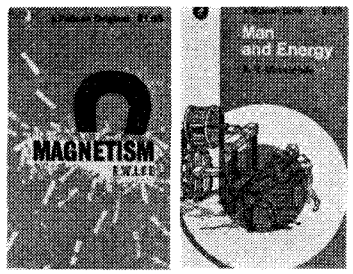

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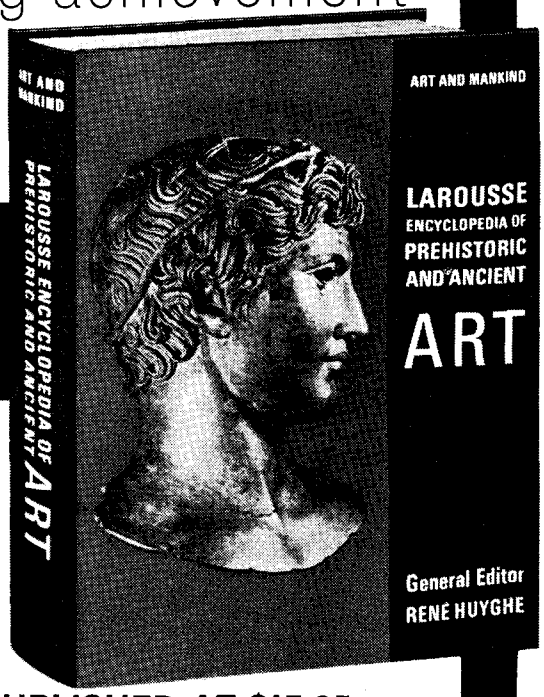

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The Ugly Sardonian

Edited by Martin Levin

THE PREMURIUS REPORT

OUR poet said it: "All America suffers, but only Sardonia knows it."

America's sickness is that she does not give a prtz (Editor's note: 1/1000 of the Sardonian taler) about the future and cares even less about the past. It all goes back to the Monroe Doctrine. For instance, what do the Americans know about soccer? You might say, "What do we know about American life?" Are you kidding? I have visited America twice. The first time I was an honorary guest-passenger of the WOW Stratocruiser Lines. I flew over the country and had a unique bird's-eye view of the geo-ethno-socio-politico-cultural problems of this infantile country.

On my second visit—on the occasion of the maiden voyage of the *T. S. S. Marie Theresa of the Seas* of our incomparable Sardonian Lines—I totaled twenty-three hours of ground residence. I covered the 50th Street pier, the surplus stores on 42nd Street, noticed the appalling absence of sidewalk cafés, viewed the finale of the second act in the musical adaptation of *The Suppliants,* and tuned in from 10 to 12 A.M., on a Monday, to evaluate the television output of the country.

I am sorry to say this, but it is difficult to take the Americans seriously. When men and women who profess to be gentlemen and ladies make friends with you at parties openly and treat you to dinner, I cannot avoid comparisons. In Green Horses, Sardonia, I extricate an average of 1.3 treats to absinthe per year, which is slightly too forward, considering that a Sardonian invites you to his home every national jubilee. Perhaps the only country that surpasses America in effervescent hospitality is Hellas. But then Hellas is just another Balkan paradox, *bon pour l'Orient.*

What is the use? America is a cocktail of everything except character. What are the typical facial characteristics of America—Anglo-Saxon, Latin, Scandinavian, Slavic, Oriental—what? Nobody knows, nobody cares. All they care for is money. Most Sardonians make fortunes upon landing in Hoboken. It's in the air.

Yes, America is a sweet little headache for an ancient people like the Sardonians. Our cultural attaché in New York procures for America the best Sardonian artists, writers, actors, and occasional ex-apple-polishers of the Axis who nevertheless have made it clear they are sorry they did it. But our cultural attaché is only one man.

I talked to undertipped waiters at the Waldorf. I hung around the artists' hangouts in Greenwich Village. Shall I smile? They are not artists. Most of them know nothing about the Sardonian Theory of Essential Circumlocution and Circumvolution. Which brings me straight to the point of this report: The American Immigration Service stinks. They told me I have to wait for two years or more for an immigrant's visa. How long, O Lord, how long?

—KIMON LOLOS.

• • •

THE MAN WHO KNEW EVERYBODY

THE city room of the Gulfstream, Florida, *Gazette* was presided over at one time by an editor whom we shall call Horace Porous, for that was not his name. Horace, who looked like an amiable basset hound and gargled his words in a mellifluous cornpone-and-molasses drawl, was not only a newspaperman of many years' standing but was also, as he himself was wont to boast to us cub reporters, a Florida Cracker bone and braid. In his day (which by the time I knew him was turning to late afternoon) he had sought, and sometimes found, news in every courthouse and cranny of the state, and had come to regard himself as something of a Baedeker of the bayous. "Hell, I know everybody," he would often say while reminiscing over a bourbon after hours, invariably knitting into his anecdotes a not unimpressive list of Florida notables back to and including Ponce de Leon.

One day near deadline time, after several reporters had tried unsuccessfully to verify a rumor that seemed to have its origin in the state capital at Tallahassee, Horace announced that he himself would take matters in hand. "There is only one solution," he informed us, "and that is for me to telephone directly and personally to my old friend, the governor."

He picked up his telephone and,

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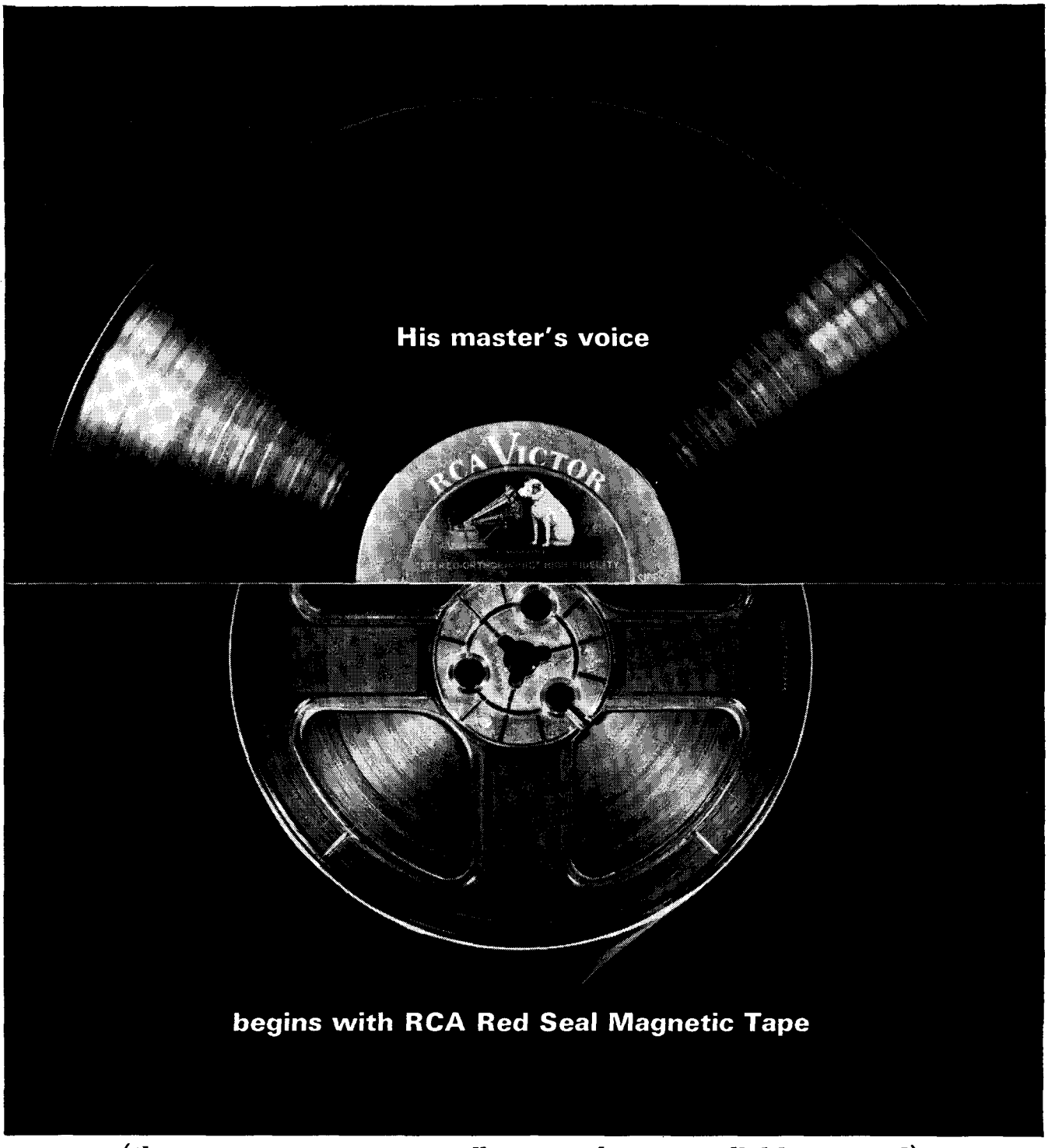

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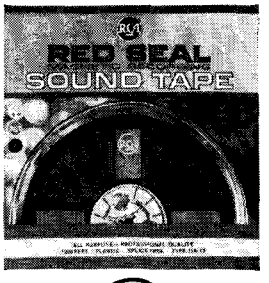

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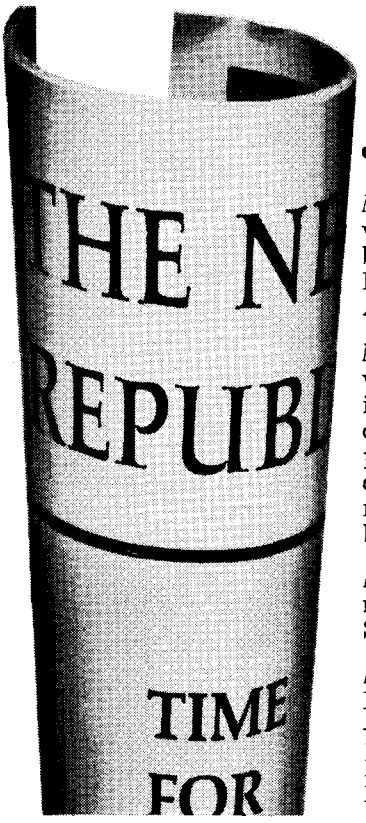

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though it astonished us all, the connection was soon made.

"Hey there," Horace said to the governor. "This is Horace."

During the pause that followed, the typewriters in the city room fell silent as the reporters strained to hear Horace's conversation with his old friend.

Then Horace said into the phone: "Horace *Porous.*"

There was another pause.

"Horace Porous in *Gulfstream.*"

Pause.

"At the Gulfstream *Gazette.*"

Pause.

"That's it—it's a *newspaper.*"

As it finally turned out, the governor knew nothing, or perhaps would say nothing, to confirm the rumor. But by this time that hardly mattered. For when he had hung up, Horace was able to turn to us and report, loudly enough for all to hear, and with a broad, satisfied grin:

"Well, there is nothing at all to the rumor, gentlemen. My old friend the governor has told me so himself."

—James F. Fixx.

• • •

THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE

IN my revolutionary days when I was planning a trip to Russia, my friend, the Communist Jim Cannon, came to me with some advice. I would have a better entrée among the ruling circles in Moscow if I carried a card of membership in the American Communist Party—then called the "Worker's Party." He would enroll me and supply me with the card if I would drop around to headquarters. Although I am not by temperament a joiner, this seemed a permissive maneuver, since the "Worker's Party" then professed to be a "mass party" and its control by a conspiratorial underground organization had—formally at least—been abandoned.

So in March, 1922, I boarded the Cunard Liner S.S. *Olympia* with a rather subversionary testimonial in my pocket. I had hardly arrived in my stateroom when a steward came around with an invitation to sit at the captain's table. Thinking the literary aspect of my career must be experiencing a boom, I joyfully accepted and took my place at dinner with what I hoped was a poetic as well as a patriotic expression.

When the coffee was being served, the captain leaned across the table and remarked:

"Mr. Eastman, I think your invention of the Kodak was one of the major events of this century."

—Max Eastman.

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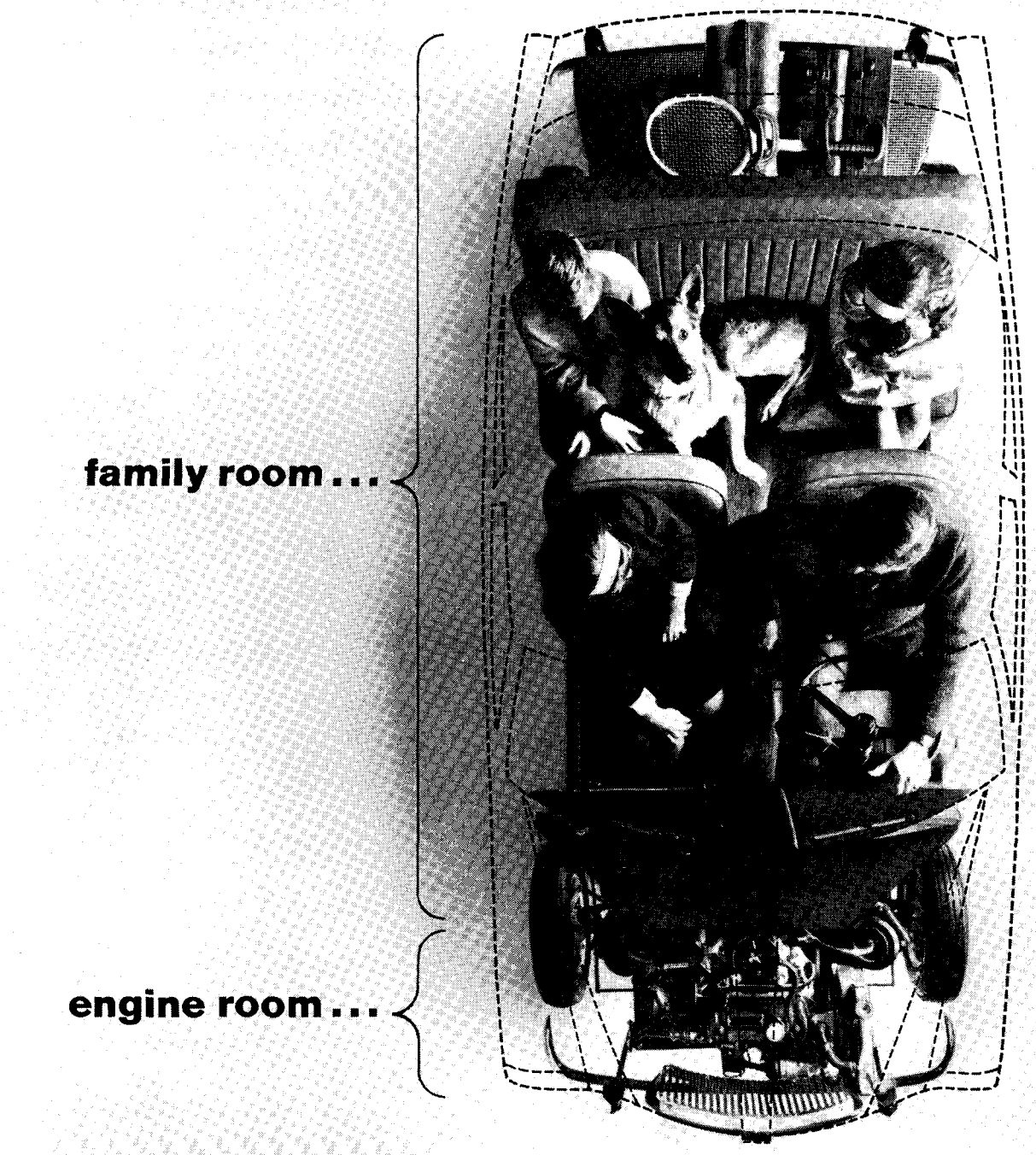
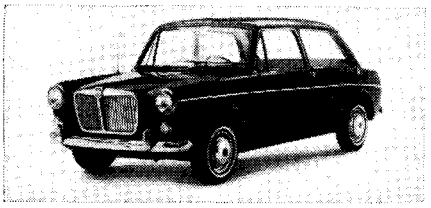
family room . . .

engine room . . .





The engine room of the new MG Sports Sedan not only houses the world's number 1 competitive engine, but holds it crosswise instead of lengthwise, so that——— the family room can comfortably seat 5 passengers. Yes, 80% of the length of this exciting new car is devoted to passengers and luggage . . . making it the smallest big sedan on the road, a car that comfortably makes room for full-grown human beings. *Ah, but that engine room! . . . front wheel drive (the engine pulls instead of pushes) for incredible stability, even on slippery roads in blustery gales.*

And the family room? Two racy bucket seats up front and a true, three passenger seat in the back. Enormous rear window and curved side windows for maximum visibility plus shoulder room. And—there's even a light in the ash tray.

Raw power under the hood . . . speeds in excess of 80 mph . . . 4-speed stick shift and crunchproof synchromesh gear box . . . the guts, spirit and joy of a true MG. Parts and service through over 1,000 dealers in the United States and Canada. Solid comfort. So easy and agile, even the ladies can drive it with complete enjoyment. Behaves beautifully in city traffic, slides easily into the tiniest parking slots and turns out a pleasant 24 to 30 mpg. *Built by one of the world's oldest, most well-established automobile names, racily designed in true British sports car tradition, it is an economical sports car*——— for the family man; for the man with a wife, children, pets and guests. A dandy little sedan with a revolutionary new fluid suspension system (no springs, no shock-absorbers) that quietly flattens rough roads and high hills into soft, creamy, level rides. It is a little giant, bigger on the inside than it appears on the outside, with aircraft-type front wheel disc brakes for safer, surer stops. From the moment you put it onto the road, you'll find the new MG Sports Sedan a gallant performer, a sporting dignitary . . . a most elegant rascal.

MG SPORTS SEDAN

$1898.00*

*Suggested retail price New York P. O. E. includes: turn signal; windscreen washer; spare wheel; tool kit; ash tray light. (heater and white-walls optional)

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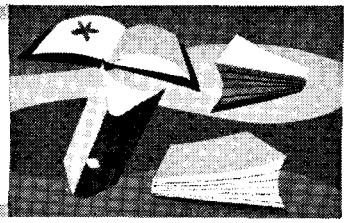
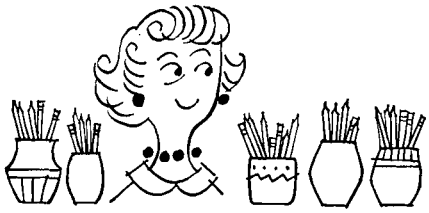
Trade Winds



TWO MORE LIBRARY STORIES, one from an Omaha fellow who doesn't want his name used. By mistake he carried off a pencil belonging to the library. When he returned it with apologies he said to the librarian, "You probably lose a great many pencils this way."

She replied, "One day last week we



found we had fifty pencils that didn't belong to us."

At the information desk of the Chicago Public Library, two sophisticated-looking teen-age girls approached Monica Schwartz, one asking, "Where can we find that book called *Oedipus Complex*, or if you don't have that one, *Oedipus Rex*?"

Mrs. Schwartz sent them to Sophocles, hoping their major interest was literary. But the question has been echoing through her head ever since, for the gal had accented both the "ex's" and it made a singsong verse that Mrs. Schwartz hopes to exorcise by having me print it here.

I AM MORE THAN HAPPY to get this one out of the way, too. It's from Thomas W. Palmer, a Tuckahoe, New York, dentist who tells of two monks who set up a fish 'n' chips stand outside their monastery. One morning a lady came to the stand and asked the one in charge, "Are you the fish friar?"

He answered, "No, ma'am, I'm the chip monk."

WHEN MRS. SAM ALSCHULER of Aurora, Illinois, heard about the Post Office admonition, "Keep harmful objects out of your letters," she realized immediately at whom it was directed: her daughter, Terri. In her nineteen years Terri has sent the following objects home by letter: a horseshoe nail (from camp), a rose branch with thorns, a fish skeleton, a porcupine quill, hair clips she wanted duplicated, a corsage pin, and a cocktail pick.

Terri is a sophomore at Pembroke College in Providence. She recently wrote home that she was looking for a present for her mother. Then Mrs. Alschuler learned of the Post Office campaign against harmful objects. She shot off a wire to her daughter: APPRECIATE THOUGHT BUT DON'T MAIL WHATEVER IT IS. Too late. The postman had just delivered a beat-up envelope containing a two-pronged fork from a Providence antique shop.

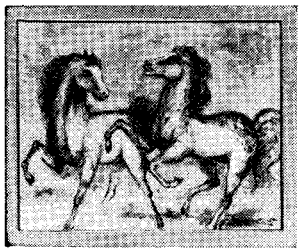
WHILE ON THE SUBJECT of teen-age girls, I must put in a plug for *The Seventeen Book of Etiquette and Entertaining* (McKay). It's the second by Enid A. Haupt, the editor of *Seventeen*, and she offers a lot of helpful advice for the kids. The book tells all sorts of things, like how to write a letter to the White House, which fork to use, when to wear gloves, how to get someone to cut in when you're dancing with someone you don't like (you look as though you're having a *wonderful* time), how to avoid being kissed and how to *get* a boy to kiss you.

I felt like a real boor as I read all these rules of behavior. I decided that if a girl observed one-tenth of them, she'd be a knockout. I didn't find out how to stop a girl from taking twenty-minute showers and using up all the hot water, however.

WANT TO HEAR a story about the American Way? A few months ago a high school girl named Judith Paggen wrote from Silver Lake, Minnesota, to the chairmen of twelve New York advertising agencies. She said she was doing a paper on "Corrupt Advertising" and wanted help.

Not surprisingly, she barely got the time of day from eleven of them. But Robert Lusk, head of Benton & Bowles, rose to the occasion. He invited Judy, her sister, her teacher Roger Erskine, and Mrs. Erskine to visit the agency as his guests.

It wasn't long before the four of them had seen the inside of B&B,



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Listen to the unforgettable folk songs of America's musical heritage: Captain Kidd...Ox-Driver's Song...The Old Chisholm Trail... Patrick on the Railroad...The Blue Tail Fly...Turkey in the Straw...Big Rock Candy Mountain...Sweet Betsy From Pike... Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen...and over a hundred more. Hear the voice of Burl Ives introduce them, then sing and play each one. Here is a great treasury of stirring musical entertainment to be enjoyed for a lifetime.

Listen to Burl Ives sing and play for you the heart-stirring songs and ballads America grew up on — six separate collections covering Our English Inheritance ...The American Revolution and War of 1812...Sailing Free and Adventuring West...American Folk Creations...Songs of the Music Hall and Battlefield, from 1800 to the Civil War...Songs of the Big Country: Cowboys, Indians, Badmen and Settlers. Among them you will hear:

The delightful ballads we brought over from England: Barb'ry Allen...Billy Boy...Sweet Kitty Klover ...Mr. Froggie Went a-Courtin'...Two Maidens Went Milking...***Stirring songs of independence:*** Free America...The Ballad of the Tea Party...Johnny Has Gone for a Soldier...

The sea chanties we hauled away to: Blow Ye Winds...Home Boys Home...Shenandoah...Greenland Fisheries...***Immortals of folk legend*** we sang about: John Henry...Mr. Rabbit...Frankie and Johnny... Darlin' Cory...

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Try Burl Ives' "America's Musical Heritage" for a full week free. If you are not delighted with it, return it at our expense and don't owe a penny. If you keep it, send only $3.95 as first payment (which includes shipping and handling costs) and the balance in three monthly payments of $5 each. Grolier Enterprises Inc., 575 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

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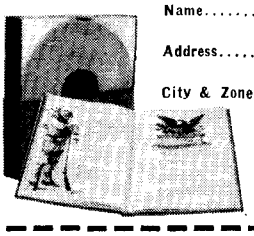

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San Miguel Allende, center of art and culture, and Dolores Hidalgo, birthplace of Mexican Independence, are nearby too. Here are only a few of Mexico's countless promises of a happy holiday.

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by Betty Friedan

"Relevant to my own problems and the problems of every woman I know."
—VIRGILIA PETERSON

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toured the offices of *Time*, held a press conference at "21," seen *The Sound of Music*, the *Johnny Carson Show*, and the *Mona Lisa*, and had their photographs taken. All the time B&B's chairman, president, and three executives did their best to explain the advertising business to Judy.

When Judy and her party returned home, I understand, she changed the topic of her paper from "Corrupt Advertising" to just plain "Advertising," and rumor has it that the rest of the class changed their topics, too. They all chose the subject of advertising and they are starting their research with Benton & Bowles.

SHARPS AND FLATS: The April issue of *American Heritage* contains a fascinating article concerning four unsolved mysteries about Warren Harding. They are his racial background, his love life, his death, and his secret correspondence. It makes a heck of a good story.

►The touring companies of *Guys and Dolls* have changed all Havana references and scenes in the show to Puerto Rico. After this, however, we should keep our eye on that Damon Runyon fellow. He's apt to slip this subversive stuff in here and there.

►Foreign dispatches that didn't tell me enough. Here's the whole story from Italy: "A salami slide blocked the Turin to Milan highway when a truck overturned and its cargo rolled in all directions."

►Joel Kaswell says that if you are offering a poet a sweater that has not been eaten by moths, you should describe it thus: "No holes, bard."

►Sometimes it's fun cleaning out the files. I came across this joke in an old letter from Seaman Jacobs, the comedy writer. An airline agent in East Africa had been reprimanded by his head office on numerous occasions for doing things without orders from home. One day headquarters received a cable from him: TIGER ON RUNWAY EATING PILOT. WIRE INSTRUCTIONS.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1515)

JOSEPHINE TEY:
THE SINGING SANDS

(Suggested by Elizabeth Hayward)

When man first dreamed of flying he had seen himself rising on just* his own silver wings into the blue empyrean; but it hadn't turned out at all like that. First he was trundled to a field, then he was shut in a box, then he was terrified, then he was sick, then he was in Paris.

———

*Inserted to get the needed J.

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The Collector's Quarterly Report, a unique cultural information service covering all the arts, is sent to members four times a year. In it, the Society provides a careful and critical compilation of recent projects and products that merit special attention. Books and series of books, original print editions, records, and sculpture—all of these come within its compass. And all are available for purchase through the Society, often at substantial savings.

In format, the Report is a handsome, 32-page magazine with a wealth of color illustration. Its editorial range is considerable. Forthcoming issues will contain articles on collectors and collecting and the shifting attitude toward fakes, and reports on a superb new group of demountable picture frames, a little-known collection of baroque recordings, and a series of children's books printed today from woodblocks cut in 1870. Major fine arts publications of the preceding three months will be described and often illustrated.

The Quarterly Choice. Each issue of the Quarterly Report will highlight one product which is felt to be of special interest to members of the Society. Most often, this Quarterly Choice will be a book or a series of books relating to art. Members have the option of receiving the Quarterly Choice for examination without any obligation. They may return it within ten days if it fails to meet with their approval.

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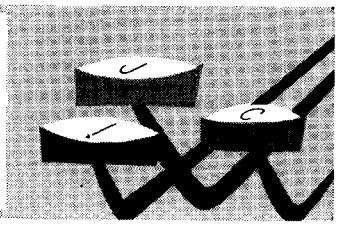
Manner of Speaking



MORE POSITIVE EXPRESSIONS: When I was a boy in school (the old man said) we had bright kids, dumb kids, and what everybody thought he meant by just plain "us." We also had wild ones, tough guys, sissies, regular guys, dirty rats, sneaks, squealers, snot-noses, and teachers' pets. Our classifications were primitive and savage, but so were we, and our lines of communication were reasonably firm.

As it now turns out, we were all wrong. There are no dopes in the school system, but only "those capable of doing better." There are no brighties either, but only "more able learners." Which obviously leaves what the kids used to call "us" to go down as "able learners."

For a joyously detailed rundown of this new dispensation I am indebted to Mrs. D. H. MacMahon of Baldwin High School, Milledgeville, Georgia, who sent me a pamphlet called "Conference Time," prepared by the National School–Public Relations Association of the National Education Association of the United States (1201 16th Street N.W., Washington 6, D.C.), from which the pamphlet may be ordered at 60 cents a copy (plus 10 per cent discount on orders of two to nine, 20 per cent on orders of ten or more).

One part of the pamphlet, entitled "Watch Your Language," cautions teachers against expressions that may leave "a negative impression" and then tabulates the following "Negative Expressions" which are paired with the following "More Positive Expressions" (the parentheses are mine):

Must: Should.
Lazy: Can do more when he tries.
Trouble Maker: Disturbs class.
Uncooperative: Should learn to work with others.
Cheats: Depends on others to do his work.(!!)
Stupid: Can do better work with help.
Never does the right thing: Can learn to do the right thing.
Below average: Working at his own level. (!)
Truant: Absent without permission.
Impertinent: Discourteous.
Steal: Without permission. (?)
Unclean: Poor habits.
Dumbbell: Capable of doing better.
Help: Cooperation.
Poor: Handicapped.
Calamity: Lost opportunity. (?)
Disinterested: Complacent, not challenged. (Teacher flunks for misusing "disinterested" for lack of interest.")
Expense: Investment.
Contribute to: Invest in.
Stubborn: Insists on having his own way.
Insolent: Outspoken. (I think teacher flunks again.)
Liar: Tendency to stretch the truth.
Wastes time: Could make better use of time.
Sloppy: Could do neater work.
Incurred failure: Failed to meet requirements. (Oh, my God!)
Mean: Difficulty in getting along with others.
Time and again: Usually.
Dubious: Uncertain.
Poor grade of work: Below his usual standard. (!!)
Clumsy: Not physically well coordinated.
Profane: Uses unbecoming language. (I'll bet teacher doesn't know how to distinguish "profanity," "blasphemy," and "obscenity.")
Selfish: Seldom shares with others.
Rude: Inconsiderate of others.
Bashful: Reserved.
Show-off: Tries to get attention.
Will fail him: Has a chance of passing, if (!!)

The tabulation concludes brightly, "And now it's conference time!"

I hope I know a good thing when I see one, but why stop with the comparatively positive when the golden superlative is only a step beyond? Both as a guide to parents who were brought up speaking only American English, and toward the perfection of this world's emphases, I hereby offer some samples from a projected guide to "Even More Positive Expressions," each followed by "Most Positive" substitutions:

Energetic: A Hell-raiser.
Temperamental: A stinker.
Working up to average competence: A dope.
Has not performed up to our highest expectations: Hopeless.
Does not always respond to behavioral guidance: Is a young hood.
Reading achievement not in the upper percentiles: Is illiterate.
We believe him capable of cooperating more effectively with others: Is a spoiled brat.

The NSPRA of the NEA of the U.S. is not exactly a pioneer in these psychic territories, but more nearly one of the settlers (nesters? squatters? sheepherders?) who are bringing their own substance and stability to the conquest of the golden land, whatever they, in their happily uplifting circumlocutions, imagine that golden land to be.

Some time ago I found myself browsing a similar sort of guidance offered to teachers in (as I recall) the New York school system. I have forgotten most of the details, but none, I shall believe, of the tone. One piece of advice to publicly-relating teachers was to avoid saying "slums" and to say instead "older, more densely populated areas of the city."

Then, in the course of more such, I came on one that stuck tight. Instead of "underprivileged child," teachers were to say "a child whose experiences have been limited to his immediate environment."

Public relations aside, I must treasure that one as zeroing in on the exact responsibility of the school system. And this responsibility still remains: to bring the child not out of but through his immediate environment into the environment of the mind of man; into (if only at long and hoped-for last) that conceptual neighborhood where Aristotle, Sophocles, Dante, Shakespeare, Praxiteles, Copernicus, Michelangelo, Newton, and—make your own list—the great imaginations live to great experiences.

I BEG the NSPRA of Etc. to believe me when I say I am joshing its PR guide only mildly. At worst, it can be said to work at its own level. I must certainly sympathize with a disinterested (as distinguished from "uninterested") search for a diplomatic language in dealing with anything as unpredictable as parents. With every such educational agency I know we are building classrooms faster than we can put good teachers into them. By sadly evident mathematics, therefore, some of those classrooms must be profaned (though, I hope, with neither blasphemy nor obscenity) by mere clerks. A clerk is different from (not "than") a teacher, as the rote mind is different from imagination. And to the rote mind one must speak rote. Fair enough: go ahead and program those second-class filing systems that cannot take anything more significant than second-class programming.

But I cannot fail to find a certain dreariness of tone in those "Negatives" and "More Positives." And I must believe that tone to be exactly the one most likely to deafen a child to the language of that conceptual neighborhood to which he must move if he is to hear anything like the resonance of mortal ideas made immortally vibrant.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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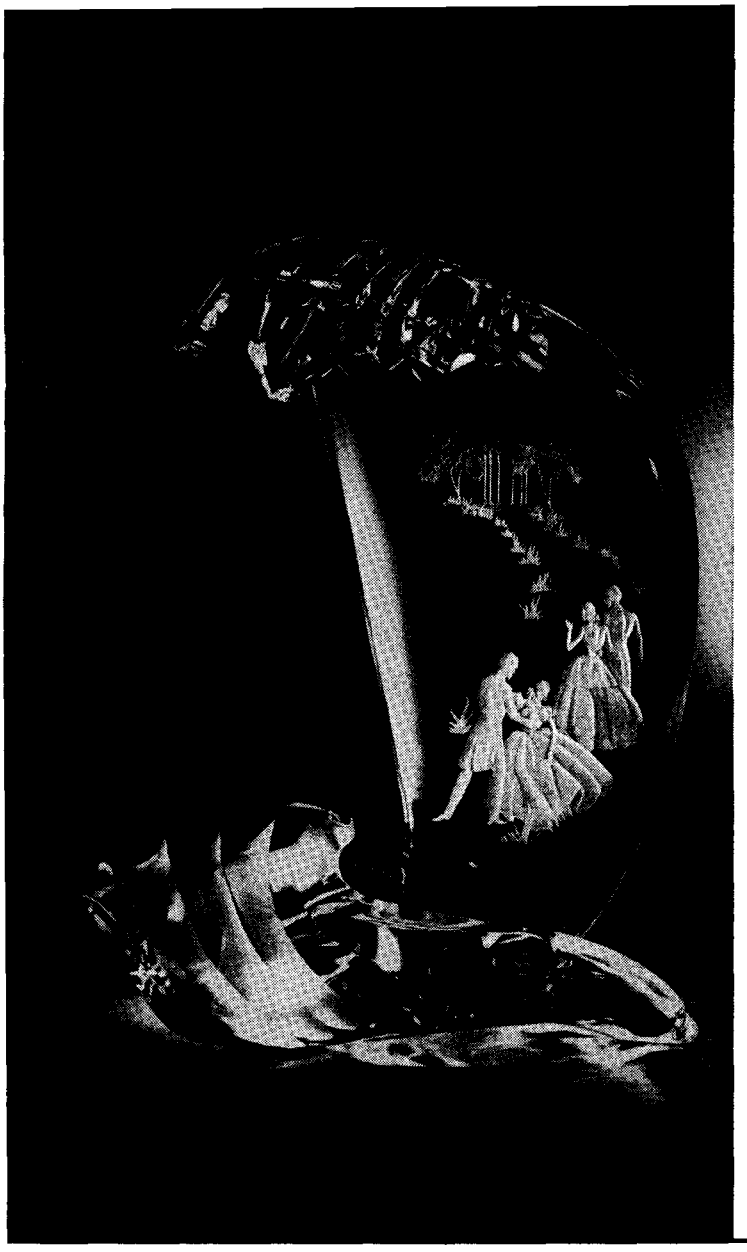

Glass design by George Thompson
Engraving design by Don Wier

THE VICTORIANS

O the gondolets, the mandolins, the twangling of the lutes,
The girls all dressed in crinoline among the flowers and fruits—

The flowers all symbolical, the lily and the rose,
And how the sherry blossomed on the end of grandma's nose.

The maiden sighs and turns away; the maiden she relents,
Attracted by the glitter of a pile of five per cents.

They danced beneath the arbors, they strolled upon the grass,
O never aware, O never aware of what would come to pass.

THEODORE ROETHKE

Here is one of the 31 crystal pieces now on display at Steuben's exhibition—with the poem that inspired its design.

"Poetry in Crystal" by Steuben

You are invited to a unique exhibition—the interpretation of poetry in crystal.
Now through May 18 at Steuben Glass.

THE crystal piece above is part of a creative adventure. Two years ago, Steuben Glass and the Poetry Society of America set out to discover if the *spirit* of a poem could be expressed in crystal. W. H. Auden, Marianne Moore, W. D. Snodgrass and other eminent American writers were invited to submit new and previously unpublished poems.

Steuben's artists and craftsmen then took the poems, explored their meanings and expressed them in crystal sculpture.

There are 31 pieces in all. You are invited to see them, and to read the poetry that inspired their design, at Steuben Glass — Fifth Avenue at 56th Street. The exhibition is open Mondays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5:30.

STEUBEN GLASS

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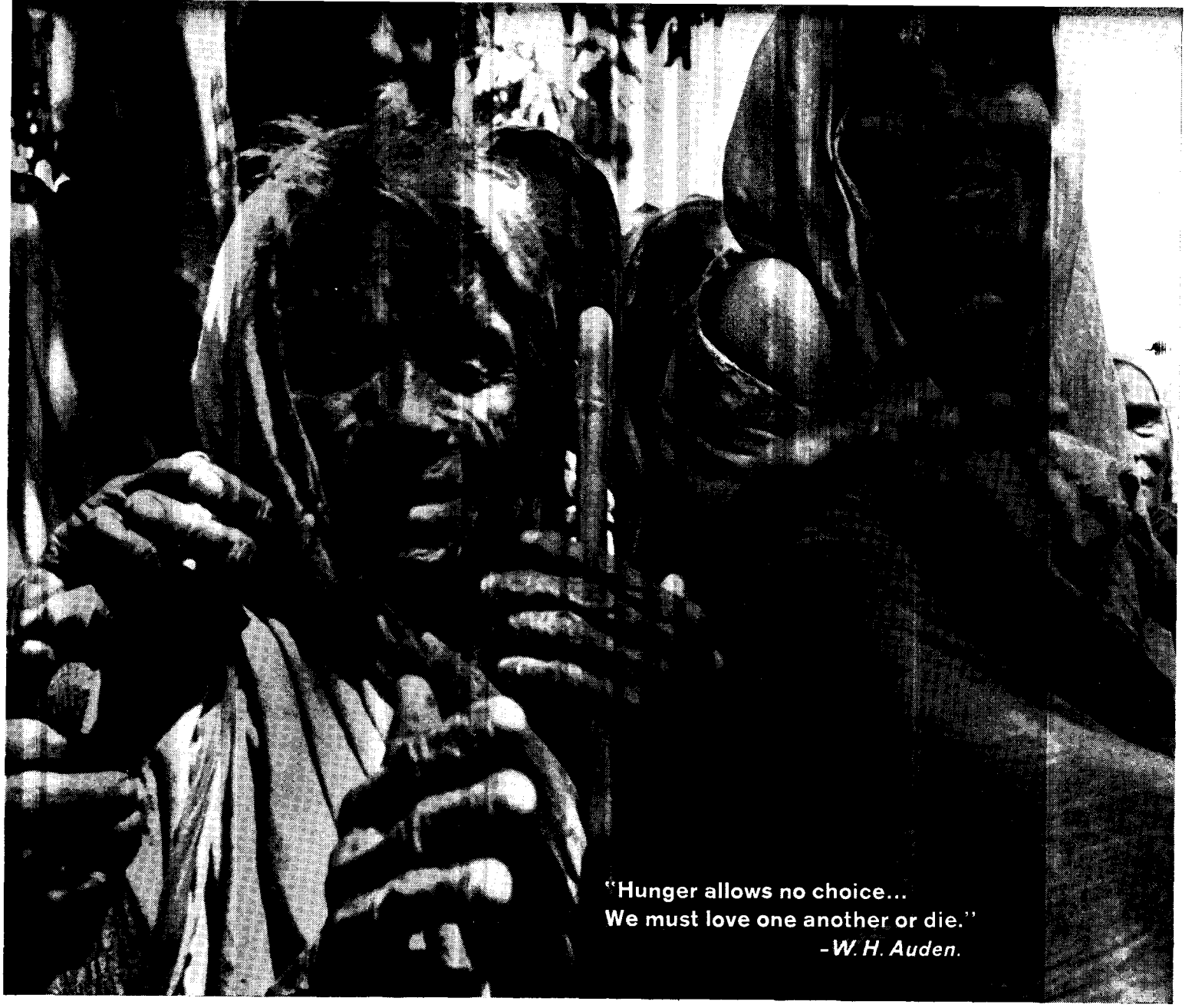

—Werner Bischof (Magnum).

THE MATHEMATICS OF HUNGER

By CARL BAKAL, *a writer and consultant on public affairs who was involved last year in the preparation of an international conference on the world food problem.*

IF YOUR eating habits are those of the average American, you down four and a half pounds of food a day—somewhat more than you should. Like most Americans, you probably also eat too much fat (which makes up 40 per cent of the U.S. diet), but otherwise your diet is fairly well balanced and is as remarkable for its diversity as for its quantity. Furthermore, as an American you can buy more food—and a greater variety of it—for a smaller percentage of your income than any other people in the world. Only 19 per cent of your take-home pay goes for food, compared to the 60 per cent a Russian spends or the 80 per cent a Nigerian is forced to pay out.

Responsible in good part for this is the awesome productivity of U.S. agriculture. With less than one-tenth of our people working the land (by contrast, farmers comprise almost half of Russia's population), we turn out literally more food than we know what to do with. Our food supplies are in such great abundance that they have caused embarrassing bulges in both warehouses

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and waistlines; an estimated 50,000,000 Americans—almost one in three—are overweight to the point of obesity. So surfeited are we with food that it is sometimes easy to forget that most of the world's people go to bed hungry every night and, in fact, subsist on a diet that would quickly reduce the average American to skin and bones.

The average citizen of India, for example, eats a total of one and a quarter pounds of food a day—less than you may put away at a single meal or while consuming a good-sized steak. In terms of the units commonly used to measure food intake, this is about 1,500 calories, far below the U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization's minimum standard of 2,700 calories daily. (The U.S. average is 3,200.)

As every Metrecal veteran knows, diets low in calories, although trying, can be quite satisfactory—at least for a limited period of time. But over a lifetime the typical Indian diet is inadequate not only quantitatively, but qualitatively as well. The Indian lives largely on starchy food such as cereal grains; rice, in fact, constitutes 85 per cent of his daily diet. He eats relatively negligible amounts of meat (no more in a year than you eat in a week). Absent, or present to only a limited extent, are other protein-rich foods, particularly those of animal origin (fish, eggs, milk) and the vitamins and minerals also deemed essential to health, growth, and vigor.

With the content of animal protein in a diet perhaps the most significant index of its quality, the differences in various parts of the world are rather striking. In the U.S. the average daily intake is sixty-five grams. In Europe per capita intake is somewhat lower, but still quite a bit over the thirty grams accepted as the minimum requirement for adequate nutrition. In most other areas of the world, the figures fall far short of these requirements; in Peru, for example, the figure is thirteen; in Ceylon, nine; and in India, six. In India, a daily diet of 1,000 calories is not uncommon; for most adults, this means virtual starvation. As someone once observed, "It is too much to let you die quickly; it is too little to let you live long."

No one knows exactly how many hungry people are in the world, but evidence based on studies by the FAO (Food and Agriculture Organization) and other authoritative sources indicates that from one-half to two-thirds of the world's present three billion people are seriously underfed or malnourished, often to the point of starvation. Most of these people live in Asia (where more than half the world's population is concentrated) and in much of Africa and Latin America. To a lesser extent, they may also be found in Europe—even in the more prosperous countries there and elsewhere. Seeing that all of these hungry are properly fed is considered by many to be the most pressing problem confronting humanity today—and one that may concern the well-fed American more than he realizes.

Even if man does not live by bread alone, the history of man is, in a sense—to quote a distinguished social scientist—"the history of his struggle for daily bread"—and, unfortunately, of his often futile efforts to get it. Since earliest times, hunger has been a major factor in man's migrations. The settling of America was to a large extent the result of European food shortages as manifested, for example, by such calamities as the Irish potato famine; and still fresh in history's headlines are similar events in China and Brazil where people have been fleeing from hunger in hordes reminiscent of scenes of a Biblical exodus. And when people are hungry, there is also the seedbed of social and political unrest, riots and revolution, even war—hot and cold.

ACTUALLY, more people have been killed by famine than by war. Fortunately, famines no longer decimate entire populations. Nevertheless, during the post-World War I era, 12,000,000 Russians starved to death in the wake of the Communist revolution, and as recently as 1943, famine claimed 3,000,000 lives in India and another 3,000,000 in China. Yet these numbers are small when compared to the number today whose lives are ravaged by rickets, pellagra, scurvy, goiter, kwashiorkor, and other nutritional deficiency diseases.

That there should be any starvation at all seems ironic in view of America's great abundance. In fact, faced with costs of $1,000,000 a day just to store our present huge surplus of food, we should not find it difficult to understand what Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman has called our "crisis in abundance."

The inevitable question arises: Why, if we have more food than we can use in the United States, don't we send it to the hungry in other parts of the world?

If the United States and the relatively few other food-rich nations are unable to feed the world, it has not been for lack of trying. Since 1954, the U.S. alone has given away or sold on special terms $10 billion worth of food and other farm products. Our aid and trade of this sort, which now amount to $1.5 billion annually, supplement the food resources of over 100 countries with a combined population of 1.3 billion people—over one-third of the human race.

Valuable as such help is, it is not enough. Nor could more such help provide other than a limited—and, at best, only temporary—solution to the hunger problem. Even if this country's entire annual food surplus were shipped abroad, it would give each of the world's hungry the equivalent of just one cup of rice a week.

Moreover, getting this food to the people who need it would be staggeringly difficult—for one thing, because of the lack of transportation and storage facilities in many areas abroad.

Also serving to frustrate large-scale distribution efforts would be a complexity of additional barriers—the product of cultural, social, religious, economic, and other factors. In certain areas, rice-eating people (who make up half the world's population), though starving, may refuse to accept wheat, one of the grains now in significant surplus (others: corn, barley, oats, sorghum, millet); if accustomed to brown rice, they may even refuse white rice as a substitute, according to leading anthropologist Margaret Mead. Because of religious scruples, most Hindus will not eat beef, and orthodox Jews and Moslems shun pork. Dietary proscriptions among certain peoples of the world even apply to such foods as eggs, oranges, and milk.

Needless to say, the distribution of large food stocks must be achieved within the framework of certain perhaps harsh economic realities. For example, the foods must be shipped, whether by aid or trade, without disrupting the economies of other countries exporting similar commodities, or the economic structures of the importing nations.

MOST important, surpluses would soon be consumed by a world whose population is continually increasing at an unprecedented rate.

The entire world population numbered only one billion in 1830; it took another 100 years for it to reach two billion. Since 1930—in little more than thirty years—it has climbed to its present three billion level, thanks to the relatively recent medical and other scientific advances that have improved health, prolonged life, and reduced infant mortality.

Right now, with the tick of every second, three babies are being born the world over. Every day brings forth some 260,000 new mouths to feed, every week nearly 2,000,000. Of significance, too, is that populations are rising fastest in the very areas most short of food. By the year 2000, when the world's total population is expected at least to double, there will be two and a half times as many people in Asia as there are today. In Latin America, where the

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rate of increase is even higher, the population will almost triple. Mexico's 33,000,000 will double in only the next twenty years.

Although the problem of hunger is as old as man, this population explosion gives it a sense of urgency as never before. The problem now is actually a double one: that of providing adequately not only for the estimated 1.5 to 2 billion who now go hungry, but also for the billions more to be born.

The magnitude of the problem is indicated by several estimates of the world's future food needs. To bring the diets of everybody up to reasonably adequate levels, present production of cereal grains must be doubled and that of animal products quadrupled by the year 2000. In the next twenty years alone, the consumption of fruits and vegetables must be tripled.

PESSIMISTS argue that the achievement of such goals is hardly likely. They point out that even today food production—inadequate to begin with, and although expanding—is barely keeping pace with population growth in many areas. Some, such as naturalist Fairfield Osborn, say that man, by looting the land of its minerals, overgrazing and denuding it of its grass cover, and, in general, overworking its worn-out soil, is plundering his planet and will ultimately destroy its capacity to produce food.

Others say that the practical limits of soil utilization have already been reached and that there is too little land to feed too many people; still others, that birth control is our only salvation; and some, like Sir Charles Darwin, that with or without birth control, humanity will breed itself into chaos.

A more optimistic majority, however, thinks otherwise. Without belittling the eventual danger of an accelerating population, the optimists feel that (as one puts it) "the race between soil fertility and human fertility" can be won, and point out that some of the most densely populated parts of the world are also among the best fed. The Netherlands, the most densely populated country on earth (with 880 people per square mile, compared to India's 312), not only feeds itself well, but also exports over one-third of its agricultural products.

In fact, many authorities are of the opinion that the earth could now feed two to four times and—according to one leading agronomist—even ten times its present number of people; and few will hazard even a guess as to the limits of its future productive capacity.

Among the facts optimists offer to support their views are the following:

At present, only one-tenth of the land surface of the globe is being cultivated. Although much of the remainder is, of course, too dry, too cold, too mountainous, or otherwise unsuited for the support of crops (or livestock), the land under cultivation could easily be doubled, experts say. In Ethiopia, for example, more than 180 million of the world's most fertile acres lie fallow. And Israel's once-barren Negev already indicates how even the desert can be made to bloom.

EVEN without opening up new arable lands, food production could be increased tremendously with better and more advanced farming tools and methods. Incredible as it may seem, most of the world's farmers still work the land in much the same way as their ancestors did in Biblical times; more than 70 per cent have a hoe or a wooden plow as their only tool. Relatively few of the remainder use such modern forms of horsepower as the tractor, with which an American farmer can do the work of fifty Asian farmhands—and do it better.

The use of more fertilizers, improved seeds, better irrigation, crop rotation, and other such agricultural techniques could also mean higher crop yields, even on supposedly worn-out land depleted by centuries of use. The importance of fertilizer as a factor in food production is demonstrated by a classic experiment at the University of Illinois. Since 1875, two test plots of corn have been planted there, one treated with fertilizer and the other left untreated. The average yields have ranged, respectively, from more than 100 to as little as sixteen bushels per acre. Also not to be underestimated as a factor in increased crop yields is the miracle of hybrid seed, accounting as it does in good part for U.S. corn yields that double and triple those of many other countries.

Increasing yields is not enough. Crops must also be protected from pests, parasites, and mankind's other rivals for survival. In the U.S. alone, one-tenth of all the food crops planted are destroyed before they can be harvested, and more are devoured while in storage. On a world scale, more than one-fifth of the food intended for man never reaches his mouth. According to the FAO, the annual losses due to rats, insects, and fungi amount to 33,000,000 tons—enough to feed the entire population of the United States for a year. Modern chemistry, in addition to giving us commercial fertilizers, has already furnished effective weapons to combat many food destroyers.

Vaccines could also be helpful in controlling the many contagious diseases that constantly threaten the world's meat and poultry supply. In India alone, rinderpest, the greatest killer of livestock in Asia and Africa, wipes out 200,000 head of cattle annually. Improved breeding and feeding methods would not only relieve impoverished populations of the burden of supporting unproductive existing stocks, but would also raise yields of milk, meat, and eggs.

Scientists feel that if all the techniques of modern agriculture were applied intensively to the world's land now in use, the total food supply could probably be doubled.

Even greater food possibilities lie in the world's waters, a vast food hamper of practically inexhaustible—and still unknown — resources. Although water covers more than 70 per cent of the earth's surface, it yields less than 1 per cent of our food supply. With improved methods and equipment it could provide much-needed, low-cost nutrients for a protein-starved world.

There are also possibilities in new types of food, or at least hitherto unused foods. Trash fish, which now represent one-half of the world's total fish catch, can be used to make a high-protein fish flour. Enough to eliminate the protein deficiency in one Indian would cost less than $1 a year, against the $6 to $15 a year—or a significant fraction of his $60 annual income — the same amount of protein would cost if supplied from other animal sources. Other possible products of marine husbandry are plankton—microscopic forms of animal and plant life—and, particularly, algae, or seaweed. Chlorella, an alga that tastes something like spinach, has a protein content of nearly 50 per cent, six times as much as rice. Enough could be grown in an area five miles square to fill the protein needs of 80,000,000 people.

ALL these possibilities lead to one fairly obvious conclusion. The only effective solution to the world food problem can come by exporting to the underfed countries not surplus foods so much as the knowledge, techniques, and tools that have produced these surpluses. There is nothing new about this view, which is succinctly summed up in the old Chinese proverb: "If you give a man a fish, you feed him for one day; if you teach him to fish, you feed him for many, many days."

Demonstrating this principle and the achievements possible through the use of new scientific techniques in agriculture is the spectacular example of Japan. On what little land it has (Japan ranks first in density per unit of arable land), Japan has increased its agricultural production over one-third above its prewar level, and its crop yields are four times those of India. Largely

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responsible for these big differences is the Japanese farmer's greater use of fertilizer, pesticides, mechanization, better seed, irrigation, and other efficient products and techniques.

True, many other factors, often closely interrelated, also affect food productivity. Japan's postwar agrarian reform (which reduced farm tenancy from 46 per cent to only 10 per cent of arable acreage) also gave its farmers the incentive to produce more; in India and many of the Latin American countries, the sharecropping or similar systems of farming now used are further obstacles to plenty. And where the farmers are fortunate enough to own the land they cultivate, they may not have the money to buy fertilizer or better seed and tools, or the knowledge necessary to use what they can afford.

CERTAINLY, food productivity cannot be isolated from the rest of a nation's economy, or, for that matter, from any aspect of its life, for many are the handmaidens of hunger: poverty, low living standards, disease, illiteracy, and outmoded customs, to name only a few. Together they all form a vicious circle, typified by the recent observation that in many countries people "are undernourished because they do not work and they do not work because they are undernourished."

To break this cycle—and bring about freedom not only from hunger but also from want and other evils—we must have the cooperative efforts both of the nations in need and of all others concerned with human welfare.

Spearheading these efforts is the United Nations, which in 1945 set up the FAO to help the peoples of the world in their age-old continuing fight against hunger and malnutrition. In 1960, the FAO also launched a comprehensive Freedom from Hunger campaign aimed at intensifying its various programs, which embrace three major types of activity: the collection, analysis, and dissemination of information pertinent to food and agricultural problems; the promotion of cooperation among countries in the same region, or among those facing the same problem; and the provision of technical advice and assistance to individual countries.

Since its inception, the FAO has sent almost 3,000 experts to more than sixty countries to help them deal with the wide variety of conditions responsible for food shortages. FAO experts have helped fight rinderpest in Ethiopia, where the disease until recently killed as many as 2,000,000 head of cattle annually, and set up a poultry improvement program in Cambodia that cut chicken mortality by one-third and raised egg output by 50 per cent. An FAO seed campaign some years ago helped increase Yugoslavia's wheat production by 30 per cent and Egypt's rice yield by 185 per cent, and helped double and triple rice yields in some countries of the Far East. Other FAO programs have helped battle the desert locust in the Middle East, plan and construct irrigation works in Iran, introduce mechanization in Afghanistan, and provide nylon nets for ill-equipped fishermen in various parts of the world.

Self-help is, of course, the aim of such programs. It is recognized, however, that many nations need, in addition to technical aid, food and other help to tide them over until they can help themselves. To this end, member nations of the U.N. are contributing surplus foods, services (such as shipping), and cash to a new, historic $100 million World Food Program. The contributions are to be used, among other things, to meet emergency needs during famine, correct chronic malnutrition, and stimulate economic and agricultural development.

SIMILAR in purpose is the U.S. Food for Peace Program, which, from American surpluses and donations and distribution efforts of CARE and other voluntary relief agencies, helps supply some 35,000,000 youngsters in eighty-three countries with nutritious school lunches (added bonus: increased school attendance), and uses food as partial payment of laborers on public works projects. Well known, of course, is the work of the United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF), notably its distribution abroad of about 100 million pounds of skimmed milk powder annually—donated, incidentally, largely by the U.S. and Canada.

However, because of the constant realization that food aid is at best a temporary measure, local facilities are used wherever possible. UNICEF and other U.N. agencies have assisted local governments in setting up some 200 milk processing plants around the world. Not all deal with such a prosaic commodity as cow's milk; near Bombay a 20,000-farmer cooperative runs the world's only plant that processes water buffalo milk.

Where no milk at all is available or is an expensive luxury, the U.N. advises on the use of substitutes, preferably protein-rich resources that are available locally. Thus, in Indonesia, children enjoy and thrive on Saridele, a vegetable milk which, though it looks and tastes somewhat like the milk we know, is made of a mixture of soybeans and sesame seeds fortified with vitamins and minerals. To combat kwashiorkor in regions of Central America where corn is a staple, a fortified cereal mixture, Incaparina, has been developed. Made of cornmeal, ground sorghum, and cottonseed flour with a dash of vitamins and minerals, it closely resembles in taste and texture the traditional cornmeal gruel on which local mothers traditionally weaned their babies. A daily ration, sufficient to meet all the protein requirements of a young child, costs only three cents.

Some private firms as well as foundations have also begun to help through research, products, personnel, and funds. Some years ago, for example, the Outboard Marine Corporation joined with the FAO in a world-wide campaign to mechanize small-boat fishing. In Ceylon, engines donated by the company and fitted to outrigger canoes enabled local fishermen to boost their catch by 580 per cent.

Endorsed by a number of food industry groups are two dramatic proposals made by William T. Brady, chairman of Corn Products Company, at the Fifth International Food Congress in New York last September. One proposal, calling for a "Marshall Plan type of effort for the world's hungry," suggested the establishment of a permanent committee to provide technical, research, and other industry services to the FAO; the other suggested the designation of 1965 as a World Food Year, comparable in scope to the recent International Geophysical Year.

No longer can anyone afford to be unconcerned with the fact that so many in the world still go hungry, for although food may provide only one key to peace, there can be no peace in a hungry world. As B. R. Sen, the FAO Director-General, has said: "One man's hunger and want are every man's hunger and want. One man's freedom from hunger and want is neither a true nor a secure freedom until all men are free from hunger and want."

—Werner Bischof (Magnum).

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A Change of Chemistry

By SHERMAN B. CHICKERING, *editor of The Moderator, a national student magazine.*

SMALLER even than the so-called little magazines are the literary magazines edited by college undergraduates. Unlike their larger counterparts, the literary quarterlies, the college literary magazines circulate only from 100 to 4,000 copies to students, parents, and professors. Although further limited by shortages of time, money, and talent, these magazines perform an important, if often misunderstood, function in most of the nation's 1,600 colleges and universities.

The student literary magazine is frequently regarded as a spawning ground for great literary talents, and there is some truth to this notion. Edgar Allan Poe, Sinclair Lewis, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and T. S. Eliot were first published in undergraduate magazines, and many other great and near-great writers had a similar literary baptism. Campus magazines have served as the one place where the young writer of promise can freely experiment and fumble for a "voice" without having to meet rigorous critical standards.

But this function is incidental, if only because so few undergraduate writers ever achieve prominence in the profession. More important, college magazines provide many students with a most necessary part of their education as writers. Nowhere but in the student magazine can the undergraduate experience what Cleanth Brooks calls that "change of chemistry" that a writer experiences when he sees his work in print. Once published, the young writer comes to view his work as public property, as something to be appreciated or criticized by his peers. He learns the art of communication in a way that no creative writing course can teach him. The literary magazine educates the reader, too. It enables its public to share in the private vision of a friend or contemporary. It offers, perhaps, a chance to evaluate in the work of a few students the esthetic convictions of a generation. Thus the college magazine need never give birth to a genius to be of value, a fact sometimes recognized only by student editors.

Fortunately for young writers and editors, most colleges recognize the value of the student literary magazine, at least by giving it subsidies when necessary. They levy a tax on students that provides for all undergraduate activities, including the literary magazine. Nevertheless, subsidized magazines are usually expected to sell subscriptions and sometimes to take in advertising. Most magazines, whether subsidized or self-supporting, must therefore cope with the potential disapproval of both their readers and college authorities.

On small campuses this problem is less acute; there the literary magazine is usually more involved with college life than on large campuses, and publishes the works of writers known to more students. On large campuses, however, the editor feels successful if he sells to one out of twenty students. Free enterprise does not often produce a good college magazine, except on those small campuses that provide the necessary support. In addition, editors find that academic pressures prevent their spending time on any aspect of publishing other than content and makeup.

The editor's foremost problem is usually that of finding good material. As a rule, the manuscripts he receives are inferior. He must seek out the best writers on campus and cultivate them assiduously if he is to publish a noteworthy magazine. The best writers will require kid-glove attention because they tend to write for money, to try for big-name publications, and to be sensitive about showing their works to their peers.

The campus itself often discourages an enterprising editor. He sometimes feels that his magazine is an island of creativity in a sea of apathy and academic specialization. The editor of Princeton's *Nassau Lit* says, "We often feel obliged to prove that art is pragmatically useful in order to justify our place on campus." Specialization stifles the arts when classwork deprives a promising writer of the time and training required to produce pieces for the magazine.

Institutional help in overcoming these obstacles is increasing, however. Many colleges now enjoy the services of a writer-in-residence who, while not effecting a cultural renaissance, at least acts as an *éminence grise* behind much student writing. In addition, creative writing courses are offered on most campuses, often supplemented by extracurricular writing workshops.

Writing courses and their instructors, however, do not necessarily directly support the undergraduate magazine. The responsibility for developing a productive relationship with both the instructor and his students remains with the magazine editor. In fact, most of the best magazines maintain general excellence largely because the editor assumes this responsibility. At Trinity College, for example, the editor and faculty advisor work together in conducting biweekly sessions for students who wish to refine their writing. This

COLLEGE LITERARY MAGAZINE CONTEST: As Sherman B. Chickering's article on this page makes clear, U.S. college students publish dozens of first-rate literary periodicals. In order to give recognition and encouragement to these publications, *SR*'s editors and the U.S. National Student Association are this year jointly initiating an annual contest for college literary magazines. Announcements giving details of the competition have been sent to some 600 campuses.

This year's awards for campus literary magazines and their contents, covering material published during the 1962-63 academic year, will be given for the best single issue of an undergraduate magazine, for the best short story, for the best nonfiction piece, and for the best poem written by an undergraduate. Campus editors are urged to choose single entries in one or more of the four categories, and to forward four copies of each nomination to the address given below.

The winning magazine will be given a commemorative plaque and a cash prize of $250. Winners in the individual categories will receive a hand-lettered scroll, and the winning poem will be published in *SR*. The contest deadline is April 30, 1963; the awards will be announced in a forthcoming issue of *SR*. All entries and inquiries should be addressed to: Magazine Contest, U.S. National Student Association, 3457 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia 4, Pa.

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practice helps produce the *Trinity Review*, which New England editors agree is perhaps the finest college literary magazine in the area. The pattern is not unusual. The University of Pittsburgh has no fewer than four literary magazines, primarily because of the size and quality of its creative writing department. Boston College's *Stylus* magazine was able recently to publish a spate of *Atlantic Monthly* second-place and honorable mention stories for much the same reason.

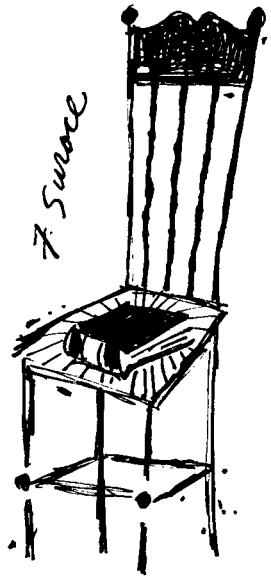
On most campuses the majority of the literary magazine's contributors are English majors or, at least, take creative writing courses. Most of the poets, however, come either from what the editor of the *Tuftonian* calls "the fringe" or from the group of writers and poets who gravitate toward one another with no evident correlation between their art and their academic interests.

Similarly, students who work on the editorial board are as often as not a diverse group. A conscious effort is usually made to name a board representative of different interests and academic majors to prevent the magazine from becoming the organ of a clique. A recent editor of the Tufts magazine, for example, was a physics major. Some magazines, however, remain in the F. Scott Fitzgerald tradition. As the story goes, Fitzgerald and five companions on Princeton's *Nassau Lit* banded together solely to publish their own work. Where a clique-ridden magazine does exist, disapproval can be voiced in the pages of other undergraduate publications such as the newspaper or humor magazine. Opposition magazines seldom spring up, however, unless the established "lit" is self-supporting and doesn't saturate the market with free copies. Yale's *Harkness Hoot*, published during the Thirties in opposition to the venerable *Yale Lit* (founded in 1832), is perhaps the most famous of its kind.

Partly because of the catholic taste evident on their editorial boards, the magazines contain, within a period of a year or two, pieces representing almost every form and theme available to a young writer. Some boards strive for variety by including a wide range of artistic media; they open their magazine to work in all of the arts and allied fields. In addition to the usual complement of short stories, poetry, and illustrations, these magazines include parodies, symposia, controversial essays, and translations of foreign literature.

In the field of parody, Swarthmore's *Roc* satirized critic I. A. Richards with a piece entitled "The Structure of Structure"; *Riata*, the University of Texas magazine, parodied several folk songs; one of the University of Pittsburgh's magazines, *Ideas and Figures*, included a parody of the Dutch Cleanser girl. Looking toward all the arts for contributions, the *Tuftonian* of Tufts University came up with designs for engineering projects; Colgate's *Caliper* translated Yevtushenko, the Russian poet; *Generation* at the University of Michigan published the complete book and part of the score of a new undergraduate musical.

A search for variety characterizes the editorial policy of many student magazines. Editors point out, however, that the major criterion for accepting pieces is quality, and that quality on their magazines means technical competence. Themes needn't be extraordinary, they say, if the work is well wrought and maturely treated. Editors want writers to avoid overimitation on the one hand and oversubjectivism on the other. And the editor of *Riata* is adamant on this point: "Some genres must be excluded, such as poems written at 3 A.M. and not revised. First drafts should be submitted to the Rare Books Library, not *Riata*."



Close examination of editorial policies and practices of the better undergraduate magazines dispels the notion that the seductions of the Beat Generation have overcome craftsmanship.

A letter from the editor of the University of Utah *Pen* to the Baylor magazine is a case in point. Citing a proliferation of Ferlinghetti imitations in the Baylor magazine, the *Pen* editor advised her counterpart to "leave imitation of the Beats to the Beats." Poetry of a Beat persuasion *does* appear in many student magazines, but most poetry accepted is concerned with conventional forms and rhythms. Whether written in blank, free, or formal verse, poems in the better magazines generally reflect the influence of "academic poets," of the French symbolists, or of Americans of different "schools," such as Frost, William Carlos Williams, and Wallace Stevens.

Formal considerations are less noticeable in fiction. Because themes are often bound up with the psychology of growing up, of initiation, or of fractured personalities, the approach is frequently experimental, sometimes reflecting the poetry-in-prose technique of Joyce or the anti-novel approach of Robbe-Grillet. Student editors say that most of their short story writers are concerned mainly with an imaginative rendering of personal experience and seldom consciously imitate the style or adopt the vision of established writers. Hemingway and Faulkner, they say, have been assimilated; the only writer receiving conscious attention is Salinger. The editor of Rutgers's *Anthologist* believes that the established writers are more parodied than imitated. Editors see the themes prevalent in the better prose pieces as neo-romantic, yet with a strange social relevance, akin in some ways to the work of writers like Saul Bellow, Fitzgerald, and Edgar Rice Burroughs. As such, they say, the themes show an approach to writing that is more an examination of experience than an imitation of forms and styles. The element that keeps the romanticism socially relevant, says the editor of the Michigan *Generation*, is ironic humor, "the quiet tinge that lets the romanticism work without allowing the piece to read like a Superman comic book." The prose, like the poetry, seems more concerned with the particular, the concrete, and the contemporary; form is adopted to mood.

There is much finely chiseled, searching, imaginative poetry and prose being written by undergraduates, and the literary magazines are largely responsible for fostering it and making it public. Some of the best magazines, such as the *Trinity Review*, the Wesleyan *Cardinal*, the *Stylus* of Boston College, and Michigan's *Generation*, can be read profitably by anyone interested in an imaginative and disciplined approach to the art of writing.

The student literary magazine may rarely contain a notable piece of prose or the poem of a promising young writer, but its function in the academic community is assured. The editor of the Wesleyan *Cardinal* defines this function in words that are shared by many student editors: "The ultimate value of college literary magazines may lie in their first exposing to a critical public the works of those few talents that will mature into genius; but the practical value lies in allowing most of us our last youthful flights of fancy before we stop being 'creative' forever."

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—*Wide World.*

BOBBY FISCHER

Best in Chess?

By ROBERT O'BRIEN

TO many non-chess players, the game appears to be an obscure and tedious pastime of eccentrics. To the 15,000,000 Americans who do play, it is the most ingenious device ever conceived for engaging the human intelligence. As played by the grandmasters, who hold the royal rank in international chess, a game is like full-scale war. Survival demands nerve, courage, determination, stamina, and iron control. As its long-drawn silences and ponderings drag on, tension builds to excruciating levels. Clearly, it's no game for the timid.

"Grandmasters in tournament play," says *Chess Review* editor Jack Straley Battelle, "are like sharks. For the most part, they sniff cautiously at one another. But when they sense a weakness, they strike and kill."

The intensity of the struggle may explain in part why, in all the world, a mere sixty-odd players bear the title of grandmaster. More than half of the sixty are natives of the Soviet Union and other Iron Curtain countries, where chess is a national pastime. Only nine are Americans, but one of these plays with the magic fire of genius. He is Robert James ("Bobby") Fischer of Brooklyn, the most exciting and controversial American chess personality in the last century.

Fischer, a six-foot-two, moodily handsome, outrageously outspoken young man of twenty, freely admits that he is the best chess player in the world. He may be right. Last January I saw him win the U.S. championship for the fifth time. Experienced observers believe he will restore the world's championship to the United States for the first time since 1862. Already he looms as a qualified opponent for the current world champion, fifty-two-year-old Mikhail Botvinnik of the Soviet Union.

Five years ago, when Fischer was a coltish youngster in corduroys and sneakers, he won every U.S. national title in sight without losing a game. Chess fans wondered if he could possibly be as good as he looked. At the time, players of awesome power and skill across the Atlantic were waiting impatiently to put the American *wunderkind* in his place. But since 1958 Bobby has met Europe's greatest, and emerged with ever-increasing stature.

Actually, Fischer is probably better known and more widely appreciated abroad than at home. In Russia, where as many as 700,000 take part in amateur tournaments, he is easily as popular as pianist Van Cliburn. Yet despite this, last summer, at the very summit of international chess, Fischer lost out on his best chance to date for world dominance. After finishing fourth behind three Russians at the Candidates' Tournament at Curacao, Fischer publicly accused Communist players of collusion. By agreeing in advance to throw draws, or games, to each other after a few perfunctory moves, Soviet players, Fischer said, manipulate their scores, and make it impossible for a non-Communist to break through to victory unless he wins almost every game he plays.

Although it cannot be proved, and is denied by the Russians, tournament records seem to substantiate Fischer's charge. There were eight players: five Russians, two Americans, and one Yugoslav. At the halfway mark at Curacao, where each player played twenty-seven games, the four leading Soviet masters had drawn every game they played against one another; three of them drew every time they met during the whole tournament. The points the Russian players thus amassed became an insurmountable obstacle to the others, particularly after they had fallen behind with one or two losses.

It wasn't the first time the possibility of such collusion had occurred to a non-Communist. American and English players have been muttering about it for the last ten years. But Fischer had the nerve to drop the bomb. Furthermore, he added, he had had enough of these rigged affairs; never again would he play in a Candidates' Tournament, which, given the complicated machinery of international chess, determines the challenger for the world's championship.

His charges, reprinted in Dutch, German, Spanish, Swedish, Icelandic, and, in somewhat garbled form, Russian, created a sensation in the chess world. The *Fédération Internationale des Echecs*, governing body of world chess, swears that Fischer's bold accusations had nothing to do with it, but a few months later FIDE's rules committee voted certain changes in tournament regulations designed to make it impractical, if not useless, for players to throw draws.

Bobby Fischer grew up in Brooklyn. His parents were divorced when he was two. To support Bobby and his eight-year-old sister, Joan, their mother became a registered nurse. Today she is remarried and lives in England. Joan and her husband live in California. Fischer lives alone in the same four-room, walk-up flat that they once shared. He lives on a modest income from his winnings in tournament play, and from occasional articles for chess magazines.

Fischer's dedication to chess began the day he was six and his sister bought him a $1 chess set. From that moment, he never really lived for anything else. He read every chess book in the Brooklyn Public Library. A chessboard with pieces in place stood beside his bed. (It still does). On weekends, while schoolmates played football or went to the movies, Fischer took on all comers at the Brooklyn Chess Club.

In Brooklyn's Erasmus High, without trying too hard, he won top grades in mathematics, Spanish, and biology. But he was always restless, and in his junior year he quietly dropped out of school. By then, as the youngest player ever to win the national junior championship, he was already famous. Awed chess critics called him "the Corduroy Killer." Admiring high school students

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formed Bobby Fischer chess clubs. FIDE made him an international master. He received invitations to play at Hastings, England, and Mar del Plata, Argentina, chess capitals of the Western world.

However good his chess game, Fischer was otherwise considered an *enfant terrible*. He would have no truck with reporters or their prying questions. He wanted to be taken seriously as a great chess master, not as a boy wonder. He cared so much about chess that when he lost he would go off by himself and cry. One reporter grumbled, "There's only one way to handle him. Put him on a leash and say, 'Play chess.'"

The less critical pointed out that this shy, sensitive, rootless youngster, without benefit of a father's love and guidance, had had to survive in the tough kid-jungle of the Brooklyn streets. Many an American has risen from a similar environment to fame and glory through athletics, the theatre, the arts, politics, and business. Fischer was achieving them through chess—and was understandably proud.

Grandmasters usually learn chess in childhood, establish international reputations in their teens, play at peak strength in their twenties and thirties, and fade from the heights in their forties. Fischer is right on schedule. And he regards the middle-aged World Champion Botvinnik as far "over the hill."

Fischer met the Russian for the first and only official time last year at the International Team Tournament at Varna, Bulgaria. Botvinnik played first board for the USSR, Fischer first board for the United States. They clashed dramatically in the final round, before a crowd that jammed the main floor and galleries of the playing room.

Fischer's over-the-board manners are above reproach. At the same time, he goes about the game with the chilling detachment of an executioner. He spoke only three words to Botvinnik. When they were introduced, he said, "Fischer." When they sat down to play, and nearly bumped heads, he said, "Sorry."

Fischer played brilliantly and, as late as the forty-third move, appeared headed for certain victory. But Botvinnik, defending grimly, took advantage of a slip by Fischer and forced the game to a draw. Fischer then spoke for the third time. "Draw," he conceded, and the strongly partisan crowd burst into cheers for Botvinnik.

The Russian said later that it was one of the most exciting moments of his career. Not long ago, I asked Fischer what had happened. "We had to play at 9 A.M. I had to get up at eight. I'd been playing every day. I was especially tired that morning. I made a crazy blunder."

If he can, Fischer sleeps until noon or later. In an important match in 1961 he was declared loser by default because the twelfth game was scheduled for 11 A.M. on a Sunday. Fischer refused to play. "It's ridiculous," he said. "I cannot play my best at that time of day."

CHESS has always been more than a game to Fischer; it has been a passion, an obsession. He has few diversions: late-night movies, German food, hi-fi records of Viennese music. He has become a smart, even elegant, dresser. Unlike some of the other U.S. grandmasters, he never plays in shirtsleeves. He does not care much for girls. They are, as a rule, ridiculous chess players, he thinks.

Other players call Fischer a "loner." He seldom joins their parties or nightlife excursions. During a tournament Fischer gets eight to twelve hours' sleep a night, eats by himself, doesn't smoke, and buries himself in chess books and magazines. One chess analyst attributes Fischer's phenomenal play to a vast "book knowledge" of the game. "Fischer has total recall of literally thousands of opening variations. His opponent may drag the game out for fifty or sixty moves, but Bobby usually has it won in the first twenty."

During tournament play, most players occasionally break the tension between moves by walking around smoking, laughing, whispering. Not Fischer. He speaks to no one, never smiles, and complains to officials about spectators who disturb him.

The outstanding quality of Fischer's style is that he plays all out to win, always. Most critics regard this as a weakness, the mark of a gambler. They attribute his disappointing showing in Curacao, where he lost his first two games, to this compulsion to "go for broke." It leads him, they say, to lose games that he might have drawn, if he hadn't chosen to push stubbornly for a long-shot win. But Fischer plays his heart out in every game, and fights to the last pawn. "I play honestly and I play to win," he told me. "If I lose, I take my medicine."

Critics and scholars of chess say that some players are better in the opening; some are strongest in the middle game; still others are at their best in delicate end-game play. But at a European tournament last year, Fischer exploited a weak move by one Russian opponent in the opening, crushed a second Russian in the middle game, and outplayed a third in the end game.

"It is clear," commented a Soviet observer, "that the former infant prodigy merits being called 'the complete chess player.'"

Most experts agree on an even more striking aspect of Fischer's genius: his best years are ahead of him. Says Grandmaster Alexander Kotov, spokesman of Soviet chess: "His future possibilities are limitless."

"Gordon, look at us twenty-five years ago."

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Sweet, Spontaneous Humanity

AMERICA has always been a great country for bizarre social theories. Take, for instance, the doctrine called Social Darwinism. Supposedly based on Charles Darwin's theory of evolution, Social Darwinism holds that human life is one great tooth-and-claw struggle in which only the fittest survive. Ever since this doctrine spread across America in the late nineteenth century, a large percentage of our adult population has gone about muttering with a certain grim satisfaction: "Every man for himself. It's a law of nature. Good guys finish last."

Fortunately, not all Americans are Social Darwinists, as witness the case of Burt Steingruby. Until early last year, Mr. Steingruby was manager of a 700-family housing project in St. Louis. Then the local housing authority made a shocking discovery. Mr. Steingruby, it seems, had been digging into his own pocket to help out families who could pay only part of their rent. Though no money was missing, and it was shown that Mr. Steingruby had not charged the tenants interest, he found himself in very hot water. Under questioning, the forty-three-year-old father of five acknowledged that he had aided about 1,000 project families.

"Nobody else would help these people," he said. "It wasn't a case of trying to be a hero. These people needed temporary help. . . . Had they been forced to move out, new slums would have been created."

Some of the tenants had not repaid him. But, Mr. Steingruby said, "I don't consider it as money lost. It's charity, helping these people. Over the long period, I don't consider I'm out." His wife, he added, agreed with him: "She's a charitable person."

The housing authority forthwith made Mr. Steingruby resign his $600-a-month job, though the agency's director conceded that Steingruby is a good man: "He got into this difficulty simply out of the bigness of his heart." Mr. Steingruby eventually found a factory job paying half his former salary. "I have no regrets," he told a reporter. "I would do the same thing over again."

Another staunch anti-Social Darwinist is Douglas Johnson of Los Angeles, California. In the summer of 1961, Mr. Johnson, in the middle of a Los Angeles street, found a canvas sack containing $240,000 in small bills. He promptly called the FBI, which returned the money to the company from whose armored truck it had fallen to the street. After some hesitation, the company gave Mr. Johnson a $10,000 reward.

But the publicity brought unexpected results. Mr. Johnson, a Negro who made a marginal living as a hauler of refuse, received letters and phone calls from all over the country denouncing him for returning the money: "You dummy! Get a rope and hang yourself" . . . "You aren't fit to live" . . . "You made it and chickened out" . . . "You're a disgrace to the colored people, an Uncle Tom, a white folks' nigger" . . . "You should be horsewhipped and run out of town." His sons were taunted and beaten at school, and one of them was stopped in the street by a man who handed him a knife and said: "Here, use it on your dumb dad."

Eventually, news of the Johnsons' plight got out, and suddenly public sentiment changed. Now encouraging letters poured in, some of them addressed simply to "Honest Man, Los Angeles, California." Both neighbors and strangers began dropping in to say sheepishly that they had at first thought Johnson a fool, but that the force of his example had made them change their minds.

When President Kennedy heard of the family's ordeal, he wrote to Johnson: "I want to extend my personal commendation for your unflinching honesty. . . . I have read news reports of the incident, and regret the unfortunate few who have since harassed you and your family."

But what if lightning should strike twice? After his ordeal, would Mr. Johnson take a more "realistic" view of things? The question was answered recently when a firm sent Mr. Johnson a money order for $90,036, instead of the $36 he had arranged for. He promptly returned the order, saying, "I could sure use that money, but not enough to get it the wrong way."

Meanwhile, another outbreak of altruism was reported from nearby San Diego. About a year ago, a private plane from San Diego was forced down near El Rosario, a fishing village in Mexico. While the villagers were extending them what hospitality they could, the passengers, among them Dr. Dale Hoyt, took note of the town's desperate need for medical facilities. Ever since, a group of forty-five San Diego doctors, nurses, and volunteers—nicknamed the Flying Samaritans—has been flying down to El Rosario every other week to give the villagers medical aid.

The situation recalls E. E. Cummings's lines about our "sweet spontaneous earth" being forever pinched, poked, and buffeted by scientists and philosophers: But, says Cummings, ". . . Thou answerest/ them only with/ spring. . . ." Similarly, humanity, forever measured, manipulated, and despaired of by its critics, answers them only with the Burt Steingrubys, the Douglas Johnsons, and the Flying Samaritans.

—HALLOWELL BOWSER

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TWO ON A TICKET

In attempting to point out "erroneous" elements in Allan Nevins's biography *Herbert H. Lehman and His Era* [*SR*, Mar. 30], reviewer Warren Moscow has himself made an erroneous statement. In referring to Nevins's listing of James Farley as an aspirant for the Vice Presidential nomination with FDR in 1940, Moscow says, "Not only was Farley barred from candidacy by the Constitutional provision *against* a President and Vice President from the same state. . . ."

There is no such Constitutional provision. Mr. Moscow may have in mind the wording of the Twelfth Amendment, which says, "The Electors shall meet in their respective states, and shall vote by ballot for President and Vice President, one of whom, at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same state *with themselves*. . . ." Thus, had FDR and Farley run on the same ticket, only the New York Electors would have been prevented from casting their votes for both.

Although this is not a terribly important lapse on the part of Mr. Moscow, it is ironic in that it appears while he is attempting to point out the dangers of not checking one's facts carefully enough. It just shows that book reviewers have more in common with authors than they may think; they can both make the same mistakes. And it somehow makes both seem more human.

Philip De Vencentes.
Hackensack, N.J.

POETRY AND PUNCTUATION

Edith Perry Stamm's article on the punctuation of Emily Dickinson's poems [*SR*, Mar. 30] shows an understandable desire to divest the poet of eccentricity, and her theory is ingenious. All who have worked with the manuscripts agree that the unorthodox punctuation cannot be reproduced in print, but it is probable that no two editors would ever agree in all instances on how to represent them. I do not see that Miss Stamm's article points to a solution.

Having been closely associated with these remarkable manuscripts for twenty years, I should like to bring up a few points that Miss Stamm seems to have overlooked. While Emily Dickinson was fairly consistent in the kinds of marks she used, her manner of using them varied considerably at different periods in her life. There was also a difference between manuscripts written with a pen and those for which she used a pencil, but at any given time, and with the same tool used for writing, she used them in the same manner in verse and prose.

The years in which she made the greatest use of the "dashes" that appear in the Harvard edition were those of the greatest stress in her life, both as woman and poet. At that time of intense emotions, when she

was almost overwhelmed by her own creativity, her letters contained as many dashes as the poems. The letter to T. W. Higginson cited by Miss Stamm contains twenty-eight marks of this kind. If these were interpreted as indications for rhetorical rendering, the whole correspondence would take on a different character. It is hard to imagine Emily urgently asking for help and at the same time dictating to her correspondent how to read her letter to an audience. The even more emotional letters she wrote to Samuel Bowles at about the same time contain still more of these marks, which seem to set off each phrase—and sometimes an individual word—as if it were an ejaculation. It is necessary only to glance through the published work to see that the later poems and letters as well were less interrupted, even though the punctuation remained unconventional. . . .

Granted her earnestness in looking for good reasons for the poet's idiosyncracies, it is a pity Miss Stamm advanced her theory without a more thorough searching of Emily Dickinson's manuscripts, both poems and letters.

Theodora Ward.*
Cambridge, Mass.

WHICH IRELAND?

Nancy Mitford does not know her geography. In her article "The Other Island" [*SR*, Mar. 16], she writes of "Ireland" as if Northern Ireland didn't exist. Eire is *not* an island; unless by some magic stroke of her fanciful pen the *border* separating Northern Ireland from Eire (the Republic of Ireland) has become a salty waterway.

The Emerald Isle is not "Ireland" but *two* countries, politically and religiously remote, and has been since the treaty with England was signed in December 1921. The division remains until this day and anything like a "United Ireland" is only a patriot's pipe dream.

Americans find the division of such a small land mass difficult to understand, but visitors to both "Irelands" will have noticed the customs precautions on both sides of the border as well as the differences in currency exchange. Northern Ireland uses English currency, Eire uses "Irish" currency, but this does not make the Northern Irish people any less Irish than their southern neighbors.

Colin Campbell.
Carrickfergus, County Antrim,
Northern Ireland

NO MYSTERY

Alas, I must grieve for all of the devotees of mystery fiction who, after consulting *SR*'s Check List of March 23, will rush out to beg, borrow, or even buy a copy of my new novel, *A Likeness to Voices*, which you classified under mysteries.

These poor souls, brought up to trust implicitly in *SR*'s judgment, will find that in my book the "sleuth" is a nondescript cat of ancient vintage, the "murder" is an optical illusion contrived through the resources of modern witchcraft, and the "mayhem" is largely a matter of speculation on the part of a rather ordinary suburban husband and father.

I have been told that it is difficult to "categorize" *A Likeness to Voices* (categorizing is the favorite parlor game of publishers, book salesmen, and critics), but I had no idea that it would so baffle your Check List compilers that they would be forced to cite it as a mystery.

Mary Savage.
Santa Barbara, Calif.

*Associate editor of *The Letters of Emily Dickinson* (Harvard, 1958)

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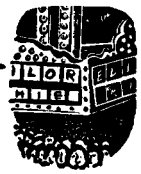

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

An Excess of Youth

THE *Harvard Lampoon's* awards for the worst movies have gone this year to *The Chapman Report, Taras Bulba,* and *Mutiny on the Bounty,* among others. I find myself slightly puzzled by the list—not so much because I disagree with the choices, but because the list itself doesn't entirely hold water. For instance, I note in it a strange partiality toward 1) the bigger and more spectacular Hollywood movies and 2) those studio products that are made in color. And I bring the matter up only because it seems to me that it is important to be as discriminating about what's bad as about what's good.

I doubt that many will quarrel with the *Lampoon's* choice of *If a Man Answers* as the second worst movie of last year, but they're wrong to put *Mutiny on the Bounty* on the list at all—and, I suspect, merely because it cost $20,000,000. The editors of the *Lampoon* must know full well that there were at least forty or fifty pictures last year that were a good deal poorer. As to *The Chapman Report* in first place—nonsense! *Diamond Head* (given only fourth position on the *Lampoon* list) had it won hands down.

What credence are we going to be able to give such a list, if it is compiled so capriciously? Are we to conclude that the *Lampoon's* staff is merely out to grab some attention by aiming at the most obvious targets? For it would appear that those who do the selecting aren't really going to the movies. What about the little ones that are bad? Why were such hardily independent "New York" productions as *The Small Hours* and *Strangers in the City* neglected? They were painfully bad, more so than *Taras Bulba,* if sheer badness is to be the criterion.

On the other hand, if it is pretension that is to be pricked, then *The Connection* deserves attention. Foreign films, too, have been completely overlooked. It would be hard to find anything worse than Roger Vadim's *Les Liaisons Dangereuses.*

There's something definitely wrong at the *Lampoon,* and maybe the sophomores ought to be cleared off the staff and younger, fresher blood allowed in, or perhaps Princeton, or Yale, should take up the gauntlet, for Harvard is failing us.

I must admit, though, that I was pleasantly surprised to note that Ann-Margret had been chosen as "the least promising young performer of the year." I had just come from watching her in *Bye Bye Birdie* (a movie perhaps worth considering for next year's list) and felt depressed. She is a girl of seventeen or so, and George Sidney, the director, changed the original show so as to allow her to dominate it. Miss Ann (or Miss Margret—however she is called) acts, dances, and sings as though very early in life she had been implanted with the faith that there's a star shining up there above Hollywood Boulevard. She struck me as incredibly, frighteningly slick. In her straight scenes she reminded me of Natalie Wood; when called upon to be sexy she's sort of an overripe Lolita combined with Juliet Prouse. And when she sings, it's as though she's been coached for ten years by Doris Day. In other words, she appears to have been designed rather than born—and a curious design it is, too.

AS for the film, it would meet most, I think, of the *Lampoon's* specifications. It is in blatant, eye-damaging color; the cheerful satire of the original has given way to some bloated production numbers, and long stretches of cornball dialogue have been added, most of it spoken by a miscast Janet Leigh. Over the movie, too, hangs a prevailing tone of tastelessness. I was profoundly shaken by the New York reviews, none of which appeared to notice the sickening parody of Russian ballet and Tchaikovsky, a vulgar and grating display aimed, evidently, at enticing the John Birch Society into seeing the movie. A nice word, though, for Paul Lynde, who, amazingly, manages to be funny in the few moments he is allowed.

Landru is a French film, written by Francoise Sagan and directed by Claude Chabrol, which stylishly but puzzlingly details the career of the French murderer who disposed of several women during World War I. As portrayed by Charles Venner, Landru is a polite little man with a beard and a limp who lures and does away with Michele Morgan, Danielle Darrieux, and eight or nine others before being tracked down and put on trial. There are moments of sly humor and charm, but eventually the story drifts away into formlessness. Charles Venner's portrait casts little light on the man, but is nonetheless memorable.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Last Laughs and Last Tapes

A DISTINGUISHING characteristic of this disastrous theatre season is the number of plays by respected writers that try to combine the fun of satire with bitter resentment toward our unsatisfactory contemporary life.

One such drama was Lillian Hellman's recent *My Mother, My Father, and Me,* which jumped hysterically from target to target to demonstrate obvious inner contradictions in the urban middle-class family. Admittedly, Miss Hellman contrived some outrageously funny moments, and created an accurate image of the monstrous insanity we accept as a substitute for purposeful action. Yet the cumulative effects of her play were an unpleasantness and unconcern grimly suffered by the audience to no apparent dramatic purpose.

Another noted writer has attempted a similar drama and has failed for similar reasons. Irwin Shaw's *Children from Their Games* is, for the most part, a misanthrope's relentless diatribe against our times. The misanthrope, Melvin Peabody, is played with demonic passion, intelligence, and taste by Martin Gabel. Yet this two-hour unrelieved howl is, at best, an extended one-act play in which the protagonist's final cure seems arbitrary and joyless.

The irascible Peabody not only enjoys the pain of gout but also gets savage pleasure from confronting all forms of pain around him. He records on tape a *Hear It Now* of the horrors of noise city-dwellers endure without protest: street-drilling, demolition, violent TV dialogue, vacuum-cleaner whines, obscene radio commercials, and, of course, the raucous rock 'n' roll that is the ideal entertainment in this age of competitive noise.

To demonstrate Peabody's masochism still further, Mr. Shaw has the fifty-six-year-old man merrily tearing up photographs of his younger, more handsome self, and rejecting all conventional pleasures. He is broke, but turns down $250,000 for his house. He needs love, but rejects a woman who offers it, because of the self-deluding inanities love involves. He even refuses to take a pill that will relieve him of gout pain.

Is all this merely the bitterness of a neurotic whose life is an overwhelming failure? Or is it, as some maintain, a valid appraisal of our times by an author who sees the responsibility of the world's deterioration as his own? Peabody's eloquent speech to a friend strongly suggests the latter: "I am in pain. I am in pain for myself today, in pain for myself for everything I did since the day I was born. I am in pain for the world . . . , for the temples that have crumbled, the altars that have been defiled, the children who have been taken from their games. . . . I am in pain and I believe I would be better off dead. . . . There, there, don't cry. Have some vodka, it has no taste."

Unfortunately, the dramatically challenging sentiments of this speech are never very strongly contested. Mr. Shaw is thus obliged to resolve his nominal plot by presenting a final picture of Peabody as a curable neurotic.

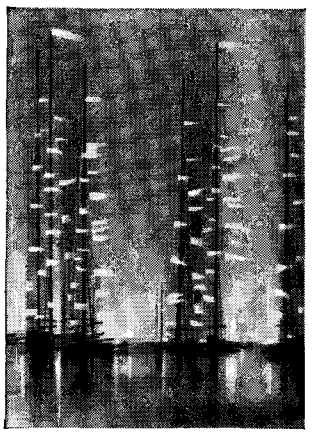
The truth may be that both Miss Hellman and Mr. Shaw believed that their plays would be esthetically adequate if they represented our mass insanity in strong theatrical images, without indicating either its sources or its solution. Perhaps the ultimate purpose in their tough-minded dramas was to show sufficient contempt for audiences to win their belligerent works the proud badge of unpopularity.

A more effective way to look at our contemporary ills would be, perhaps, to determine how we arrived at our self-delusion and mass insanity rather than merely dramatizing their unpleasant results. *The Dragon,* a parable of a police state by the late Soviet writer Eugene Schwartz, does this to some extent. Writing such a play within an actual police state, however, apparently forced its author to encumber it with fairy-tale accourtements and to conclude it with an acceptable Soviet moral.

The Phoenix Theatre has produced Schwartz's work attractively and with much the same jolly air that it would require in a Russian production. Its most effective moments, however, are those in which we see how the three-headed dragon reduces a people to such fear that they dread even the *attempt* to kill it. They reason that their present dragon at least keeps other, probably worse, dragons away.

The production fails, however, because we are not really moved by the young liberator's steadfastness, or by the sudden awakening of revolutionary spirit among people willing to jeopardize their own safety to help him. Profound emotional response to this drama requires something more than the Phoenix cast seems able to evoke.

—HENRY HEWES.



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SATURDAY REVIEW

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TV AND RADIO

Straight from the Wolf's Mouth

CULTURAL technicians interested in making converts for high-art forms would have been both instructed and entertained recently by *In the Mouth of the Wolf*, a television documentary film presented by the CBS Public Affairs Department. In a departure from the didactic method of communication, it successfully shifted the emphasis from the art form itself, and even from the artist, to the public. Viewers of this engaging sixty-minute program were invited to identify with the people of Parma, Italy, generally represented as critical, tough-minded, but passionate fans of grand opera. The attitudes of these Parma opera-lovers were revealed as they eagerly awaited the performance by their local opera company of Verdi's *Luisa Miller*. These were not the social elite, we were told, but ordinary citizens, people one meets in bars, shopkeepers, policemen. It was easy for the average American viewer to recognize their common humanity and through sympathetic association to understand in some degree their commitment to grand opera.

In our country, for the public at large, even well-meant, constant exposure to opera, without natural, positive feeling may only enhance alienation. It was a virtue of the CBS documentary that it began with sentiments toward opera that are no doubt widely shared by television viewers. These attitudes were articulated by a narrator, the proprietor of a bar in Parma, who said he was an Italian-American born in New Jersey. He married an Italian singer and was compelled to like opera by domestic pressure. Opera has funny plots, he commented, but the people of Parma actually believe them and are not offended by their conventions, which often appear ridiculous to the uninitiated. Of course, non-enthusiasts who spoof opera are conventional, too; but this trite note was precisely the correct one to strike to capture the attention of an American television audience likely to be hostile or indifferent to opera.

Having introduced the Parma townspeople as experts who know their opera as Americans know their baseball, the barkeep gave way as narrator to Margherita Roberti, an American opera singer who had come to Parma to sing the leading role in *Luisa Miller*. Miss Roberti's commentary on the visual story of backstage opera rehearsals was followed by sequential scenes from the actual opening-night performance. The performers took television viewers one step closer to the Verdi work without losing the empathy established between the viewers and the people of Parma.

The American soprano, on stage, fits the prima donna image. She gave her real name, Mary Jean Roberts, and said that she came from Davenport, Iowa. In forthright, unpretentious narration, she came through as a hearty, likable person. She said she was worried about catching cold and about whether or not the supercritical Parma audience would like her. Our easy identification with Miss Roberti was a bridge to the other leading singers and the conductor—all Italians.

English titles flashed over bilingual conversations were fresh, effective devices in this documentary context. The hectic preparations backstage were theatre traditions familiar to the television audience, but Miss Roberti infused them with humor. The cast got the giggles when cues were missed, and the conductor's downbeat went unanswered in the confusion. The star refused to take a death-fall in rehearsal lest she get another run in her stocking; and her lusty "Oh boy, oh boy!" was spontaneous and winning, as the singers polished off a rousing climax with a wallop. The professionalism and exacting discipline required of opera singers were impressively suggested. *In Bocca al Lupo* (the program's title) is an expressive phrase for the ordeal of the performers as they face across the footlights the great, encircling mouth of the darkened theatre with its unpredictable audience.

Predictably, the wolf, which had made some furious signs in advance, roundly applauded in the end. For television's popular audience, accustomed to suspension of belief, the manipulation was esthetically justified. J. C. Sheers, who cleverly wrote and produced the documentary, and Robert Morgan, who briskly directed and edited the lively footage, may be forgiven the storytelling liberties they took in the handling of their material; I would guess they made friends for grand opera. *In the Mouth of the Wolf* demonstrated that the strategy of through-the-public-to-the-art can be diverting and fruitful in the battle for quality in mass taste.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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New York State: The Hudson Heritage

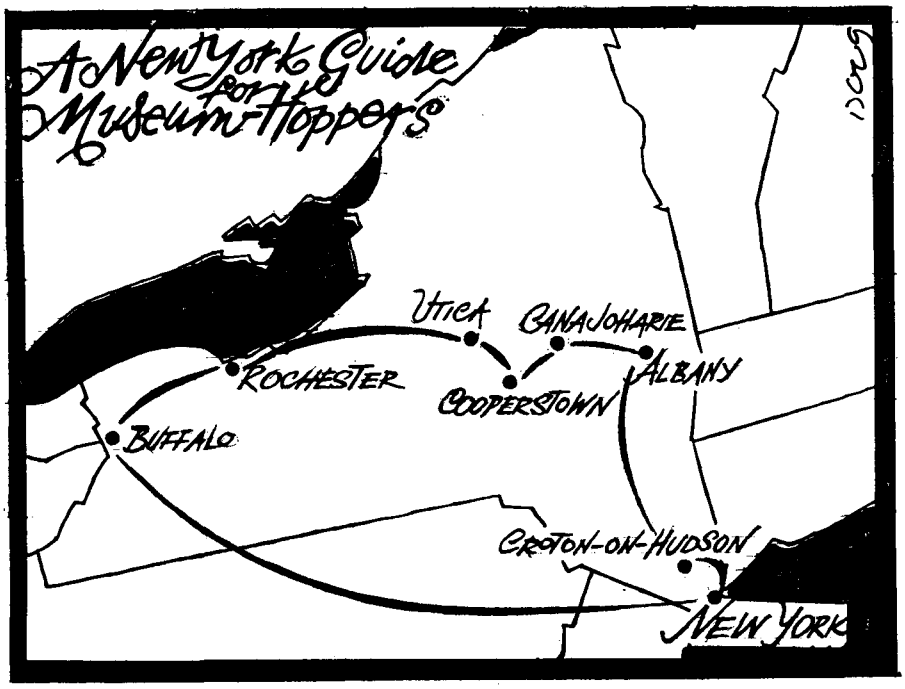
WE FLY to Europe, tour the Orient, explore Mexico expressly to visit familiar and little-known art shrines, but why we often by-pass fertile fields at home is baffling. Recently, a special assignment sent me traveling through the State of New York, where I encountered such an impressive array of art I came away disturbed that so many of us—New Yorkers and visitors alike—narrow our sights to the island of Manhattan. The fact that these few square miles offer the richest art concentration in America is scarcely cause to underestimate the rest of the state. Good museums, historic architecture, a landscape of unsurpassed serenity are all there for the taking. So, too, is the Hudson River, which, as the early life line of the region, understandably gave its stimulus and name to the most important nineteenth-century school of landscape painting in America.

Driving along the Hudson, one can never be sure whether it is nature that makes us appreciate the artists or vice-versa, but there is no doubt that this majestic waterway dominated the early history of New York State. Paintings of the Hudson River School seem much less dated when viewed in the romantic surroundings that produced them.

Long before members of this group discovered the river, earlier artists were recording the first settlers. In Albany, at the oldest museum in the state, the Institute of History and Art, one of the finest collections of Patroon paintings in existence is on view. These early eighteenth-century New York canvases are usually as Dutch in derivation as the colonial ones in Massachusetts are English. Chiefly portraits of prominent Hudson Valley residents of Dutch descent (hence the word "patroon" or patron), they are distinguished by an uncompromising honesty and an endearing naïveté. At best, they are not merely prosperous bourgeois likenesses but lusty images of hard-bitten men and women. The sitters, decked out in fine clothing, as befitted wealthy country folk, commissioned the portraits for the comfortable upstate mansions in which many of them lived. (Incidentally, one of these manor houses has recently been restored and is now open to the public. Located in Croton-on-Hudson, it was until recently the home of the Van Cortlandts, whose family portraits are still hanging on its walls.)

Not far from Albany, the small town of Canajoharie offers some fine early architecture and an extraordinary collection of Winslow Homer. There are not many villages of 2,500 that can claim excellent paintings by Copley, Stuart, Inness, Eakins, Blakelock, and "The Eight," plus fifteen works by Homer. Here, outstanding American artists are happily represented by outstanding examples, housed in an unpretentious one-room museum connected with the public library.

A few miles farther on, the Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute in Utica has become justly famous for its handsome new building designed by Philip Johnson and for its first-rate group of paintings. Though works from all periods and places are included, for me the *pièce de résistance* was a series of four large canvases by Thomas Cole, surely the most exciting, accomplished, and inventive artist of the Hudson River School. Called *The Voyage of Life*, these vast, slightly corny compositions are fired with poetry, romance, and a holy respect for nature. The museum also has sizable concentrations of Burchfield, Demuth, Dove, Gatch, Graves, Pollock, Prendergast, and Tobey (mostly bequests from the perceptive collector Edward W. Root), which along with other key works add up to an American collection of imposing dimensions.



JUST south of Utica, one finds Cooperstown idyllically situated on the shores of Lake Otsego. Here two famous institutions complement each other, Fenimore House and Baseball's Hall of Fame. The former, a stately building originally used as a private home, still retains a pleasant air of non-official intimacy. Filled with works of art that are chiefly connected with the development of New York State (as one might expect from a museum sponsored by the New York State Historical Association), Fenimore House is noted for its early portraits, its extensive group of genre paintings, its numerous landscapes of the Hudson River, and a growing collection of American folk art. From each room one looks out on views of unparalleled tranquility, a landscape that must have stirred James Fenimore Cooper, who for a short time lived on this same property.

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IN the same city the Memorial Art Gallery of the University of Rochester provides its student body and the entire community with a civilized, well-rounded survey of art. What one misses, perhaps, is any idiosyncratic emphasis, any overwhelming single enthusiasm, any breathtaking masterpiece.

But at Buffalo's Albright-Knox Gallery, the most important museum in the state outside of New York City, an admittedly idiosyncratic emphasis, an overwhelming single enthusiasm, and a number of breathtaking masterpieces culminate in one of the world's top international surveys of contemporary painting and sculpture. A splendid modern wing designed by Gordon Bunshaft (*SR*, Feb. 24, 1962) was opened last year to make room for this fast-growing collection and to give continuity to a peerless progression of nineteenth- and twentieth-century art. As for exhibitions, the Albright-Knox is again a pioneer, frequently originating its own shows rather than merely borrowing canned ones from other institutions.

There are additional museums in the state that offer less substantial fare but are worth visiting. Cornell University at Ithaca and Vassar College near Poughkeepsie both have small art galleries, while in Syracuse the Everson Museum of Art is about to resuscitate itself with an ambitious modern building which—let us hope—will encourage a collection worthy of the architecture.

Serving, implementing, and cross-fertilizing these various institutions, the New York State Council on the Arts is notable as the only public organization in America to promote and back the cultural welfare of a specific state.

—KATHARINE KUH.

In May Don't Miss:

Gold of the Andes, Treasure of Peru at Brooklyn Museum. This collection, including masks, sculpture, and jewelry, comes from Lima and contains over 500 objects dating from 200 B.C. to the sixteenth century. In design and craftsmanship, pre-Columbian Peruvian gold rivals the best ever produced in this material.

Masterpieces of Flower Painting at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. One of the most comprehensive exhibitions of flower paintings ever held includes nearly 100 works from Europe and America covering the sixteenth to the twentieth centuries.

Henri Rousseau at Wildenstein & Co., New York. A retrospective survey of Rousseau's paintings, borrowed from American museums and private collections, shows the Douanier's work during the last twenty years of his life. Closes May 25.

Rodin at the Museum of Modern Art, New York. More than 100 sculptures and about forty drawings and watercolors give a full-scale survey of the greatest sculptor since Michelangelo. Borrowed from all over the world, the exhibition reveals Rodin as a formidable forerunner of modern art.

The Evolution of the Buddha Image at Asia House, New York. An exhibition, borrowed from Japan, Europe, and America, traces the evolution of the Buddha image from the second century to the nineteenth. Opens May 7.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Cold Journey Into Spring

IN 1934 Josephine Johnson published *Now in November*, an austere novel about poor farmers, which won and deserved both the praise of critics and the Pulitzer Prize. Reviewers compared it with the work of Willa Cather and Elizabeth Madox Roberts, and with reason, though its subject was grimmer and its prose tougher. Three years later Miss Johnson published *Jordanstown*, a somewhat tendentious novel described by several reviewers, approvingly or disapprovingly, according to their critical and political biases, as an example of proletarian fiction.

Reread today, *Now in November* seems an excellent novel, a little meager when compared to *My Antonia*, but honest and free from sentimentality. *Jordanstown* I am not quite so sure of. Its humanitarian passion is admirable and comes through powerfully, but I am afraid that not all the material is deeply rooted in the author's experience, and the argumentation is sometimes too close to the soapbox for my present tastes. Yet I have again been moved by the book.

Miss Johnson published some short stories and some poetry and a children's book and then, in 1947, another novel, *Wildwood*, which I have never read. Now, after sixteen years of silence, comes a short novel, *The Dark Traveler* (Simon & Schuster, $3.95).

From notes of Miss Johnson's that the publishers have sent to reviewers, I learn that she has been preoccupied with this story, in one form or another, over a period of years, and that is easy to believe, for its theme is of a sort to haunt the imagination of a writer. It is the story of Paul Moore, a lost soul, "the dark traveler" of the title, and it is primarily a description of his redemption.

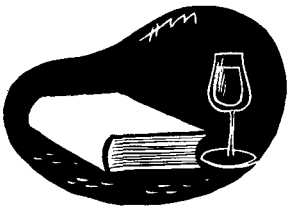
The novel opens:

> It was a wild late February evening, cold and gusty, and the elm branches beat against the old, blue glass of the panes. When the door opened, as though blown in by all the cold wet birds and branches hunting shelter, they saw Paul standing there, like a wet blackbird himself, carrying an ancient suitcase in his arms. The rain from his dark hair was falling on his glasses and he held the suitcase to him as though it were a broken-up baby.

Although he is twenty-eight, Paul looks "like a high school boy, thin and distressed and smiling." At the moment, as commonly in times of crisis, he can see nothing, and he stands there, in the midst of his uncle's family, now terror-stricken, now babbling his gratitude and relief.

It does not take Miss Johnson long to tell us and show us what we need to know of Paul's past, of the dark way that has led him into the depths. His father, Angus, is a loud-mouthed bully, who has lost the son he adored, the one made in his image, and who cannot abide the one that survives, gentle and timid and weak. Miss Johnson does Angus in a few strokes, does him fairly, too, so that we can see how much there is in his life that is pitiable without in any way underestimating his cruel destructiveness.

The crisis has come with the death of Paul's mother, whose life, since her marriage to Angus, has been a series of defeats: "For Paul she had put up the last battle that had been left to her, but she had no real knowledge of his needs, and her anxieties, her pitiful defenses that ended only in defeat, her grief, had only driven him farther into darkness, carrying with him the strange companion of her love and the burden of her descent." Angus now knows what to do with Paul: "I'm having the fellow committed," he tells his brother, Douglass.



It is Douglass, with his wife and children, who saves Paul, and Miss Johnson has made the process of salvation her theme. "I set myself a job," she states in the notes I have mentioned. "A somewhat exalted goal. For once, to make a convincing and poetic unity, without sentimentality or didacticism, of the brighter side of life. (It is hard to find a word to express even the goal that is not a cliché!) To express the love, beauty, honesty, humor, sacrifice, faith, integrity, and happiness in life—along with the darkness." She knew the danger—that "one ill-chosen word could turn love into the grossest sentimentality, hope into stupidity, and

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faith into some worn and religious dogma"—but she essayed the task.

There is no miraculous transformation: often enough Paul's life with his uncle's family is full of darkness and despair, and he is haunted by his old demons. But these are good people, in a sense of the adjective that Miss Johnson makes perfectly real. Douglass, a conservation worker of some sort, is kindly, faithful, religious in his own fashion. His wife, Lisa, cares for her home, her family, and Paul with love and pleasure. The older children are friendly and sensitive, and the five-year-old Christopher gladly accepts Paul as a companion. Their life is no idyll, but it is a life in which satisfaction can be found.

In the healing process nature plays its part. As Miss Johnson appropriately ended *Now in November* with scenes of autumnal somberness, so here she carries Paul and us into the unfolding glories of spring. Paul, in the kind of aberration to which his long dissociation from reality makes him susceptible, suddenly conceives of himself, with his cheap little camera, as a great photographer of nature. It is a pitiful illusion, and the end can only be misery for him; but if he has not been able to photograph the wonders of the spring, he has seen them, and such sights have helped to heal his spirit.

Here, to suggest Miss Johnson's gifts as observer and as writer, is her description of a woodchuck in early spring: "For a long, memorable minute he stood there on his haunches, weaving his grizzly head slowly to and fro, his round, brown body still heavy even after a winter's sleep, his bright eyes seeming to stare directly at them and then pass indifferent on to branch and leaf and the red streak of a cardinal above the stream. Then he dropped to all fours and with a kind of lumbering ripple trundled away under the sheltering vines."

It is a pity that a reviewer cannot reveal the ending of a book, for Miss Johnson's climax is done with such skill and such discipline that I should like to discuss it in concrete detail. It will have to suffice to say that doom hangs over Paul almost to the end, and that when the resolution is achieved, one believes in it. With great delicacy Miss Johnson has avoided both sentimentality and melodrama, both the easy smile and the easy tear.

I am happy to have another book from Miss Johnson. Her voice is, as it always has been, quite her own, quiet, precise, thoughtful, authoritative. It is not often that a writer of her ability attempts to portray "the world of light." —GRANVILLE HICKS.

NATIONAL LIBRARY WEEK

To Fill the Reading Gap

By EDWARD R. MURROW, *director, U.S. Information Agency.*

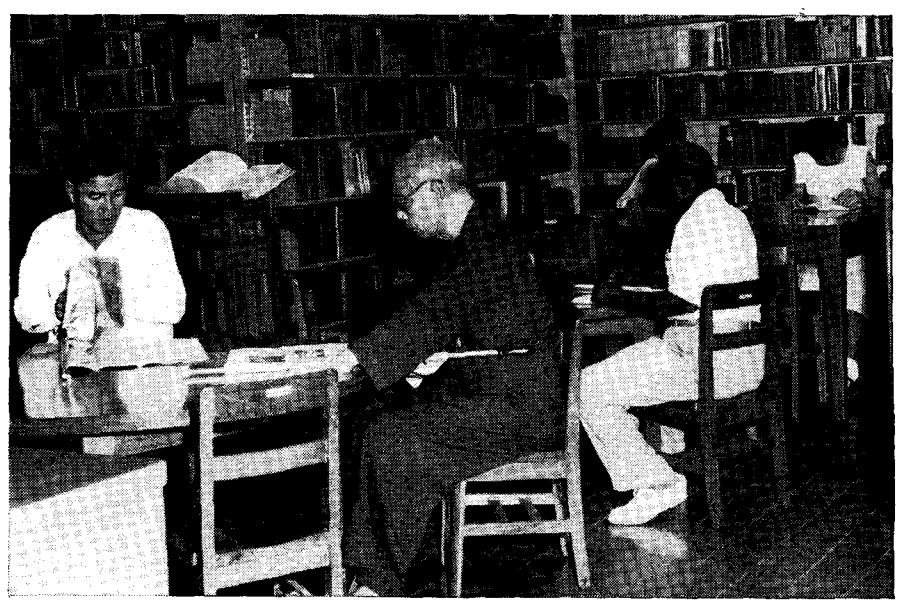
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN may not have appreciated the full and continuing implications of his action when in 1731 he established what is said to be the earliest circulating library in the world. He noted in his *Autobiography* afterward that "reading became fashionable" and that other towns in the colonies imitated the example of Philadelphia, with the result that "our people . . . became better acquainted with books and in a few years were observed by strangers to be better instructed and more intelligent than people in the same rank generally are in other countries."

In the nearly two and a half centuries that have elapsed since Franklin persuaded fifty neighbors to contribute ten shillings a year each to a library fund, the free public library, with the assistance of Andrew Carnegie, has flourished in America and has become one of the mainstays of our society. Access to books in this country is taken for granted and considered to be a basic right of the individual. The theme for National Library Week this year is our Fifth Freedom to Read.

But if it is a basic right in our land, it is little known and enjoyed in other parts of the globe. The captives of the Communist world have access to books only to the extent that the state permits. Many other millions in the non-Communist world cannot share this right because they are illiterate or lack books to read.

The source of freedom is the human spirit, and that spirit is nurtured by books. "A good book," John Milton told us, "is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. . . . As good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye."

It is with cold cynicism that the Communists must view Milton's observation that books are "as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth: and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men." If you would control men's minds, then you must control the books men read or withhold from them altogether the privilege of reading. If you would exercise tyranny, you must make books the tools of the state. Thus a totalitarian regime inevitably serves as the absolute authority and judge as to which reading material is "good" and which is "bad." Good books, of course, are those that serve the state; bad books, those that do not. To quote Paul L. Horecky's *Libraries and Bibliographic Centers in the Soviet Union*, it then follows that a library must be "an ideological center



USIA Center at Kuala Lumpur. —*USIA.*

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which aids in the construction of Communism," and that "the Soviet librarian is not just a technical worker or a mechanical book distributor. He is a propagandist and an agitator for the cause of Communist culture."

It also follows that the Soviets consider books important weapons in extending their power and influence throughout the world. From year to year the number of tomes of propaganda they export in dozens of different languages to some sixty-eight non-Communist countries mounts steadily. Last year the total stood at an estimated 40,000,000 volumes.

This staggering figure attests to the seriousness with which the Communists view the book as a medium of communication. For the book can find its way into the hands of men and women in corners of the world where other media do not penetrate. Books are easily adapted to local circumstances. A single volume may serve the hearts and minds of a hundred persons.

Books and the minds of men are part of the preoccupation of USIA. Last year we distributed more than 7,000,000 books abroad, including nearly 5,000,000 copies in foreign-language translation. Additionally, we added a quarter-million volumes to the shelves of our 182 libraries in eighty-eight countries—libraries that are used by some 30,000,000 people annually.

Our USIA posts report a rapidly increasing demand for books overseas. For example, in Iran, heir to one of the richest and oldest cultures in the world, there is a newly discovered need for public libraries. Last year we received countless requests for books to help stock the shelves of new libraries. Within a year the National Library of Iran opened more than twenty branches. Requests for help have been received from Scout organizations in all parts of the country, from various government departments, from the University of Tehran, from high schools, from hundreds of private libraries, and from thousands of individuals.

Our post in Manila reports that it is besieged by requests for books from hundreds of the 28,000 Philippine elementary schools, which have an aggregate of more than 4,000,000 pupils. "There will never be enough books for this segment of the population," we are told.

Last year our public affairs officer in Trinidad, after distributing 83,000 primary-school readers among the schools of nine West Indian islands, reported the words of one teacher: "For the first time each child will have a book which is all his own."

Many more examples could be cited to demonstrate the mounting demand abroad for books. The underprivileged, awakening to the existence, the excitement, and the usefulness of books, will no longer be denied. Their thirst for knowledge will and must be satisfied.

"I have not studied America," wrote de Tocqueville in 1835, "merely to satisfy however justifiable a curiosity. I wanted to learn from it lessons from which we might profit." As our role in world affairs has increased, so has the curiosity about us to which the Frenchman referred.

The demand for American books is such that we can hardly begin to cope with it. We need millions more books each year to keep up with the requests. If we do not provide them, the Communists will provide their own.

It was in search of a solution to this problem that USIA conceived Books USA. It is a simple plan by which the American public, the publishing industry, and USIA will join forces in a campaign to ship large numbers of good paperback books overseas. Each of several major publishers of paperbacks is offering, on a non-profit basis, one or more packets of about ten different titles. Each packet is put in a category, such as literature, science, economics, or history. USIA selects the books and assists in their transportation and distribution overseas. Each kit has a retail value of $5 or more, but is sold to the public for $4, which includes the costs of packing, shipping, and promotion. Each packet contains a message to the intended recipient with a card to be mailed back to the donor. The program has already been expanded to include more expensive paperbacks for packets valued at $10 or more, but which will sell for $8. Future plans also call for packets of books in foreign languages.

When we announced the plan to our posts, one of the first replies was from Indonesia, enclosing checks from all the American members of USIA Djakarta. "It is difficult for us to imagine," our staff said, "a number adequate to reach the saturation point of effective and useful distribution of the packets." The packets paid for by those USIA employees are already on their way to Indonesia.

When this project was announced last December by the original five participating paperback publishers, we were excited by the prospect that Books USA might play a significant role in closing the overseas book gap. If it is to play that role, it must be supported by the American public to a much greater extent. Since the plan was announced three months ago, only a few hundred packets have been purchased. We need broader citizen-support, particularly from those who understand the importance of books in the current world struggle, to make of Books USA an instrument that will in fact help meet the need for good books throughout the world.

Orders for these packets should be mailed to Books USA, P.O. Box 1960, Washington, D.C. Four dollars is a small price to help keep the human spirit unshackled and the desire for freedom alive.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SIBLINGS

Each of the male characters in Column One below has a sister in Column Two who played an important role in their fictional or dramatic existence. Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Missouri, asks you to match them. It is assumed that if you can do this you will know the names of the books and authors concerned; in any event these are given with the answers on page 69.

1. Matthew Bramble	( ) Antigone
2. The Cardinal	( ) Catherine
3. Holden Caulfield	( ) Clara
4. Hindley Earnshaw	( ) The Duchess of Malfi
5. Laertes	( ) Mrs. Joe Gargery
6. Nat Miller	( ) Hepzibah
7. Pip	( ) Lily
8. Polynices	( ) Madeline
9. Clifford Pyncheon	( ) Maggie
10. Penrod Schofield	( ) Margaret
11. Sebastian	( ) Ophelia
12. Tom Tulliver	( ) Phoebe
13. Roderick Usher	( ) Tabitha
14. Wieland	( ) Viola

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The Money Goes Round and Round

***The Paper Economy**, by David T. Bazelon (Random House. 467 pp. $6.95), charges that the federal government supports business's alleged policy of contrived scarcity and artificially high prices through its defense spending, credit programs, and other antirecession measures. Sandford Brown is a general editor of Newsweek magazine.*

By SANDFORD BROWN

A CONSERVATIVE businessman planning to read *The Paper Economy*—a self-styled "speculative essay," composed in part of previously published magazine articles—should warm up with J. K. Galbraith's *The Affluent Society* to harden his nervous system for the greater shocks to come. Like Ambassador Galbraith, David T. Bazelon, an erstwhile corporation lawyer, takes as his theme the proposition that the economy is doing a poor job of allocating the nation's resources. Thus hunger and grain surpluses exist side by side, and education is pauperized while millions are invested in the redundant promotion of identical toothpastes and cosmetics. Yet the economy is capable of producing far more than it does—even, Bazelon suggests, of ending domestic unemployment and poverty altogether.

Why doesn't it? Because, he asserts, business is still obsessed with paper standards that were valuable in the old days of scarcity but have been obsoleted by technical advance. Businessmen continue to judge performance strictly by the balance sheet, which must show a profit since profit is needed to support the price of a company's stock or guarantee it a favorable reception in the bond market and at the bank. "Paper begets paper and demands to earn more paper," Bazelon states; and everything works out as long as the return on a company's investments exceeds the interest on its loans. The trouble is, the real social or material needs of society may get lost in the shuffle.

Socially useless paper is something Bazelon calls "Money Three." As opposed to "Money One," which is what you spend at the grocery, and "Money Two," the capital a business invests in a new plant, Money Three consists of old capitalization and debt, and the dividend or interest payments on them. Money Three, as Bazelon sees it, never buys a loaf of bread or creates a job, but simply circulates endlessly between the companies that earn it and the financial markets where it is collected and redistributed. Yet it persists, Bazelon says, because access to credit and a reputation for profit-making are the bases of status and power in the new capitalism.

In short, the paper means have become economic ends in themselves, corrupting the real, important ends. To maintain the profit levels that Money Three demands, business must keep prices high and goods relatively scarce. As Bazelon expresses it, corporations do this "by taking advantage of every increase in production to blow some air in through the price hole and further capitalize production." In his opinion, they get away with it because there is no genuine price competition, at least in the big, decisive industries. Prices are "administered" by large publicly-owned companies that have great economic and political power and are, in fact, a separate "government" in themselves.

Nor does the federal government put much check on "corporate government," he adds, lambasting both the antitrust laws and federal regulatory agencies as ineffectual shadow-plays. He charges that the government powerfully—if not entirely wittingly — underwrites business's alleged policy of contrived scarcity and artificially high prices through its defense spending, credit programs, and other measures that permanently postpone any serious recession in the country. Whatever their painful social effects, the recessions of the past, Bazelon observes, did serve as natural purgatives to eliminate the accumulated excess of inflationary "paper" and forcibly put business in closer touch with the economy's "real" needs.

WHAT, then, should be done? Bazelon seems neither convinced nor convincing in this regard. He clearly favors greater government control over "corporate government" particularly with respect to pricing policy, yet apparently he would stop short of outright price control. He seems to lean toward higher federal taxes and spending as the only practicable means of diverting more national wealth to critical social ends. The "Full and Purposeful Production Act" he proposes could "spell out the purposes of production"; *e.g.*, it could require steel mills to run at full capacity at all times even if the government had to stockpile some of the output.

Challenging as they are, such ideas raise more questions than they answer. How much of the free market system could we scrap, however compromised and inefficient that system may be, without incurring the diminishing returns and greater inefficiencies of a rigidly centralized planned economy? Who would make the "purposeful production" decisions, which, in fact, are not production decisions but distribution decisions? Any economy can grind out goods at its physical capacity, for a while at least; the really hard task is to distribute the goods so as to serve the public weal while preserving those private incentives and freedoms that are both valuable economic means and desirable social ends in themselves. Even if one accepts Bazelon's grim picture of the distributive means overrunning the social ends, something must be substituted. Bazelon's readers are left to their own inferences.

HIS arguments moreover, exhibit large holes. He cites the all-out production effort and full employment of World War II to demonstrate what the economy can do when it is not bemused by paper values, without bothering to note that the war effort itself generated an enormous amount of paper: the bulk of the $10 billion or so in debt service charges levied against U.S. taxpayers each year go to pay for that old, financed war.

Bazelon's picture of a government almost helpless to restrain business pricing excesses seems exaggerated—as Roger Blough and others could probably testify. He consistently understates the real and vital functions of profits in financing expansion and research, perhaps because his theme depends on such an understatement.

"It is patent nonsense [for businessmen] to say that inflation is caused by wages outrunning productivity," says Bazelon, "because this assumes that increased wages can only be justified by increased production—and exasperating assumption in the arguments [by] spokesmen of a system that never even conceives of trying to produce all the things it can." But businessmen talking about productivity assume nothing of the sort. "Productivity" describes the relative cost of production in man-hours and has nothing to do with the production volume, as Bazelon must be aware.

Bazelon buys whole-hog the AFL-

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CIO line that price boosts rather than wage boosts are the essential and evil ingredient in the wage-price inflation cycle. Even the most liberal economists would find this questionable—and certainly not to be debated by emphasizing the unchecked power of corporations without even mentioning the power exercised by some of the larger unions.

But this, after all, is a "speculative essay," and it may be that neither hard conclusions nor close-linked arguments are essential to the art form. Bazelon *has* stirred together an enormous variety of social and economic observations—most borrowed from others, a few perhaps his own, a few simply erroneous—and achieved a synthesis of sorts. With a bumptious style, a profusion of impudent asides, and an unfailing cynicism on the subject of sacred cows, Bazelon also produces some flashes of strange, new light in this economic *tour de force.*

View from the Right

Rumbles Left and Right: A Book About Troublesome People and Ideas, *by William F. Buckley, Jr. (Putnam. 251 pp. $4.95), decries what the author considers the liberals' misconceptions and contradictions. Prize-winning historian Margaret L. Coit is an acknowledged conservative and Republican.*

By MARGARET L. COIT

IN HIS new series of philippics and polemics, *Rumbles Left And Right,* that perpetually angry young man from Yale, William F. Buckley, Jr., too often indulges his prejudices at the expense of clear exposition of his principles. He takes off, either at length or in glancing asides, at such assorted worthies as Fidel Castro, Herbert Matthews, Jack Paar, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., etc. Not that these forays lack wit and readability; just that it is certainly of ephemeral importance whether Jack Paar, on a long past television program, was more courteous and friendly to playwright Gore Vidal than to him. Mr. Buckley is also distressed, and lengthily so, by the politics and confusion of Norman Mailer, but, again, it is to be doubted that anyone in the political world, whether of liberal or conservative persuasion, takes the politics of the talented Mr. Mailer very seriously.

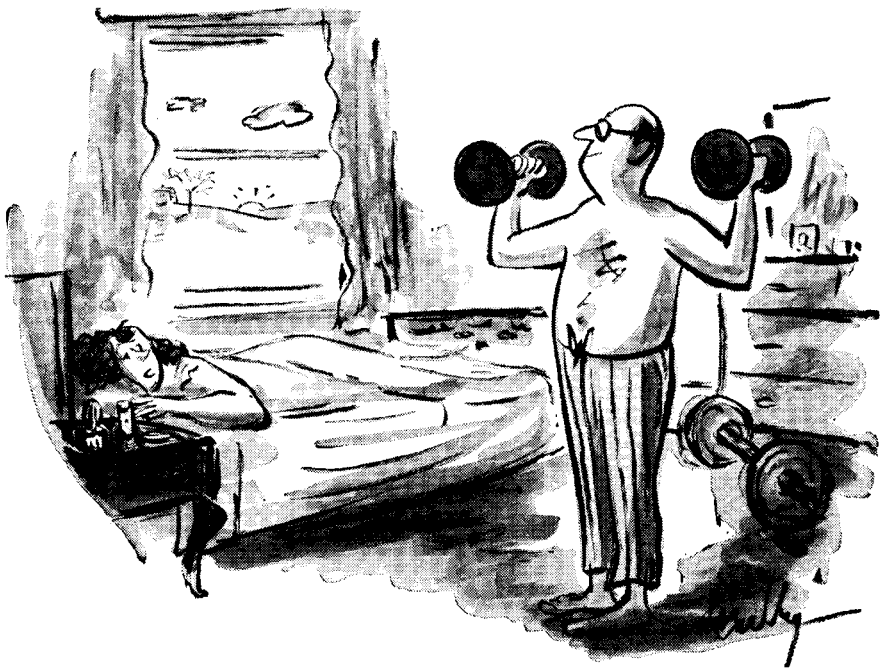
This is not to say that *Rumbles Left and Right* is without value. Mr. Buckley acknowledges that his ideas are "rooted in unchanging principles," and he is at his best when he is defending these principles. He performs yeoman service in his brilliant analysis of "The Unexamined Side of Edward Bennett Williams," that fearless champion of all the downtrodden who seek his assistance—at $1,000 a day! Here, Mr. Buckley delivers a stinging challenge to those, like Mr. Williams, who are far more concerned over the often clumsy prosecution of crime as a threat to freedom, rather than crime itself. Is not crime a threat to freedom, Mr. Buckley quite correctly asks. Is it not true that "known members of Murder Incorporated can walk through Central Park at night with safety, but nuns cannot"?

No one, not even the most die-hard champion of Alger Hiss, could read Mr. Buckley's sensitive account of the last days of Whittaker Chambers, who willed himself to die in the face of what he saw as the wreck of Western civilization, without being moved, without perhaps a cold shiver of doubt chilling his spine. And Mr. Buckley's challenge to modern educators, in general, and to Robert Hutchins, in particular, that they have "no common premise," that they know "what education is not," but "do not know for sure what it is," is worthy of thoughtful consideration. Few present-day intellectuals would accept Mr. Buckley's or Russell Kirk's concepts that the primary purpose of education is "to forward knowledge and right conduct," or to "seek ethical norms by intellectual means." But few would deny the flat fact that the Nazis, the Fascists, and the Communists all put a high value on education—for quite different reasons.

Mr. Buckley also writes interestingly and well about assorted other subjects, such as segregation, Richard Rovere's "American Establishment," a place where all good liberals desire to go while they live, and Senator Barry Goldwater. It is to be doubted that the Senator from Arizona is quite so "full of principle" as Mr. Buckley feels that he is, although his "remarkable versatility" is evidenced by his ability to cut his conservatism to fit the current patterns of Republican thought. Surprisingly, Mr. Buckley also pens a discerning attack on General Franco and a paean of praise to the liberal newspaper columnist Murray Kempton.

All this is well and good. The greatest weakness of the book—and of Mr. Buckley himself—is that, although he sees the liberals' misconceptions and contradictions with clear eyes, he is quite blind to his own. It is too much of a simplification to dismiss all liberals as those who believe in centralization at home and appeasement abroad.

Somberly aware of the "sick despair" of our time, while "the nation's poets wallow in their own little sorrows," Mr. Buckley brings forth, with an air of discovery, the proposal that "the



"I'm sure President Kennedy is just as proud of you as I am."

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surest way to avoid war is to assert our willingness to wage it." But is this not at the very foundation of the "balance of terror" deterrent and the Kennedy foreign policy program? Buckley denounces what he considers the liberals' belief that Communist triumphs can be explained solely in terms of the internal conditions of the countries involved; but falls into the conservative error of blaming all Communist gains upon the failure of American foreign policy. It is a little too much to credit Herbert Matthews of the New York *Times* with the rise of Fidel Castro; it could be that the Cubans themselves had something to do with it.

William F. Buckley, Jr., has a personal right to prefer to be dead than red, to prefer to die standing up than to live on his knees. Unfortunately, he has nothing to say about the millions of people who would not even be given a choice in the event of nuclear war. When he writes that Communism is "the worst abuse of freedom in history," one wonders if he has ever read any history. Has he heard of Attila the Hun, for instance, or Tamerlane or the Spanish Inquisition? Has he heard of Adolf Hitler or the recent gangrene "unpleasantness" in Algeria?

Statements like these weaken the cause Mr. Buckley professes to espouse. Senator Barry Goldwater's good humor and sense of fair play have made the cause of conservatism politically respectable. Russell Kirk's brilliance and erudition have made conservatism academically respectable. But, with even Mr. Kirk conceding Mr. Buckley's talents for "showmanship" and his desire to scandalize, it remains to be seen whether he will yet make the cause of conservatism respectable in American letters.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1029

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1029 will be found in the next issue.

EP TRJOLA ROQALTMPQ BY RSHPS AR KPA SPNRQP LYH, EFPY KRA, AFP SPNRQP BQ BYQGNNRSALOMP.

F. LHLJQ.

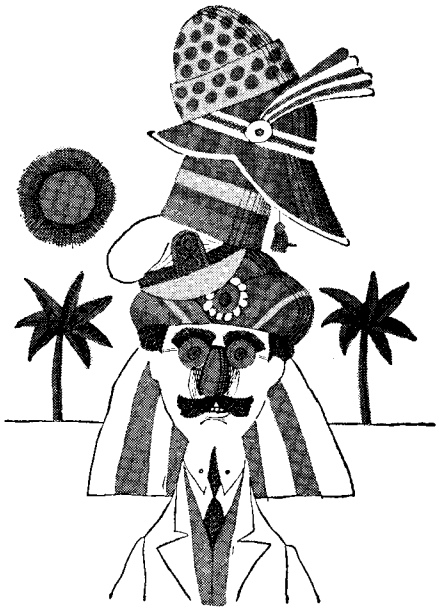
Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1028

Cunning is the dark sanctuary of incapacity.

—CHESTERFIELD.

FICTION

Death of a Traveler



—*From the book cover.*

What's Become of Waring, *by Anthony Powell (Little, Brown. 236 pp. $4. Paperback, $1.95), a predecessor to The Music of Time series, satirizes London's literary world. Charles K. Shapiro is writing a book about Anthony Powell.*

By CHARLES K. SHAPIRO

ANTHONY POWELL, the ultra-urbane British novelist, is, by birth and choice, firmly and safely part of the Establishment. Residing pleasantly in Somerset, he can reflect on his schooling at Eton and Oxford, his friendships with both George Orwell and Evelyn Waugh, and, from a position on the uncommitted right, watch the changes in English society. Admired, paradoxically enough, by both the Angrys and their well-deployed enemies, his fiction is, in essence, the work of a cultured wit who is able to comfortably scan his own age. Best of all, he never goes beyond what he knows and feels. The territory of his eleven novels is, therefore, the world he understands and loves, and because he does care so, his humor has meaning as well as bite.

Powell is best known, of course, for his last six novels, part of an ambitious cycle entitled *The Music of Time,* a work that will ultimately total twelve volumes. This remarkable project is an elaborate class comedy which probes the soul of modern Britain. Its popularity has been explained by Malcolm Muggeridge, who feels we are now in an age in which too little really matters. "Decaying societies, like decaying teeth, invite the tongue to probe, and touch the exposed nerve."

Powell's early probings were done in five prewar novels, which were, in a real sense, finger exercises for his later, larger effort; and one of these novels, *What's Become of Waring* (originally published in England in 1939), has just come out here. *Waring* is possibly Powell's shallowest novel, an extremely funny book with too many tricks for comfort. The plot, a complicated affair, lampoons the literary world of London as a search is made for facts about T. T. Waring, a famed travel writer whose death has apparently taken place on foreign soil in a strange manner. Various oddballs, most of them fashionable, are drawn into the chase; and assorted publishers, writers, spiritualists, and women are all displayed, observed, and caricatured. Clever things are constantly being said, pomposities are steadily exposed, but there is a vagueness of focus, perhaps because the presence of Powell's narrator is never felt except as an ambiguous force. In *The Music of Time* series we are able to evaluate the experiences described just because we have taken the narrator's measure. This does not happen in *Waring* and, as a result, the laughs, which come a bit cheaply, are forced out of situations rather than characters.

Nevertheless, there are many wonderful, isolated moments, most of them presenting the follies of literary folk:

> "By the way, here is that American novel I told you about. Let me know what you think of it."
> "Anything special?"
> "I don't feel happy about the chapter where Irving and Wayne listen to the whip-poor-will."

The English publisher of this American novel—entitled *Lot's Hometown,* by the way—"began to loathe books, so that it seemed he had only entered the trade to take his revenge on them." Authors fare little better.

The dust jacket of *Waring,* chockfull of innocent biography, informs us that on his visit to the U.S. in 1961 Powell "was the hit of the literary season." We can only hope he was taking notes.

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Cinderella, Full Circle

Inside Daisy Clover, *by Gavin Lambert (Viking. 245 pp. $4.50), tells, in diary form, of the Hollywood triumphs and tribulations of a precocious teenager who is a cross between Holden Caulfield and Lolita. Arthur Marx has written numerous articles about the movie colony, as well as several books, among them "Not as a Crocodile."*

By ARTHUR MARX

IN HIS first effort since his widely acclaimed *The Slide Area,* Gavin Lambert skilfully belies one of the saddest truisms of the publishing business—that most "second" books would be more beneficial to their authors' reputations if they were consigned to the trunk instead of being published. *Inside Daisy Clover,* I'm happy to report, does not fall into that category. It is, in fact, one of the best and most unusual novels about Hollywood and its people that I have ever read—mainly because the author's pen was not dipped in the juice of sour grapes.

Daisy Clover, who chronicles her own story in some of the saltiest teenage language it will ever be your pleasure to read, is a cross between Holden Caulfield and Lolita; and if this book receives the attention it deserves, this engaging youngster should become one of the most talked-about characters on the present literary scene.

When we first meet Daisy she is a bright fourteen-year-old living with her mother in a squalid trailer camp in Playa del Ray, a tawdry beach resort on the fringe of Hollywood. Daisy's father deserted the two of them sometime before the story begins, and Mrs. Clover, as a probable result, is in a state of undiagnosed schizophrenia. Completely withdrawn, she sits in her trailer by the hour, keeping a dozen games of solitaire going simultaneously, and subsisting on refried beans.

Left to her own devices, Daisy falls into the habit of frequenting the Venice amusement pier. There, with the money she manages to save from her baby-sitting wages, she indulges herself in one luxury: for twenty-five cents a shot, she puts her singing voice on wax in the self-recording booth.

One day, purely for a lark, Daisy enters one of her home-made records in a talent contest sponsored by Magnagram Studios. Raymond Swan, who masterminds the studio, hears the record, falls in love with Daisy's voice, and before you can say "Cinderella" signs her up to a movie contract. Daisy's first two pictures are a success, and she seems well on her way to becoming an important star. However, a quirk in her character—her compassion for the little people of this earth—won't let Daisy play the Hollywood game. From the very first moment she reports to the studio she finds herself in a state of undeclared war with her employers and advisers.

This situation reaches its climax when, against the wishes of Mr. Swan, her self-appointed mentor, Daisy falls in love with and marries Wade Lewis, a misfit actor, who is both an alcoholic and a homosexual. The disillusionment of this marriage sends Daisy into a decline, both morally and professionally. When she finds herself pregnant by another actor—a guitar-strumming folk singer—Daisy persuades her husband to lend his name to the offspring in exchange for an equitable property settlement. But this aura of legitimacy isn't enough to satisfy her friends and critics. As a result, they hop off the Daisy Clover band wagon when she most needs their help.

Laid bare in skeletal form, the story of Daisy's rise to stardom and her inevitable downfall may not seem out of the ordinary, but you can take it from me, it is. It is superbly written and fast-moving; its dialogue is witty and stiletto-sharp; it is sexy but not pornographic; and it contains not one stereotyped Hollywood character. Somehow Gavin Lambert has pulled off the miracle of modern literature: he has been able to tell a story about Hollywood without including in its cast of characters one Semitic, cigar-chomping, balding producer who mangles the English language.

Tom-Thumb Quixotes

The Glass Coffin and Other Stories, *by Maurice Druon, translated from the French by Humphrey Hare (Scribners. 242 pp. $4.50), good-humoredly mock such matters as decaying nobility, gambling tables, and marital mixups. Laurent LeSage is professor of French literature at Pennsylvania State College.*

By LAURENT LESAGE

IF IT is true that most reading today is done on the subway, then interesting stories of lengths suitable for rides of varying duration have become literary commodities of first necessity. Maurice Druon's latest publication can be recommended as subway reading at its best. Even between two stops you can read all about an old gentlewoman who remembers when St. Pierre in Martinique vanished under lava. Her story has a neat little surprise for you at the end, as do most of these tales involving matters such as secret clauses in a will, luck at gambling tables, marital and amorous mixups, adventures in the two world wars. They average out at about eight pages apiece before the punch ending, an exception being made for a novella about the degenerating provincial aristocracy, which is more commuters' fare.

Doddering nobility is a favorite theme in Druon's stories, which are

Maurice Druon—"good-humored mockery."

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full of Tom-Thumb Quixotes who mistake barber's basins for gold helmets in the harsh sunlight of this century. The author's reputed political views would suggest more severity in dealing with the crumbling classes; rather, this is good-humored mockery by a writer who seems more sensitive to the romance of the past than to its evil ways. Perhaps his puny knights and red-heeled nincompoops are so conventional that he himself cannot take them seriously.

Maurice Druon made a smashing début in the late Forties with a novel that painted a great fresco of society in the Balzacian manner. The first families, depicted in colors of hideous corruption, were made responsible for all the ills of France. But the social avenger that Druon's first work seemed to announce gave way before the storyteller, whose yarns have increasingly resembled those of Alexandre Dumas. His early admirers, while admitting his deftness with anecdote and his power in resurrecting the past, feel that he has betrayed his true vocation. His later admirers—and they are far more numerous—forgive him easily, for, although he may lack the moral significance he once seemed to promise, and has surely made no breakthrough in fictional technique, he can at least make the subway stations fly by.

BARABBAS'S DECISION: *Judas* (translated by Jules Harlow, St. Martin's Press, $5.95), by the Israeli writer Igal Mossinsohn, gets off to a flying start. Its very first words are: "I am going to be crucified," and when we realize that they are spoken by none other than Judas Iscariot, we are bound to feel that we are about to get the inside story of Christian origins.

To a certain extent we are not disappointed. Set a decade after the crucifixion of Jesus, the story, whose first-person narrator is Judas Iscariot, contains some intriguing suggestions in the form of flashbacks. Judas has been living for a number of years in an island city, married to a Gentile innkeeper who is a former prostitute and as sexy as anyone could wish. He tells us what happened to him following the crucifixion and how he has come to his present plight—waiting to be crucified in his turn because of some island intrigue, related rather hazily to the past but played out in the present. Barabbas, Simon Peter, Paul of Tarsus all put in an appearance; Jesus himself, of course, also plays a role.

Taken together, the flashbacks constitute a novel theory of Jesus's execution. Mr. Mossinsohn is familiar with the background of Jesus's life in Palestine, and he has reworked the Gospels and the Dead Sea Scrolls into an arrestingly original version of Jesus's undoing. Judas tells us that Barabbas was the real leader of the movement of which Jesus was the spiritual head, and that it was Barabbas who decided, in accord with Jesus's own desires, to turn Jesus over to the Romans for crucifixion as a signal to the downtrodden and outraged Jews of Palestine to revolt against their Roman overlords. As a faithful underling, Judas simply carried out Barabbas's orders.

But this intriguing, if dubious theory reduces to no more than a cluster of snippets. The bulk of the novel revolves around Judas's present life on his island of refuge.

Mr. Mossinsohn has an undeniable talent, but it is frittered away in an attempt to devise a plot that, though seemingly independent, is really interesting only because of background events that are never adequately related. What is happening to Judas remains obscure and somehow tedious, while the flashbacks into the past are never satisfyingly fleshed out.

It seems a pity that, in spite of its initial idea, and with all the vivacity that characterizes it, *Judas* never transcends the status of a question mark.

—Joel Carmichael.

SPIRITUAL PREDICAMENTS: A Chekhovian garden with people gently and unrequitedly in love with each other is suggested by some of the quiet futility in *The Prism* (Doubleday, $3.95), a first novel by Jennifer Lash, a young English girl. Most of the story takes place in an English abbey, whose atmosphere is impressively captured—stone, candlelight, bells; and in the nearby home of Isabella, a lonely young wife whose husband is stationed with his regiment in Germany. The first sentence in the book shows her sitting in front of a mirror, but whether she really sees herself, then or ever, is questionable.

She bluntly tells one of the monks, the proudly intellectual Dom Lucius, that she loves him. This old friend of her husband promptly retreats, but later, his ambiguous, middle-of-the night call on Isabella arouses suspicion in his fiercely monastic community. The abbot transfers him to the tenement section of a city, and there Dom Lucius feels that at last he is coming close to people. But when a failed young novice, partially escaping from his mother's sweet but firm domination, comes to him for love, Dom Lucius takes refuge in another withdrawal. The result is a disaster—the one authentically physical action in the book.

Although Miss Lash sometimes oversimplifies, she is quite capable of dramatizing the spiritual predicaments of her characters. She phrases many of her sentences shrewdly, and when her prose needs colors she can stipple it with exactly the right ones. Nevertheless she has an occasional tendency to tell the reader too much or to lean into novelese, as may be noted in this passage: "At last, Lucius, monk of austerity and words, had found a way in which to translate the latent passions of an ordinary man into the ecstasies of a visionary." Miss Lash usually does better than that; she is something more than just a promising novelist, for she has an acute sensitivity to people and to religious problems.

—Harry T. Moore.

Jennifer Lash—"an acute sensitivity."

I Try to Say Something

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

"WHO drew these drawn faces,"
I asked the artists
In the gallery of grief,
"Are you trying to wreck the world?"

"Not we, not us," they cried,
"We only held the brush:
And isn't it also true
That when you write
You only hold the pencil?"

"And an eraser," I answered,
"And an eraser. . . ."

"To make the starving smile?" they asked

"Sometimes," I answered, "sometimes
When there is nothing else
For them to do. . . ."

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Bibelots and Blue Hair

The Water Beetle, by Nancy Mitford (Harper & Row. 150 pp. $3.50), comments on random topics with the author's usual lively wit and nostalgia for a more elegant past. Herbert Gold's new novel is "Salt."

By HERBERT GOLD

NANCY MITFORD, a most U of U writers, has gathered a new collection of witty notes and crotchety remarks and had them illustrated by Osbert Lancaster. A few capsule biographies, a few travel records, a few tributes to old friends with an occasional bit of malice, *et voila!* Her point is usually small; she thinks thin; but the odd little fact or observation has been installed in a paragraph with the tasteful natural decorator's skill.

She terms a friend "an adorable person," and how many American writers would dare to do it? She dislikes America (she has never been here) and finds evidence for her conclusion in frumpy American tourists abroad. She confesses to having the reading habits of a child of good family. She enjoys her trip to Russia because she likes to rest and "the Russians rest more than any people I have ever met." (This is certainly a new enticement for travel in the USSR.) She also discovered that Malenkov is married to "a very nice electrician" and that the Russians are uninterested in money. Both men and women are homely in Russia, though she found "many young officers who looked clever, amused, and very nice indeed." Occasionally the observation is sharpened: A painting of Ivan the Terrible killing his son is retitled, now that Ivan has been rehabilitated, "Ivan the Good Rendering First Aid to His Son." And she notes gloomily that, unlike Hitler and Mussolini, the Soviet leaders live with a minimum of pomp. The reality of power suffices.

Miss Mitford's style is lively without a trace of benzedrine. She writes like a lady who knows when to take a rest. She calls Stalin "the Bonny Prince," remarks that England would not now exist if he hadn't led the Russians against the Germans, and enjoys the bibelots in Russian museums.

These short essays are drenched with nostalgia for other, more elegant centuries. She deplores the blue hair of older American women. She approves the French chef of a Greek friend. She wishes that the salons of Paris were still filled with shrewd, witty ladies and clever, ardent men. Tourists, she believes—wrongly, I am convinced—"far more surely than any war, will be the end of old Europe." This remark could probably stand engraved in whalebone as a champion example of High Camp. Another brilliant example is her note of approval of French women: "When they cannot afford the time and money to be really well dressed, they abandon the idea of clothes and concentrate instead upon cooking and their children's education."

Her swank is Anglo-French International, and she is a clever tease. For an American—to paraphrase Miss Mitford in another context—reading casual essays by English writers may be at once the cleanest and most isolated way of having a bad time that has yet been devised. But Miss Mitford has good sense, a sharp tongue, and curiosity to compensate for her excesses of control. "A Bad Time," the eloquent evocation in few words of Captain Scott's disastrous trip to the South Pole, communicates horror, fear, and a deep pride in English heroism. The salient detail outweighs a hundred pages of the usual cottony version of a Day-They-Did-So-And-So disaster.

This little book is closely English, clubby, and occasionally suggestive of mild sin. It is an ideal gift for an intelligent aunt in bed with a not-too-serious disease.

COLUMNIST'S CHATS: The first of Charles Neider's "complete" collections of Mark Twain's miscellaneous writings was that of "short stories" in 1957; the second, that of "humorous tales and sketches" in 1961; and now we have *The Complete Essays of Mark Twain* (Doubleday, $4.95). That should make a complete edition of the previously published works of Twain except for the novels and other book-length works. But does it?

If Mr. Neider thinks there is enough difference between a tale and a short story, or between a sketch and an episodic essay, to divide them into separate volumes, and if the volumes are pleasant ones that make people read many forgotten or hard-to-get pieces, then more power to him. Mark Twain

(*Continued on page* 44)

New books that mirror important aspects of the Christian experience

Kierkegaard As Theologian

By LOUIS DUPRÉ

A professor of philosophy at Georgetown University offers a systematic presentation of Kierkegaard's theological thinking—a timely and important service for the general reader.

"Breaks new ground in the interpretation of the great Dane. . . . A first-rate exposition. . . . A helpful guide to the profound Christian reflections of this great nineteenth-century 'witness without authority.'"—PAUL RAMSEY, Princeton University. $5.00

Thirteen for Christ

Edited by MELVILLE HARCOURT

Presenting thirteen figures—twelve men and a woman—who have taken Christianity seriously and so have left their mark on the modern world. Their stories are told by writers of acute perception. For example: POPE PIUS XII by Henri Daniel-Rops; MARTIN LUTHER KING by John Howard Griffin; TREVOR HUDDLESTON by Alan Paton; JOHN LAFARGE by George N. Shuster; T. S. ELIOT by Peter Kirk; BORIS PASTERNAK by Robert Payne; DOROTHY DAY by Dwight Macdonald. $5.00

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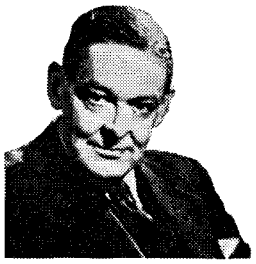

No other major modern poet has achieved the SRO theatrical success of T. S. Eliot. This penetrating study is the first to probe the sources of Eliot's dramatic technique; his changing aims and methods from *Sweeney* to *The Elder Statesman;* and the relationship of his achievement in drama to his total poetic and intellectual development.

T. S. Eliot's Dramatic Theory and Practice
by Carol H. Smith
$6.00
Princeton University Press
Princeton, New Jersey

The coal-miner's son who wrote one of the most shatteringly controversial novels of our time is surveyed here by a scholar-novelist, who shows how D. H. Lawrence's originality of style was closely related to his personal and philosophical concerns. This is a balanced, rounded view of Lawrence, which treats the ten full-length novels, and the significant short fiction.

The Deed of Life
The Novels and Tales of
D. H. Lawrence
by Julian Moynahan
$5.00
Princeton University Press
Princeton, New Jersey

SR's Check List of Current Books

Art

THE ART OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE. By Heinrich Wolfflin. Schocken Books. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $2.45.

ART OF THE WEST. By Henri Focillon. Phaidon Press, dist. N. Y. Graphic Society. Two volumes, each $7.50.

COMPASS HISTORY OF ART. By Arturo Stenico and others. Viking. Three volumes, each $2.25.

EVOLUTION IN THE ARTS: And Other Theories of Culture History. By Thomas Munro. Abrams. $10.

GREEK TEMPLES AND HOLY PLACES. By Helmut Berve and Gottfried Gruben. Abrams. $25.

MEDIEVAL MINIATURES. By L. M. J. Delaisse. Abrams. $25.

Business, Finance

THE AMERICAN ECONOMY. By Jesse W. Markham. Braziller. $5.

THE BUSINESS CONSCIENCE. By Luther H. Hodges. Prentice-Hall. $4.

Current Affairs

AMERICAN EDUCATION TODAY. Edited by Paul Woodring and John Scanlon. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

THE AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY. Edited by Ernest R. May. Braziller. $5.

AMERICAN LABOR UNIONS: What They Are and How They Work. By Florence Peterson. Harper & Row. $5.50.

THE AMERICAN POLITICAL PROCESS. Edited by Leonard W. Levy and John P. Roche. Braziller. $5.

DIVERSITY IN INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM. Edited by Alexander Dallin. Columbia Univ. Press. $8.50.

HANDBOOK OF INTELLIGENCE AND GUERRILLA WARFARE. By Alexander Orlov. Univ. of Michigan Press. $4.

THE HIRED KILLERS. By Peter Wyden. Morrow. $4.50.

JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD TRADE. By Warren S. Hunsberger. Council on Foreign Relations, dist. Harper & Row. $6.

THE PAPER ECONOMY. By David T. Bazelon. Random House. $6.95. (See page 34.)

THE PEACEFUL ATOM IN FOREIGN POLICY. By Arnold Kramish. Council on Foreign Relations, distributed by Harper & Row. $4.50.

ROCKET CITY USA. By Erik Bergaust. Macmillan. $4.95.

THE SOCIETY I LIVE IN IS MINE. By Paul Goodman. Horizon Press. $3.95.

THE THIRD WORLD. By Mario Rossi. Funk & Wagnalls. $4.

THE TIME HAS COME: A Catholic Doctor's Proposals to End the Battle Over Birth Control. By Dr. John Roth. Knopf. $3.95.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE UNITY OF EUROPE. By Max Beloff. Brookings Institute. $3.50.

WESTWARD TILT: The American West Today. By Neil Morgan. Random House. $6.95.

Fiction

THE ANXIOUS YEARS: A Collection of Writings from the Thirties. Edited by Louis Filler. Putnam. $6.50.

COBBLER'S DREAM. By Monica Dickens. Coward-McCann. $3.95.

THE DARK TRAVELER. By Josephine Johnson. Simon & Schuster. $3.95. (See page 31.)

THE DEVIL WITH LOVE. By Robert Nathan. Knopf. $3.95.

A DRAGON FOR CHRISTMAS. By Gavin Black. Harper & Row. $3.95.

DUDLEY, THERE IS NO TOMORROW!: Then How About this Afternoon? By Shepherd Mead. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

THE FITZGERALD READER. Edited by Arthur Mizener. Scribners. $7.50.

HOW TO FOUND YOUR OWN RELIGION, AND OTHER STORIES. By Francis Phelan. Helicon Press, dist. Taplinger. $2.95.

INSIDE DAISY CLOVER: By Gavin Lambert. Viking. $4.50. (See page 37.)

LEGEND OF MADELEINE. By Charles Matz. Morrow. $4.95.

THE LIFE OF AN AMOROUS WOMAN: And Other Writings. By Ihara Saikaku. Edited and translated by Ivan Morris. New Directions. $5.50.

MY ENEMY'S ENEMY. By Kingsley Amis. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.

NOTES FROM A BOTTLE FOUND ON THE BEACH AT CARMEL. By Evan S. Connell, Jr. Viking. $6.

THE RACE OF THE TIGER. By Alexander Cordell. Doubleday. $4.95.

RISE UP IN ANGER. By Stephan Olivier. Putnam. $4.95.

THE SEED AND THE SOWER. By Laurens van der Post. Morrow. $4.

THE SEX DIARY OF GERARD SORME. By Colin Wilson. Dial Press. $4.95.

WE THAT ARE LEFT. By Irene Kampen. Doubleday. $3.95.

WHAT'S BECOME OF WARING. By Anthony Powell. Little, Brown. Hardbound, $4. Paperback, $1.95. (See page 36.)

WHEN THE LEGENDS DIE. By Hal Borland. Lippincott. $4.50.

History

THE ARABS: A Compact History. By Francesco Gabrieli. Hawthorn. $4.95.

THE DEED. By Gerold Frank. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

HITLER'S GERMANY. By Claude David. Walker. $3.50.

THE HOUR OF DECISION. By Oswald Spengler. Knopf. $5.

HOW DRY WE WERE: Prohibition Revisited. By Henry Lee. Prentice-Hall. $4.95.

HOW THE FAR EAST WAS LOST. By Anthony Kubek. Regnery. $8.75.

MANIFEST DESTINY AND MISSION IN AMERICAN HISTORY: A Reinterpretation. By Frederick Merk. Knopf. $5.95.

THE MENACE OF THE MIRACLE: Germany from Hitler to Adenauer. By Heinz Abosch. Monthly Review Press. $5.

POLITICAL PARTIES IN A NEW NATION: The American Experience 1776-1809. By William N. Chambers. Oxford Univ. Press. $4.50.

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Literary Criticism

AMERICAN FICTION: The Intellectual Background. By D. E. S. Maxwell. Columbia Univ. Press. $5.

AMERICAN PROSE MASTERS. By William G. Brownell. Harvard Univ. Press. $4.25.

THE GROTESQUE IN ART AND LITERATURE. By Wolfgang Kayser. Indiana Univ. Press. $6.95.

THE POETRY OF ROBERT FROST: Constellations of Intention. By Reuben Brower. Oxford Univ. Press. $5.75.

POETRY: A Closer Look. By James M. Reid and others. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.50.

Mysteries

THE MAN WHO NEVER LAUGHED. By Arnold Hare. Norton. $3.95.

THE TROUBLE MAKERS. By Celia Fremlin. Lippincott. $3.50.

Personal History

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By D. W. Brogan. Schocken Books. Hardbound, $3.50. Paperback, $1.45.

DOSTOEVSKY. By David Magarshack. Harcourt, Brace & World. $8.75.

E.P. to L.U.: Nine Letters Written to Louis Untermeyer by Ezra Pound. Edited by Albert Robbins. Indiana Univ. Press. $3.

FRANZ KAFKA: A Biography. By Max Brod. Schocken Books. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.95.

HIS EXITS AND HIS ENTRANCES: The Story of Shakespeare's Reputation. By Louis Marder. Lippincott. $6.50.

IN THE PRESENCE OF MY ENEMIES. By John W. Clifford. Norton. $4.50.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF FORD MADOX FORD. By Frank MacShane. Horizon Press. $5.50.

LORD BYRON'S WIFE. By Malcolm Elwin. Harcourt, Brace & World. $8.75.

MAYA ARCHAEOLOGIST. By J. Eric S. Thompson. Univ. of Oklahoma Press. $5.

MY LIFE IN JAZZ. By Max Kaminsky with V. E. Hughes. Harper & Row. $4.95.

SELF PORTRAIT. By Man Ray. Little, Brown. $4.95.

T.R.: The Story of Theodore Roosevelt and His Influence on Our Times. By Noel F. Busch. Reynal, dist. Morrow. $5.

THROUGH MINE OWN EYES: The Autobiography of a Natural Mystic. By Katharine Trevelyan. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.50.

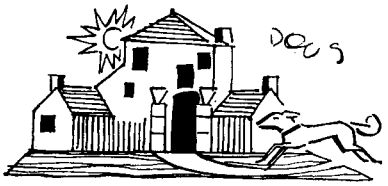
Sociology

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY. Edited by Kenneth S. Lynn. Braziller. $5.

THE GOOD CITY. By Lawrence Haworth. Indiana Univ. Press. $5.

VIEWS OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN AMERICA. By Frances Wright. Harvard Univ. Press. $7.50.

—LYNN MILLER, *Publishers' Weekly.*



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by JOHN E. SMITH. This analysis of five outstanding philosophers — Peirce, James, Royce, Dewey, and Whitehead — offers impressive evidence that American philosophy has an original spirit of its own. "Written with a zest and facility of expression that is rare." — F. S. C. NORTHROP. $5.00

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by HARRISON BIRD. In the summer of 1777 the largest and best-equipped foreign force ever to appear on American soil swept south from Montreal headed straight for — disaster. With everything to spur an army on, including wine and women, it seemed inconceivable that the undertaking should end in a history-changing debacle. Historical accuracy wedded to an engaging style commends this book to every reader. Illustrated. $6.50

C. Wright Mills

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edited by IRVING LOUIS HOROWITZ. Many of the late C. Wright Mills's most important statements about modern culture and society appeared in publications not readily available to the large audience interested in his ideas. This material is now collected in a volume that ranges from the early 1940's to the early 1960's, from Mills's original reinterpretations of sociological theory to trenchant remarks on the contemporary scene. $8.50

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The Morning Song of Lord Zero

by CONRAD AIKEN. Twenty-three new poems together with a selection from previous books make up this new collection by a man who has, as Allen Tate says, "written poetry second to none in our age." $4.75

Collected Poems 1925-1948

by LOUIS MACNEICE. The first collection for the years shown to be published in this country. "No other contemporary poet has made the casual and quotidian more agreeable without sacrificing his essential scepticism." — S. F. MORSE, *Poetry*. $6.00

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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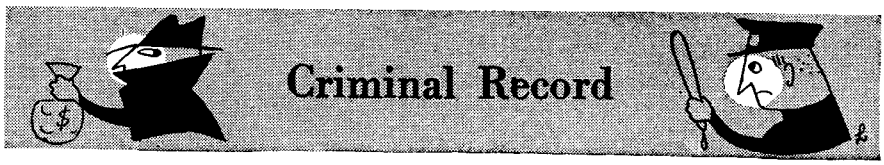

THE DILLINGER DAYS. *By John Toland. Random House.* $5.95. If you're under thirty-five you won't believe that the events recounted in this veritable encyclopedia of the evil 1930s in the Middle West really happened, but they sure did. Good pix, too.

CATCH A FALLING SPY. *By Nathaniel Benchley. McGraw-Hill.* $4.95. Defected American (he's an Albanian agent) adopts cover as New York clubman and suburbanite, but the darnedest complications develop, as you might expect. Hilarious.

THE MASSINGHAM AFFAIR. *By Edward Grierson. Doubleday.* $3.95. 1891 rural Scottish crime that earned life sentences for two develops new twist in 1899, and there's even a 1936 sequel. A charming fictional period piece, with deft characterization, nice touches of humor.

THE HIDDEN KEY. *By George Harmon Coxe. Knopf.* $3.50. Sports writer's and pro-footballer's demises give Kent Murdock, Boston press photog (though location is nowhere specified) chance to show his stuff again. Two or three clever gimmicks make this one.

THE FOURTH OF FOREVER. *By Bill S. Ballinger. Harper & Row.* $3.50. Out-of-work California flyer takes up with gal who puts him in way of heavy dough, but victim turns up dead in New York. Picks up nicely after too much initial beddy-bye.

ARRANGEMENT FOR MURDER. *By Roger Simons. Roy.* $2.95. Slaughter of titular German countess at posh London concert sends Chief Inspector Wace on long interviewing chore; second killing follows. Straightforward.

MURDER ON THE LINE. *By John Creasey. Scribners.* $2.95. Supt. Roger (Handsome) West of Yard explores multiple murder puzzle growing out of large larcenies from railroad shipments. Speeds up briskly.

THE BIG H. *By Bryan Peters. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.50. British Agent Anthony Brandon flies to Los Angeles to aid CIA and local law in breaking spy ring; heroin figures in plot. Bone-cruncher.

THE FIFTH PASSENGER. *By Edward Young. Harper & Row.* $3.95. London solicitor on spot when defecting naval officer who saved his life calls on him for help. Good chase sequences (one is in a huge library) and bang-bang finish.

THE CASE OF THE MISCHIEVOUS DOLL. *By Erle Stanley Gardner. Morrow.* $3.50. Ham Burger comes usual cropper when Perry Mason pulls off another courtroom triumph that frees beautiful young client. Still full of the old bounce.

ISLE OF THE SNAKES. *By Robert L. Fish. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Captain Da Silva of Brazilian police (and Interpol) and his U.S. opposite number, name of Wilson, team effectively to retrieve valuable packet stashed in deadly hiding place. Excellent.

TOO FRIENDLY, TOO DEAD. *By Brett Halliday. Torquil-Dodd, Mead.* $3.50 Death of Miami insurance broker sends Michael Shayne, rufous shamus, on hunt for killer; local cops are old meanies, as usual. Hero's forty-fifth exploit.

BUSINESS OF MURDER. *By Charles Boswell and Lewis Thompson. Collier. Paperback,* 95¢. Ten more true tales (all U.S., 1894-1929) make up the fourth unit in this fine "vocational" series. Participants here include broker, adman, realtor, contractor, others.

THE EXPENDABLE MAN. *By Dorothy B. Hughes. Random House.* $3.95. West Coast intern motoring to Phoenix wedding picks up young female hitchhiker; next day her body is found in canal—and he's in a nasty fix. Legitimate surprise twist makes this tale a standout.

RETURN FROM THE ASHES. *By Hubert Monteilhet. Translated from the French by Richard Howard. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Remember *The Praying Mantises*? Its author is back with another memorable nerve-twitcher involving lady and gent who play chess; Oedipus is mentioned.

DEADLY CONTACT. *By Amber Dean. Crime Club.* $3.50. Death of Rochester (N.Y.) P. O. driver by means of ingenious device baffles investigators, but not for long; love finds a way all the way. Watch that junk mail!

THE TARNISHED ANGEL. *By Hugh Pentecost. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Manhattan lawyer heeds call to aid lost love in New England; old and new killings call for solution; promiscuity abounds. This is *Connecticut*?

SOFTLY IN THE NIGHT. *By M. E. Chaber. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.50. Milo March, New York insurance eye, flies to coast to investigate arson job in which two die (and more later). Noisy, with good waggery.

BACK DOOR TO DEATH. *By Rae Foley. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. New England community tizzied when murder strikes four times (plus two possibles); Mr. Potter, amateur peeper, tidies things up. Tension all over.

CRIMES & CHAOS. *By Avram Davidson. Regency Books. Paperback,* 50¢. Potpourri of nine fact yarns: murder, war heroes, steamship fires, factory ditto (mostly U.S., various dates). Neat time-killer. —SERGEANT CUFF.

The original version of this book was written for use by the officers of the NKVD. It was also used to teach intelligence tactics to students at the Central Military School in Moscow.

Handbook of Intelligence and Guerrilla Warfare

Alexander Orlov

196 pages $4.00

University of Michigan Press
Ann Arbor

"...a remarkable achievement ...makes clear the differences between various types of socialism, anarchy, syndicalism, and, of course, communism. He tells an absorbing story of the clash of ideas and interests."
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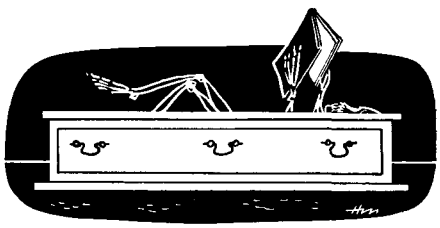

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The "Golden Age" for Children?

By ALICE DALGLIESH

FRANK STOCKTON, assistant editor of the most noble of children's magazines, *St. Nicholas,* would smile if he could see *The Griffin and the Minor Canon* as a leading picture book on the Holt, Rinehart & Winston spring list and hailed as "a story from the golden age of children's books." It is handsomely and appropriately illustrated by Maurice Sendak, and Stockton would, I think, have approved it as "neat and elegant," his own description of one of his early books.

Stockton's stories, which have meaning for adults as well as for children, were not, as the jacket copy states, almost forgotten after his death in 1902. The particular collection of stories that includes the one under discussion had an honorable life as *The Queen's Museum and Other Fanciful Tales* in the Scribner Classics until 1942. At that time the book went out of print, possibly because the stories were allegories, or perhaps because the children lacked the background or vocabulary to read them, and parents had not the time or patience to read them aloud. Stockton's *Ting-a-Ling Tales* were given a new format in 1955, in the Scribner Willow Leaf Library, in which there is a preface giving material about the author. His stories were also kept alive for New York children by Mary Gould Davis when she was supervisor of library storytelling.

Making one of them into a picture book was a fine idea, and the physical appearance of the book is delightful and striking. Time will tell whether good illustration can bring to life a story that has been lying fallow; in this case it might happen. Children will enjoy the way in which the griffin attaches himself to the minor canon, helps him to keep order in his school, and visits the sick—one of whom is leaving hastily by way of the window. This story has never before had quite the humor that these pictures provide.

But it is the "golden age" that we are discussing. There seems to be a great nostalgia through the land for this mysterious golden age when stories were theoretically full of great truths and, in theory, better written than the book of today.

The golden age cannot be confined

—From "The Griffin and the Minor Canon."

to a period; used in this way it is a static term. It began when children sat among the adults who listened to the telling of the great myths and hero tales. It continued when myths, legends, and fairy tales were written down; through the time of John Newbery's first bookshop for children, through the days of England's Victorian writers, and, in this country, through the period of *St. Nicholas.* It was followed by the establishment in publishing houses of special departments for children's books, when many fine books were published. Each person living today remembers with special affection a highly individual golden age. There is no one period, but only good books that have come out singly or grouped together in time. Some of these have held their values in a new age, some have not. *The Griffin and the Minor Canon* now belongs to both past and present. The pictures reintroduce the story; its truths and its humor have been there through the years. We can continue in our search for books written today that will be read ten, twenty, fifty years from now, and we can re-evaluate those written in the preceding years.

* * *

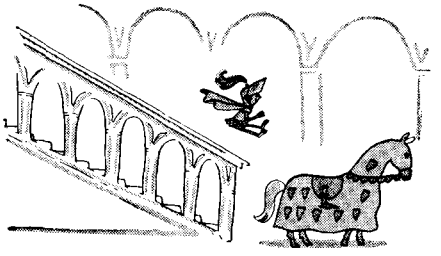
Each year the children's and school librarians of the American Library Association make diligent search for the outstanding books of the preceding year, those worthy of the Newbery and Caldecott Medals. On March 11, 1963, the medals were awarded at the Harvard Club, an occasion saddened for all of us present by the death, on March 8, of Frederic Melcher, chairman of the board of *Publishers' Weekly,* and the originator and donor of the awards. Always a friend of publishing, with a special feeling for children's books, Mr. Melcher will be much missed.

The medals were presented and a tribute to Mr. Melcher given by Ruth Gagliardo of Kansas. The Newbery was awarded to Madeleine L'Engle for *A Wrinkle in Time* (Farrar, Straus), a space-age fantasy-allegory that, we were told, is proving popular with today's children. The Caldecott Medal went to Ezra Jack Keats for his charming picture book, *The Snowy Day* (Viking). It is always interesting to watch the faces of the winners as the shining bronze medals are put into their hands for the first time. (The medals will be formally presented at the annual ALA meeting in Chicago.)

The runners-up are also important. For the Newbery, Sorche Nic Leodhas for her group of Scottish folk tales, *Thistle and Thyme* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), and Olivia Coolidge for *Men of Athens* (Houghton Mifflin). For the Caldecott, runners-up were: *The Sun Is a Golden Earring,* with illustrations by Bernarda Bryson (Holt), and *Mr. Rabbit and the Lovely Present,* by Charlotte Zolotow, illustrated by Maurice Sendak (Harper & Row). All of these books except *Men of Athens* were reviewed in *SR. Men of Athens* is a series of stories about the golden age of Pericles and reads most easily.

* * *

The editor apologizes to Evelyn Stefansson and to *Compton's Encyclopedia* for an error in last month's review: the article on "The Northmen" was written by Mrs. Stefansson, not by her husband, as was stated. We should also like to correct the price given for the fifteen-volume *Britannica Junior;* with a small book rack, it is $149.90. The 1963 revised edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* costs $398.



—From "The Little Knight's Dragon."

THE LITTLE KNIGHT'S DRAGON. *Story and pictures by Denise and Alain Trez. World.* 32 *pp.* $3. We seem to be having a revival of knights and chivalry—with humor in the younger field, more serious treatment for the older children. This small knight, who prefers playing marbles to fighting, and the dragon, which also prefers playing marbles, are delightful. The pictures show spacious sweeps of castle, and of the dragon as he follows the little knight across the drawbridge, plays marbles in the courtyard, and acts as central

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heating for the castle. The ending is happy for everyone. Ages 4-8.

THE BARON'S BOOTY. *Written and illustrated by Virginia Kahl. Scribners.* 32 *pp.* $3.25 Virginia Kahl's stories about the Duke and Duchess and their children have been most popular. This book, with its bright red jacket and cover, tells how those thirteen daughters (all, mysteriously, about the same age) were spirited away by a robber baron, who wished to hold them for ransom. But his life was hard, indeed:

> When he'd tucked them into their little beds,
> Heard thirteen prayers,
> Kissed thirteen heads,
> Told thirteen tales,
> Fetched thirteen drinks,
> Dried thirteen tears,
> Winked thirteen winks,
> Did other chores we need not mention,
> There still was one who'd need attention.

What finally happened to the baron—and the girls—makes a lively tale in pictures and verse. Ages 4-8. (Better 6-9.)

CASTLE, ABBEY AND TOWN: How People Lived in the Middle Ages. *By Irma Simonton Black. Illustrated by W. T. Mars. Holiday House.* 101 *pp.* $2.95. Mrs. Black puts her emphasis on the daily life of the Middle Ages, and, while she takes up the training of a knight, she makes it plain that he was a professional fighting man and does not overromanticize. Part of the book is in factual form, with stories interspersed to bring it closer to the reader. The combination should give young people some background (which they lack) for reading books set in this period. I question the song sung by the troubadour, which isn't an old one, but that is minor. Attractively illustrated, the book was checked by an expert. Ages 9-12.

CHIVALRY AND THE MAILED KNIGHT. *By Walter Buehr. Illustrations by the author. Putnam.* 93 *pp.* $3. "This," the author states, "is the story of the Age of Chivalry and of its leaders, the armored mounted knights, who reigned supreme on the battlefield for over four centuries." It is just that. We do learn how the castle grew, and why the nobles had vassals. A castle is explained and diagrammed, the life of the knight is followed and the tournament realistically treated: "Many good warriors were killed or crippled for life." Armor is explained with more attention to small details than seems necessary; it *is* necessary to know how a knight in plate armor got on his horse, but there seems to be no graphic proof of any crane being used, as shown here. The text is sometimes rather heavy, but the book provides good background material for the period. Ages 9-12.

SEA SO BIG, SHIP SO SMALL. *Written and illustrated by Jeanne Bendick. Rand McNally.* 80 *pp.* $2.95. A thoroughly shipshape book, this tells clearly in text and many two-color pictures exactly how to take care of a boat, and to handle it, with emphasis on safety and first aid, and effective navigation aids. With all the boats that will be taking to the water this spring, families should welcome it. And it might be just the thing for that eight-year-old boy on the West Coast whose mother wrote that he brought home three books on boating from the library and could read only one. The pictures should help. Ages 10 up (a younger enthusiast may be able to handle it).

THE CONGRESS. *By Gerald W. Johnson. Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Morrow.* 128 *pp.* $2.95. With the current book Gerald Johnson's trilogy on government is complete. The other two of the group are *The Presidency* and *The Supreme Court.*

Here the origin and duties of the House and the Senate are clearly explained, as is the procedure of voting for Congressmen and Senators. Most important, we see how the three branches of the federal government act as checks and balances on each other. Together the three books should explain our government clearly to any interested young person. Ages 10-14.

AUTOMATION. *By Andrew Bluemle. Illustrated with photographs and diagrams. World.* 142 *pp.* $3.95. Young people cannot understand what is going on in their world, without some knowledge of computors, their work, and the results of it. This is an efficient book, fully illustrated, which starts with the beginnings of automation and, after explaining the digital and analog computors, goes on to demonstrate what they mean to industry. The last section of the book, "The Social Challenge of Automation," shows the decrease in need for unskilled workers. "Highly skilled social workers will be faced with the task of helping individuals adjust to the rapid social changes we can predict, psychiatrists and psychologists will be kept busy with the emotional disturbances that are even now characteristic of our society. Artists, musicians and writers will be in greater demand as level of education and spendable income rises throughout the country." The book, however, does not really come to grips with the problem of what happens to those with limited mental equipment. Fortunately, perhaps, they will not be able to read the book; for them the future looks gloomy. Older boys and girls.

THIS IS A FLOWER. *By Ross E. Hutchins. Photographs by the author. Dodd, Mead.* 152 *pp.* $3.50. This will delight plant lovers, as did its companion volume, *A Leaf.* Perhaps the best chapter, with regard to both information and pictures, is the one explaining the part played by insect and flower in pollination. "In all the world of plants there is probably nothing more remarkable than the tricks used by many plants to secure the help of insects in carrying pollen." Dutchman's pipe actually traps the insects and holds them prisoner until they pollinate the flower. Ages over 12—possibly adults.

Miscellanies

Continued from page 39

was not a writer of genres and his work does not break down into neat categories. He was always a newspaperman, and his writings, long or short, were the typical chats with his readers that the columnist has always delighted in. Sometimes they lean in the direction of fiction and become tales, short stories, and novels (if they run on from one episode to another, like *Tom Sawyer*); sometimes they are just one-sided conversations and remain essays, sketches, speeches, articles, or travel books like *Innocents Abroad*; sometimes they are composed of a bit of everything, like *Life on the Mississippi.* Mark Twain had about as little sense of structure and form as a writer can get along without, and the critics who try to impose such qualities on his work are merely rewriting it to suit their own ideas. The long argument about the ending of *Huckleberry Finn* can be dismissed in a few words: the story wasn't long enough to make a book without the rescue episode.

But that is not the point here. These pieces in Mr. Neider's latest collection are neither "essays," nor is the book "complete"; they are simply some more miscellaneous writings that deserve republication and that didn't get into the two earlier volumes. There is a lively introduction, then a few early editorials, some leftover travel pieces of the Nineties, and a substantial offering—mostly speeches and controversial newspaper articles—from the last sad and sour decade. The Mark Twain we are coming to know better through the release by Bernard DeVoto and Henry Nash Smith of the "suppressed" later work—the cynical, unlaughing Mark Twain—is here well represented by "What Is Man?" defenses of Harriet Shelley, Joan of Arc, Satan, and some of the author's friends, such as W. D. Howells; and attacks on Shakespeare, Adam, the missionaries, and others whom history and human hypocrisy have, in his judgment, overestimated.

Mr. Neider's books are well printed, well bound, and well indexed, and they fill in the gaps for the Mark Twain enthusiast who hasn't room on his shelf for more than a half-dozen of the best known works, and who couldn't find a complete set of the Stormfield Edition even if he did have room for it. Finally, a handy composite index of titles for the three volumes makes this a set in itself, even though there are annoying elements of misrepresentation that the honest Mark Twain himself would deplore.

—Robert E. Spiller.

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WORKSHOPS FOR WRITERS

By GORHAM MUNSON, *who has been identified with the summer writers' conference movement almost form its inception at Bread Loaf in 1926. Mr. Munson is currently director of the Florham Park-Madison Writers Conference at Fairleigh Dickinson University.*

TO THE many tributes to Robert Frost in recent memorial addresses and essays should be added one that recognizes the creative stimulus he contributed to the origin of the summer writers' conference movement. Frost was an educator as well as poet, and in the first role he showed nearly as great originality as in the second, in "old ways to be new." He was consulted before the Bread Loaf experiment was started in 1926, and hovered hopefully over its early years of trial and error. As this pioneer conference grew up, it matured in the noncommercial, literary direction that Frost desired, and for a number of years he was "on campus" for the entire session, although he never assumed any direct teaching chores. Frost's idea was that a writers' conference should be a place where writers came together to see what they could get out of meeting each other. This is a perfect definition of the unacademic spirit of the true writers' conference. The staff should be writers and the students should be writers, and they should rub minds together to see what they can learn from each other. As simple as that; no academic trimmings.

The Frost-Bread Loaf idea spread. Edward Davison carried it to the University of Colorado, which had launched a writers' conference in 1930; and in 1938 Carroll Towle planted it at the University of New Hampshire and led a writers' conference there for twenty-three years. Too ill to organize a session in 1962, Dr. Towle sent his blessing to the Florham Park-Madison Writers Conference, which had engaged several of his regular staff and attracted a number of his perennial conferees. The University of New Hampshire Writers Conference will be missing again this year from our preview, for during the winter Dr. Towle died, the first of the first generation of conference leaders to leave the scene.

The older conferences continue to flourish. With the departure of New Hampshire, Indiana University Writers' Conference, founded in 1940, is now the third oldest, and is finding it difficult to avoid becoming too successful. Although its enrollment limit is 100, it has been forced in recent years, in spite of screening procedures, to take about 125. Robert Mitchner, the director, writes that he is determined to remain "student-centered" and will resist pressure to expand. "We—myself and my assistants and hostesses—know each student personally and so do our staff members; it is not much of an exaggeration to say that everyone at the conference knows everyone else. . . . Many opportunities are provided for students and staff to relax together socially. The atmosphere of congeniality encompasses staff as well as students; the large number of professional writers who come as students (and who are warmly helpful to other students) perhaps serves as a link uniting the world-famous staff member and the not-yet-published beginner." This informal association is very much within the meaning of a conference as sketched by Frost when I visited him at Amherst in 1927.

I think it may also be claimed that the fourth oldest writers' conference (of the one- to three-week model) is "student-centered" in the Frost conception, although it does not seem to have received his influence directly. The Sixteenth Annual Writers Conference at the University of Utah "offers to writers and readers a course of concentrated study with men and women of wide experience and high accomplishment in *various fields of writing and publishing* [italics added], and adopts "the basic procedure . . . of the studio and workshop" supplemented by "opportunities to meet and talk with the leaders and registered members."

AMONG the younger conferences, spectacular progress has been made by the New York City Writers Conference sponsored by Wagner College. Organized in 1956 on the Frost-Bread Loaf model, this conference deviated in 1961 into a cluster of three intensive seminars. Although applicants are rigorously screened for ability, enrollment regularly exceeded the registration limit of fifteen per seminar—last year it had a total registration of fifty-two—and prospects are high for this summer. The reason is that Edward Albee will return to lead the Playwriting Workshop. Many conferences have failed to attract would-be playwrights, but the au-

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thor of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* has packed them into his seminar for the last two summers.

The Frost idea thins out and disappears altogether when we survey the short one- to four-day conferences, of which twenty-one are listed in the directory below. The "conferring together" that Frost had in view cannot take place in a shorter period than a week; and the merits of the short conference, which can be considerable, as shown at the University of Oklahoma, are of a "shot-in-the-arm" order, the "shot" being administered by an able teacher to an itinerant pupil. Of the thirty long conferences, there are several varieties—for example, the technical writer institute and the religious writer assembly—which clearly do not bear much relationship to the Bread Loaf experiment.

Geographically, there are conferences in twenty-seven states, from Maine to Texas, from New Hampshire to California. Here they are—the long and the brief, the general and the specialized—a conference to meet almost every writing need and almost every educational taste.

ONE- TO THREE-WEEK CONFERENCES

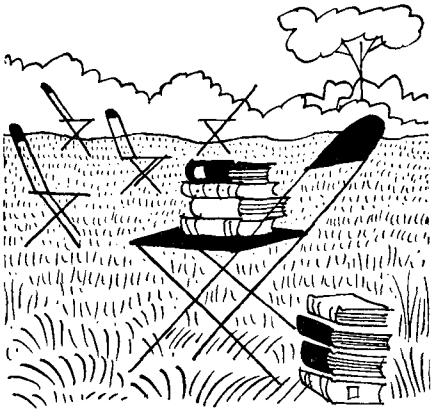
IDYLLWILD PLAYWRIGHTS WORKSHOP AND WEEKEND, under auspices of University of Southern California and Idyllwild Arts Foundation, will meet July 19-26 at Idyllwild Arts Foundation, Idyllwild, Calif. Founded 1956. Director; James Allardice. Tuition: $32 for week. Room and board: from $6 to $7.50 per day. Guest writers present for the weekend. Last year's enrollment: 20. For brochure, write University of Southern California, Idyllwild Arts Foundation, Idyllwild, Calif.

PACIFIC COAST WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Los Angeles State College, will meet June 24-July 11, evenings, Monday through Thursday, at Los Angeles State College, Los Angeles, Calif. Founded 1953. Director: Leon Surmelian. Staff: Mark Schorer, Christopher Isherwood, Ray Bradbury, Anaïs Nin, Pamela Mason, John Houseman, William Fadiman, Lawrence Lipton, Lajos Egri, William Kelley, John Vincent, Cecil Smith, Charles Beaumont, Frederick Shroyer, Wirt Williams, Marvin Laser. Tuition: $50. Undergraduates may earn three units. Board available at college cafeteria. No rooming facilities. Last year's enrollment: 75. For brochure, write Leon Surmelian, Director, Pacific Coast Writers Conference, Los Angeles State College, Los Angeles 32, Calif.

BERKELEY CHRISTIAN WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Berkeley Baptist Divinity School, will meet Aug. 5-9 at Berkeley Baptist Divinity School, Berkeley, Calif. Founded 1960. Director: Dr. Ralph M. Johnson. For information on staff, scholarships, and tuition, write Berkeley Christian Writers Conference, 2606 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, Calif.

SANTA CLARA WRITERS INSTITUTE, under auspices of University of Santa Clara, will meet June 24-30 at the University of Santa Clara, Santa Clara, Calif. Founded 1962. Director: Dr. John J. Quinn. Staff: Clayton Berbeau (novel and article), John Beecher (poetry), Donald Demarest (juveniles, short story, novel), Roger Gross (playwriting, radio and TV scripting). Guest speakers: Floyd Anderson, Brother Antoninus, Fr. Joseph Brusher, S.J., Charles Bracelen Flood. Registration and tuition: $30. Room and board: $25. For brochure, write Writers Institute, Summer Session, University of Santa Clara, Santa Clara, Calif.

WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of San Diego State College, will meet Aug. 5-16 on the palm-tree campus of San Diego State College in historic San Diego, Calif. Director: Noel M. Loomis, Consultant: Carl Glick. Staff: Thomas H. Uzzell, Paul I. Wellman, Robert Wilder,



Stuart N. Lake, Frank Gruber, Oren Arnold, Nelson C. Nye, Hal G. Evarts, Daniel S. Halacy, Jr., Helen E. Yates, Sarellen M. Wuest, Mrs. Ollie U. Rogers. Theme: Writing for Publication. College credit offered. Manuscripts read by arrangement. Rooms concentrated in new dormitory at dormitory prices; meals in cafeteria, special reserved section. For program, tuition, and other information, write Noel M. Loomis, English Department, San Diego State College, San Diego 15, Calif.

SUMMER PROGRAM FOR WRITERS, under auspices of Department of English, Department of Journalism, Department of Arts and Humanities, University Extension of University of California, will meet June 14—July 26 at UCLA. Three-part program consisting of writers' conference June 14-15, workshops June 17—July 26, and consultation service. For brochure, write Rosalind Loring, Coordinator, Special Programs, University of California, Los Angeles 24, Calif.

THIRTIETH WRITERS' CONFERENCE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, under auspices of University of Colorado, will meet July 21 through Aug. 2 at Libby Hall, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo. Director: Margaret Robb. Staff: A. S. Burack (nonfiction), James B. Hall (novel), Donald Justice (poetry), Jean Lee Latham (juvenile writing), Robert Murphy (short story), Edward Weeks (article writing). Limited number of scholarships available for students enrolled in colleges and universities in U.S. and Canada. Tuition: $65 min., $100 max. Room and board: for two weeks, single room with nearby central bath, $94; double room with nearby central bath, $74. Last year's enrollment: 100. For brochure, write Margaret Robb, Director, Writers' Conference, Hellems 122W, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo.

SIXTH ANNUAL INSTITUTE IN TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COMMUNICATIONS, under auspices of Colorado State University, will meet July 8-12 at Colorado State University, Fort Collins, Colo. Founded 1958. Director: Herman M. Weisman. Program: The Information Explosion, Dr. Harold Wooster; The Reading Crisis, Dr. George T. Vardaman; Practical Approaches to Present Day Information Problems, Dr. W. F. Carstens; Visual Communications, J. W. Coffman; Pyramidal Structure of the Article, Theresa M. Ammannito; Science Writers and Editors *vs.* Readers, Dwight E. Gray; The Proposal, Siegfried Mandel; Communications Problems in the Life Sciences, Dr. Israel Light; Information Displace Systems for Human Decision Making, Dr. John B. Haney; Competition, Communication, and Culture, Dr. Roy C. Nelson; Status and Prospectus Medical Communications, Dr. Joseph F. Montague; Researching Communication Requirements, H. C. McDonald; Science of Language, J. W. Perry; Automated Communication Techniques, Dr. M. P. Barnett; Symbols and Meanings, Dr. Herman Weisman; Educational and Training Requirements, panel discussion. Tuition: $75. Room and board: $26 per person for double room, $30 for single room; reasonable rates on meals. Last year's enrollment: 75. For brochure, write Herman M. Weisman, Director, Institute in Technical and Industrial Communications, Colorado State University, Fort Collins, Colo.

SUFFIELD WRITER-READER CONFERENCE, originally known as the New England Writers' Conference, will meet June 23-30 at Suffield Academy, Suffield, Conn., midway between Hartford and Springfield. Founded 1956. Director: Paul G. Sanderson, Jr. Staff: Louis Untermeyer, Padraic Colum, William Jay Smith, Nathaniel Benchley, Jay Williams, Barbara Howes. For brochure, write Paul G. Sanderson, Jr., Suffield Academy, Suffield, Conn.

SOUTHERN WRITERS WORKSHOP, under auspices of University of Georgia Center for Continuing Education, will meet Aug. 4-9 at the University of Georgia, Athens, Ga. Founded 1957. Director: Loran Smith. Staff to be announced. For brochure, write Southern Writers Workshop, Center for Continuing Education, University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.

MCKENDREE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under the auspices of McKendree Writers' Association, will meet June 24-29 at McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill. Founded 1955. Director: Dr. Mildred Silver. Staff: Gordon Aldrich (religious writing), Martha Desper (teaching creative writing to children), R. J. Dutson (TV and radio writing), Pierre Long (short story and

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novel), Gertrude Badow Meyers (juveniles), Berenice Roer (beginners), Jack Stokes (drama), Dorothy Brown Thompson (poetry), Anne West (articles). Visiting lecturers: Ruth P. Collins, Marjorie Fleming, Rose Jo Boylan. One hour of college credit may be earned. Tuition: $15. Room and board: $20. For brochure, write Dr. Mildred Silver, Director, McKendree Writers' Conference, McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Indiana University, will meet July 8-13 at Bloomington, Ind. Founded 1940. Director: Robert W. Mitchner. Staff: John Brooks (novel), James Reid Parker (short story), Maurice Zolotow (nonfiction), Tad Mosel (TV and theatre), Lionel Wiggam (poetry), Keith Robertson (juveniles), Bernard Sabath (techniques of writing), Lillian Pompian (feature articles), Hartley and Jean Allen (photography for the writer), Allen Kim Lang (science, fantasy, and mystery fiction). Visiting lecturers and consultants: Parke Cummings, Mark Spilka, J. Schaffner, William Poole, William J. Finneran, Gertrude Hecker Winders, Mary B. Orvis. Fellowships, scholarships, and prize awards: Bobbs-Merrill Fellowship in the Novel ($100), Weekly Reader Children's Book Club Fellowship ($100), ten regular tuition scholarships and five young-talent scholarships provided by Indiana University Foundation, Bobbs-Merrill Grant-in-Aid for Novel ($100), Weekly Reader Children's Book Club Grant-in-Aid ($100), five cash prizes for superior writing offered by Indiana University Foundation. Tuition: $25 for one regular workshop, $45 for two (no student may be a ms.-submitting member of more than two workshops, but may audit others at $15 for the first and $10 for each additional one); minimum tuition for a teacher-auditor, $25. Room and board: $2.50-$3.75 per person per night for dormitory rooms; $5-$6.50 per person per night for air-conditioned rooms with private baths in Memorial Union. Meals at student rates at all campus restaurants. Last year's enrollment: 125. For information, write Robert W. Mitchner, Director, Indiana University Writers' Conference, 448 Ballantine Hall, Bloomington, Ind.

MOREHEAD WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Morehead State College, will meet July 22-Aug. 2 at Morehead, Kentucky. Founded 1952. Director: Albert Stewart. Staff: Robert Francis, Jane Mayhall, Hollis Summers, Robert Hazel, James Still, Billy C. Clark, John Napier, and others. Workshops in poetry, fiction, playwriting, and essays. Limited number of scholarships; magazine and booklet publication; Eagle Editions in poetry. Tuition: $15 per week. Room and board: Room, $7 per week; board, about $12 per week. Last year's enrollment: 55. For information, write Albert Stewart, Director, Box 841, Morehead State College, Morehead, Ky.

CAPE COD WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet at Craigville Inn, Craigville, Mass., Aug. 19-23. For staff, program, and tuition, write Mrs. Pierre Vuilleumier, Box 11, West Hyannisport, Mass.

STAR ISLAND WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet Aug. 3-16 at the Oceanic Hotel, Star Island (Isles of Shoals), New Hampshire. Founded 1957. Director: Mary Chisholm Sweetser. Staff: Edna G. Cornell. Visiting lecturers: Frederick T. McGill, Edward Emberley, Ralph H. Morse, John O'Hara Cosgrave, II, Dr. Robert S. Illingworth, Charles Haywood, David McCord, Mabel Hagen. Tuition: $35. Room and board: $47-$50 per week. For brochure, write Mary Chisholm Sweetser, Director, Star Island Writers' Conference, 10 Kneeland St., Malden, Mass.

FLORHAM PARK-MADISON WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Fairleigh Dickinson University, will meet July 8-20 at the Madison, N.J., campus of Fairleigh Dickinson University, fifty minutes from New York. Founded 1961. Director: Gorham Munson. Staff: Charles Angoff (novel and plays), Andonis Decavalles (poetry), Christian Hewitt (short fiction), Loyd Haberly (roving speaker), Alden Stahr (nonfiction), Loring Williams (conversation at 9:30), Lee Wyndham (juvenile writing). Weekly Reader Children's Book Club Fellowship for juvenile writer. Magazine symposium and showcase, July 13. Three credits, graduate or undergraduate. Enrollment at this residential conference makes one eligible to enroll in Sept.-June home progress correspondence session for carrying out a writing program under editorial supervision. Tuition: $105 including registration fee for residential session. Room and board: $75. For brochure, write Dr. Paul Gillen, Conference Administrator, Florham Park-Madison Writers Conference, Fairleigh Dickinson University, 285 Madison Avenue, Madison, N.J.

FLORHAM PARK-MADISON DRAMA SUMMER PROGRAM, under auspices of Fairleigh Dickinson University, will be held July 8-27 on the Madison, N.J., campus of Fairleigh Dickinson University. Director: Andrew Drummond. Staff: Victor Jackson. An intensive workshop-seminar on theatre art and technique. Trips to N.Y. theatre, campus performances of student work, lectures on all phases of the theatre. Open to selected high school students, college students, and high school teachers of drama. For brochure, write Andrew Drummond, Florham-Madison Drama Summer Program, Fairleigh Dickinson University, Madison, N.J.

GLORIETA BAPTIST ASSEMBLY WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of the Sunday School Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, will meet Aug. 1-7 at Glorieta, New Mexico. Founded 1954. Director: Clifton J. Allen. Different staff each year. Fiction, magazine articles, poetry, playwriting, juvenile writing. Visiting lecturers: Floyd Baskette and others. Prize awards. Registration fee: $3. Room and board: $5-$8.50 per person per day. Last year's enrollment: 100. For information, write Dr. Clifton J. Allen, 127 Ninth Avenue North, Nashville 3, Tenn.

CHAUTAUQUA WRITERS' WORKSHOP will meet July 8-26 at Chautauqua, N.Y. Director: Dr. Stanley Koehler. For information on program, staff, and tuition, write Miss Helen Overs, Coordinator, Chautauqua Summer Schools, Chautauqua, N.Y.

TECHNICAL WRITERS' INSTITUTE, under auspices of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, will meet June 10-14 at Troy, N.Y. Founded 1953. Director: Jay R. Gould. Staff: Sterling P. Olmsted, Wentworth K. Brown, Robert A. Sencer, Douglas A. Washburn, Philip M. Park. Visiting lecturers: S. J. Goodman, Robert K. Shnitzler, Harry W. Smith, James G. Shaw, George A. Whittington, Joseph C. Hoffman, E. Noah Gould, A. F. Schear. Tuition: $175. Room and board: dormitory and cafeteria rates. Last year's enrollment: 70. For brochure, write Jay R. Gould, Director, Technical Writers' Institute, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N.Y.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Columbia University Summer Session, will meet July 15-Aug. 1 at Columbia University, New York. Founded 1951. Director: J. R. Humphreys. Staff: Leonie Adams, J. R. Humphreys, Anatole Broyard. Visiting lecturers: Eudora Welty, Barney Rossett, Stanley Hyman, Louis Simpson, Elizabeth Janeway, and others. Tuition: lecture series, $25; lecture and seminar series, $129. Room and board: dormitory room, $1.71 per day minimum; breakfast and dinner, $2.10 per day; rooms available in New Hall at $7 per day. For information, write Director of Writers Conference, 309 General Studies Building, Columbia University, New York 27, N.Y.

NEW YORK CITY WRITERS CONFERENCE under auspices of Wagner College, will meet July 7-19 on the campus of Wagner College, Staten Island, N.Y. Founded 1956. Director: Willard Maas. Staff: Paul Goodman (fiction), Kenneth Koch (poetry), Edward Albee (drama). Visiting panelists: Gregory Corso, X. J. Kennedy, Robert Kelly, LeRoi Jones, May Swenson, Kenward Elmslie, Ruth Krauss for the poetry panel; Leo Lerman, Russell Lynes, Lita Hornick, Gerard Malanga, Edward Burlingame, Robert Lescher, James Brown for the editors, publishers, and agents panel; Lee Grant, Alan Schneider, Julian Beck, Judith Malina, John Simon for the drama panel; Ralph Ellison, Cecil Hemley, Anaïs Nin, Dorothy Van Ghent for the novel panel; Dr. Marvin Halverson, Augusta Walker, Richard Gilman, Rev. Joseph Flotten for the religious drama panel; Amos Vogel, Parker Tyler, Marie Menken, Paul Sitney, Joseph LeSueur, Ben Weber for the film panel. Fellowships and prizes include those established by Victor Weybright of the

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HUDSON VALLEY REGIONAL WRITERS' WORKSHOPS will meet June 25-Sept. 8 at the Colony Arts Center, Woodstock, N.Y. Founded: 1959. Program Director: Bill Newgold. Workshops for beginning writers, short story, playwriting, articles, business and technical writing, juveniles. Tuition: $10 for any 3-day workshop; writers may submit a manuscript or project for analysis without additional fee. Room and board: accommodations available at the Colony Inn at special rates for those attending the workshops: $4 a day, single; $3 per person, double occupancy of room with bath. Last year's enrollment: 56. For further information and reservations, write Bill Newgold, Colony Arts Center, 22-24 Rock City Road, Woodstock, N.Y.

ST. DAVIDS CHRISTIAN WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of St. Davids Christian Writers' Association, will meet June 16-21 at Eastern Baptist College, St. Davids, Pa. Founded 1958. Director: Charles A. Waugaman. Staff: Edward D. Fulweiler (beginning writers), Anna Rose Wright (writing for children), Harry Edward Neal (short story and nonfiction), Faith Coxe Bailey (dramatic writing), Ralph W. Seager (poetry). Visiting lecturers: Thyra Ferre Bjorn, James Wesley Ingles, Elliott McDowell, Eugene S. Moore, Grace O'Connor, Ross Parmenter. Some scholarship aid. Tuition: $15 per week, $1 per session. Room and board: room, $15 per week; board, $15 per week. Last year's enrollment: about 75. For brochure, write Charles A. Waugaman, Director, St. Davids Christian Writers' Conference, 522 Valley View Road, Merion Station, Pa.

RIDGECREST WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Ridgecrest Baptist Assembly operated by the Sunday School Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, will meet June 20-26 at Ridgecrest, North Carolina. Founded 1931. Director: Clifton J. Allen. Visiting lecturers: Dr. J. Wesley Ingles (fiction), Roland E. Wolseley (magazine articles), Gene McKinney (playwriting), and others. Tuition: registration for conference, $3. Room and board: $5-$8.50 per day. Last year's enrollment: 115. For information, write Dr. Clifton J. Allen, Director, Ridgecrest Writers' Conference, 127 Ninth Ave., N., Nashville 3, Tenn.

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL WRITERS' CONFERENCE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH, under auspices of the Summer School and Department of English of the University of Utah, will meet June 10-21 at the campus of the University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah. Founded 1947. Director: Brewster Ghiselin. Staff: Radcliffe Squires (poetry workshop), George P. Elliott (novel workshop), Peter Taylor (short story workshop). Various scholarships covering tuition and manuscript fees. Tuition: one week, $30; two weeks, $40 for all workshops, $30 for one workshop; manuscript fees, $6 up. Room and board: room, $9-$13.50 (double or single occupancy) per week; board, $15 per week. For brochure, write Brewster Ghiselin, Director, The Writers' Conference, University of Utah, Salt Lake City 12, Utah.

SEVENTH ANNUAL FINE ARTS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Yankton College and South Dakota State Poetry Society, will meet June 11-16 at Yankton College, Yankton, S.D. Founded 1957. Director: J. Laiten Weed. Staff: Donald L. Rosenberg, Ross D. Smith and Peter D. Arnott (drama), Milton S. Smith (English), Adeline M. Jenney (poetry). Also workshops in art, music, and dance. Tuition: $12 for high school students, $20 for college students, $27 for adults; registration fee, $3. Room and board: $15. For brochure, write Director, Fine Arts Conference, Yankton College, Yankton, S.D.

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under suspices of Middlebury College, will meet Aug. 14-28 at Bread Loaf, Vt. Founded 1926. Director: John Ciardi. Staff: Nelson Algren, Brock Brower, Mark Harris, John F. Nims, Robert Pack, Hollis Summers, Walter Ross, William Raney, William Sloane, Eunice Blake, Cleveland Amory. Visiting lecturers: Dudley Fitts, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Theodore Morrison, William Hazlett Upson. Six fellowships and six to ten scholarships available. No self-nominations; fellows and scholars must be recommended by publisher, editor, or agent, and must have published. Tuition: Over-all fee of $165-$230 includes room and board for two weeks. No nonresident members. Last year's enrollment: 188. For information, write Paul Cubeta, Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of the Summer School, Georgetown University, will meet Aug. 5-16 at Georgetown University, Washington, D.C. Founded 1960. Director: Dr. Riley Hughes. Staff: Sister Therese, S.D.S. (poetry), Robert A. Knowlton (short story), Patricia McGeer (novel), Mary Harbage (juvenile writing), Marjorie Holmes (article), Harry Edward Neal (nonfiction), Virgil Carrington Jones (historical narrative), Leo Brady (drama). Visiting lecturers: Katherine Anne Porter, Marquis Childs, Helga Sandburg, Margaret Landon, Charles W. Bailey, II, William Carrington Guy, K. S. Giniger. Tuition: $70 for 12 days, $40 for 6 days. Room and board: men, $20 a week; women, $15 a week, for room on campus. Last year's enrollment: 79. For information, write Miss Josephine John, Summer School, Georgetown University, Washington 7, D.C.

CHRISTIAN WRITERS AND EDITORS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Board of Education and Publication of American Baptist Convention, the Associated Church Press, and the National Religious Publicity Council, will meet June 29-July 6 (Extension School July 6-13) at Green Lake, Wisconsin. Founded 1948. Director: Dr. Glenn H. Asquith. Staff: Elizabeth Yates, Margaret Anderson, Lee and Robert Wyndham, Roland Wolseley, Ralph Seager, Mary Beth Fulton, Edith Lovejoy Pierce, Ethelyn Parkinson, Faith Coxe Bailey. Visiting lecturers: Michael P. Dineen, Mrs. Donald McKay, Robert Cowan. Tuition: $20 first week, $5 second week. Room and board: From $6.50 to about $14 per day. Last year's enrollment: 250. For information, write Mrs. Margaret S. Ward, Program Director, Division of Christian Publications, American Baptist Convention, Valley Forge, Penna.

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ARKANSAS WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Arkansas Pioneer Branch, National League of American Penwomen, will meet June 1-3 at the Albert Pike Hotel, Little Rock, Ark. Founded 1945. Director: Anna Nash Yarbrough. Staff: Pauline Bloom, Lawrence Fisher, and others. Visiting lecturers: Kenneth L. Beaudoin, Martha Sherwood Johnson, Rosa Marinoni, Lily Peter. Cash awards for fiction, features, and poetry. Tuition: $1 per day. Last year's enrollment: 200. For brochure, write Anna Nash Yarbrough, 510 East St., Benton, Ark.

NINTH ANNUAL CALIFORNIA WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of the California Writers' Club and Oakland Chamber of Commerce, was held April 19-20 at the Doric Leamington Hotel, Oakland, Calif. For information about 1964 confer-

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ence, write California Writers' Conference, 1320 Webster St., Oakland 12, Calif.

NINTH ANNUAL WRITERS' WEEK IN PASADENA, under auspices of Pasadena City College Extended Day, will meet June 24-27 at Harbeson Hall, Pasadena City College, Pasadena, Calif. Founded 1955. Director: Helen Hinckley Jones. Lecturers: eight writers of established reputation. Tuition free. Last year's attendance: 162 daily average. For brochure, write Extended Day, Pasadena City College, 1570 East Colorado Blvd., Pasadena, Calif.

FIFTH ANNUAL LONG BEACH WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet May 9-11 at the Hotel Lafayette, Long Beach, Calif. Director: Alice C. Wright. For information, write Itha Edson, Publicity Chairman, Writers' Conference, General Adult Division, Long Beach City College, 701 Locust Ave., Long Beach 13, Calif.

VALLEY WRITERS CONFERENCE will meet Aug. 9-11 at San Jose, Calif. For information, write Hal M. Rogers, Director, P.O. Box 485, San Jose 3, Calif.

UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of William Allen White School of Journalism and Public Information, with University of Kansas Extension, will meet June 25-28 at Lawrence, Kansas. Founded 1948. Director: Frances Grinstead. Staff: Iola Fuller (fiction), Hortense Myers (biography), Edsel Ford (poetry), Frances Smith (juvenile writing), Margaret Olwine (feature writing), Richard Pryce (special consultant). Friends-of-Conference Dinner on June 27. Tuition: $30. Room and board: $3.50 single; $4.50 with roommate. Last year's enrollment: 60. For brochure, write Professor Frances Grinstead, 203 Flint Hall, University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kan.

MAINE WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Ocean Park Association, will meet Aug. 20-23 at Ocean Park, Maine. Founded 1941. Chairman: Kitty Parsons. Advisory Chairman: Adelbert M. Jakeman. Staff: Loring Williams and George Abbe. Visiting lecturer: Louise Hall Tharp. Prizes for fiction, article, and poetry contests. Tuition: $1.50 per day. Room and board: rates on application. For information, write Miss Mildred M. Thomas, Secretary-Treasurer-Registrar, Ocean Park, Maine.

BOSTON COLLEGE WRITERS CONFERENCE, under auspices of Humanities Series, Boston College, will meet May 4 at Library Auditorium, Chestnut Hill Campus, Boston College. Director: Francis Sweeney, S.J. Staff: Mary Lavin (short story), Brian Moore, Paul Horgan, Elizabeth Janeway (novel), May Sarton, Robert Fitzgerald (poetry), Edward K. Thompson, Francis Brown (journalism). Tuition: $3. No manuscript reading service. For information, write Boston College Humanities Series, Chestnut Hill 67, Mass.

(*Continued on page* 73)

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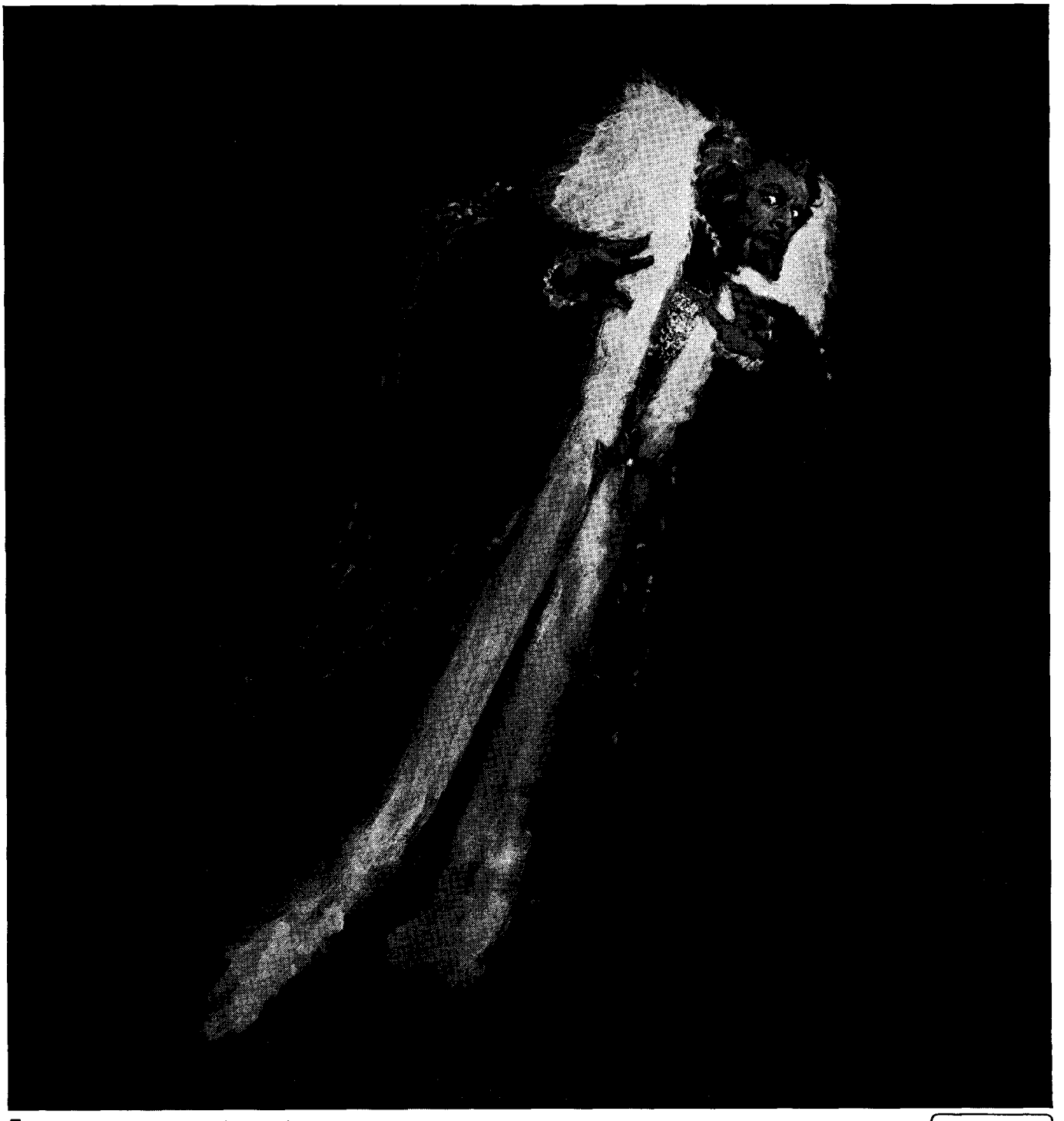

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AN AURA of the sweetly bitter, or bitterly sweet, permeated the performances of two new works by Francis Poulenc during Easter week. Both the "Sept Répons des Ténèbres," introduced by the New York Philharmonic, and the Clarinet Sonata, performed at the Composer's Showcase concert in Carnegie Hall, abound in the distinctions of mind, the richness of spirit, and the cultivation of taste that distinguish his best work. Sweet they are, and bitter it is that all these abilities died with him last January at sixty-four.

Together they typify, with an almost uncomfortably precise division of emphasis (as if the summation were consciously devised), the long, leisurely swing of the pendulum in his musical nature from sacred to secular, profundity to gaiety, as regularly as inhalation and exhalation. Clearly, they are the product of the same artistic conscience, now reacting to one sort of stimulation, now to another.

So far as means and sonority are the measure, the "Sept Répons" is the major work of the two, the Sonata for Clarinet and Piano the minor. But with music of this quality, especially in this time of meager productivity, they rank as equally valuable, whether measured by carats or pounds. The settings from the services of Matins and Lauds for Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, and Holy Saturday have the additional interest of being another side of the sonorous self-portrait Poulenc provided in the "Gloria" first heard from the Boston Symphony in the spring of 1961. The piano score bears the inscription "Avril-Octobre 1961," meaning that it came into being directly after Poulenc returned to France from participating in the first performances of the "Gloria" here. (The orchestral score was completed in April 1962.)

For all the fact that it was designed (in response to a commission from the Philharmonic as long ago as 1959) to be performed during Easter week, the "Sept Répons des Ténèbres" transcends sectarianism or subject matter in an enticement of sound that is an act of faith in itself. Its means are no more than the orchestra, a single soloist, and a mixed chorus (Jeffrey Meyer, boy soprano, was joined by the Walter Baker Chorus and the boys' choirs of the Little Church Around the Corner and St. Paul's Church, Flatbush), but it develops from them a texture that has at the composer's will, the brightness of sunlight or the density of shadow.

Like most other masters of the tradition in which he worked, Poulenc moved his basses (which may be strings, winds, or voices) with originality as well as authority, in a pattern as meaningful as the melodic line above them. The columns of music they support are firm but never inflexible, one joined to another by a network of inner voices that makes a beautiful design of the whole. Darker in tone than the "Gloria," it nevertheless exalts the listening ear with the surety of its procedures and the integrity of its emotion.

Schippers was in full possession of the textual problem the score presents, beautifully balancing off one element against another. However, there was rather less of such balance in the preceding playing of Poulenc's Concerto for Organ, String Orchestra, and Timpani, in which he was his own soloist. Whether for lack of the proper command of the instrument or miscalculated registration, the Aeolian-Skinner organ sounded at less than its best. The program began with a well-studied, freshly felt performance of Wagner's *Meistersinger* overture and also included the D major (*Prague*) Symphony of Mozart, which deserved better than it received. Most of the conductor's effort was applied to the superficial elements of "classical" execution, with very little penetration to anything essentially Mozartian.

So far as is known, Poulenc wrote nothing after the "Sept Répons" but two sonatas for woodwind and piano, of which one for oboe still remains to be heard. The Clarinet Sonata bears an inscription to Poulenc's long-time friend and fellows member of "Les Six," Arthur Honegger, who died in 1955. For all its commemorative intent, this sonata is unquestionably a happy piece —happy in the expression of shapely, engaging ideas, happy in the always fastidious formulation of them according to the nature of the instruments utilized, happy, especially, in the gem of a romanza which links the opening Allegro (*tristamente*) to the Finale (*allegro con fuoco*). Meditation is a vein of expression few contemporary composers command, but Poulenc enjoins us to participation with a discourse that is as communicative as it is logical. The essence of it is a play of harmonic color that illuminates the subject now from one side, now from another, and finally, when least expected, from still a third. It is brilliantly conceived as contrast to the opening movement, a restless, moody creation that roams both the accessible and inaccessible registers of the clarinet. The finale didn't make as striking an impression, on this occasion, as the two preceding movements. Leonard Bernstein led the way authoritatively from the piano, and Benny Goodman followed his initiative dutifully, sometimes well, sometimes otherwise, with some whistles rather than notes at the top of the range, and not quite the command of color that so subtle a work deserves. The program (which was planned as a tribute to the composer on the occasion of the Philharmonic premiere) included four Christmas motets sung by the Collegiate Chorale, songs from Jennie Tourel, and the two-piano sonata performed by Gold and Fizdale.

AS an interlude in the Brahms cycle he is presenting in Carnegie Hall with the Symphony of the Air, Alfred Wallenstein offered an almost all-Mozart program, in which Van Cliburn participated in the "almost" portion. Cynics might say that this applied to his playing of the C Major Concerto (No. 25, K. 503), which had breadth, fervor, facility, and "almost" everything else except feeling for the idiom. However, there was a further deviation from the one-man exhibit in the E flat Concerto of Liszt, which concluded. This was new to the pianist's repertory in New York, but it was performed with expectable brio, propulsion, and command of style. Would that the same thing could have been said of Cliburn's Mozart, which was not unfamiliar territory for him (he played it at a Philharmonic Pension Fund concert four years ago).

Lest it be supposed that Mozart is an equal problem for all musicians maturing in this era, attention may be directed to the finely flavored performances directed by Robert LaMarchina, Wallenstein's young, talented associate, of the *Magic Flute* overture and the *Paris* symphony. Clearly it is a matter of indoctrination, of which LaMarchina has had the best (under Toscanini and others).

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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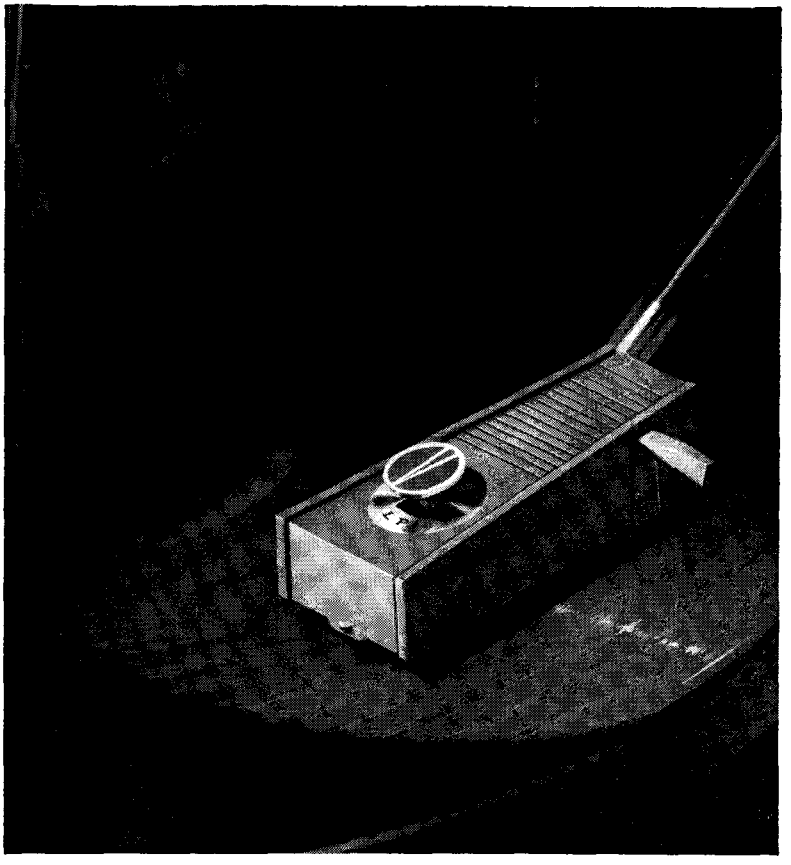

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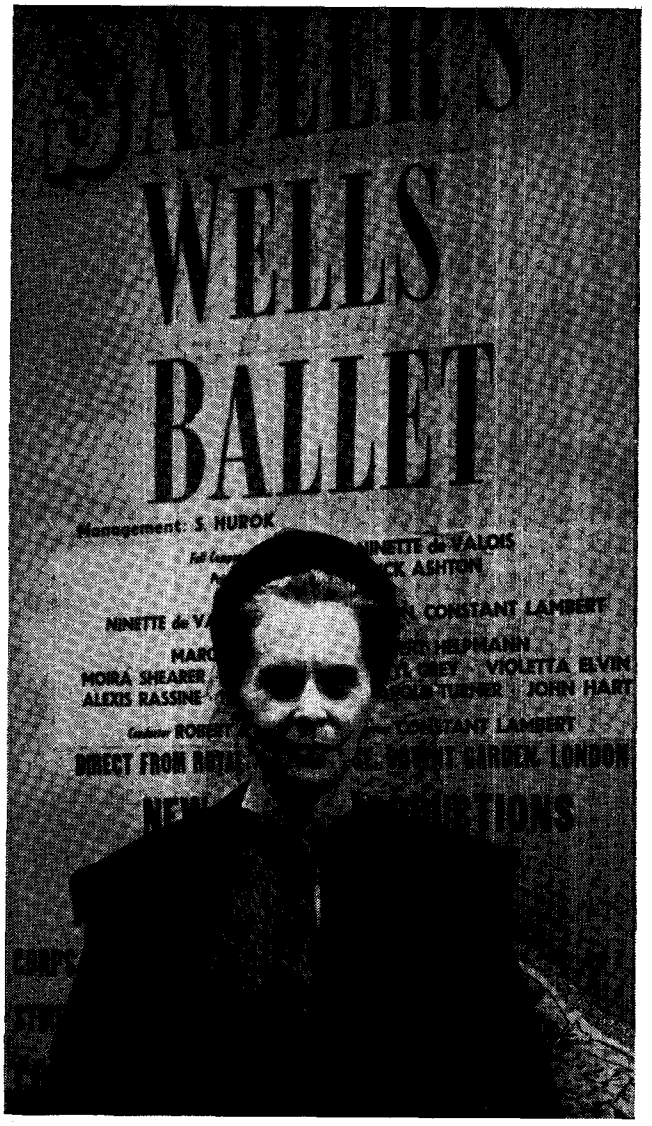
THE ROYAL BALLET'S MOST UNCOMMON COMMONER



Ninette de Valois in her first season in New York, 1949 (standing outside Metropolitan Opera House).

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EDITOR'S NOTE: *In this first article for SR, the long-time dance critic of the New York Times evaluates the achievement of Dame Ninette de Valois, who has announced her intention to retire as director of the Royal Ballet.*

By JOHN MARTIN

IF THE Rock of Gibraltar were to declare its intention of making periodic cruises of the Mediterranean, it would not be more surprising than the recent announcement by Dame Ninette de Valois, director of Britain's Royal Ballet, that she will retire at the end of the year. These two colossal figures have for so long been timeless symbols and stubborn realities, that for all their differences of age, sex, and general conformations, we have slipped into the habit of thinking of them in the same category. Who (or what), indeed, if not she, is the other Pillar of Hercules? The idea of Hercules's having to manage henceforth with only one pillar is startling, but scarcely more so than the Royal Ballet's having to carry on without its conceiver, animator and driving force.

The job that Dame Ninette has done in establishing a royal ballet from scratch in a matter of thirty years in a country that had never before had one might well have constituted a thirteenth labor for Hercules himself. Her accomplishment is momentous and unprecedented.

According to all history, royal ballets are born, not made; and it has been several centuries since the last such accouchement. Certainly Britain's Royal Ballet grew not out of the court, but into it, in a sense. Its literal attainment of royalty came only when Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II granted it a charter in 1957. Its substantive qualifications for royalty, however, were already established, the creative handiwork of a most uncommon commoner.

Far more important than the charter itself is the fact that Dame Ninette has made something worthy of it. This is a matter not merely of excellence, but also of specific character, form, texture, and, above all, purpose. Any reasonably

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creative artist—certainly one of Dame Ninette's particular mind—can create something at least relatively new. What she undertook to do, and did, was to create something old, and that is a far more difficult assignment. This was not because she was looking backward, but because she was looking forward, knowing that there can be no future without a past.

At the time of Diaghileff's death in 1929, everybody in London was talking about British ballet, well aware that there had never been such a thing and wondering if there ever could be. Among the few talkers and wonderers who were capable of doing something about it was de Valois, and she had already started to do something.

Three years before, she had begun the activity that was to lead steadily, even through the years of the blitz, from the little Vic-Wells Ballet at the Sadler's Wells Theatre in Islington, to two complete companies, one of them always in residence at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, and eventually to the royal charter itself. In 1926 she had opened a school of her own under the appallingly pretentious title of Academy of Choreographic Art, and at the same time had begun to do bits of choreography for the astute and courageous Lilian Baylis in her Shakespearean repertory at the Old Vic and her operatic repertory at Sadler's Wells. De Valois's dancers were pupils from her own school and those she trained for Miss Baylis for a pittance—plus, of course, herself.

The title of her school was not really as bad as it sounded, for it was as close as she could come to describing what she wanted to do. This was more than simply to teach ballet; she had the vision of a great choreographic theatre somewhere in the offing, to which she had been inspired by two years with the Diaghileff ballet. That had been her first experience with a ballet company, after a dozen years as a dancer in children's companies, in pantomimes, music halls and revues, and as occasional soloist in opera ballets, and it had completely altered her point of view, as well as her life itself, from that time on.

It had not been an altogether satisfactory two years for her, however, though she had danced well and successfully, and at the end of it, as she tells us in her charming autobiography, she was somehow disturbed, felt she did not belong, and could no longer function where she was. It may well have been that she had absorbed all she could accommodate of ideas that revolutionized her artistic thinking. One of them, of course, was the revelation of the ballet in its relation to the total theatre. Another was a first contact with the stream of tradition. A third, and perhaps the most epoch-making, was a new concept of the creativeness of organization itself. Diaghileff did not invent choreography, music, or décors, but Dame Ninette saw his ceaseless organizing as the creative base on which every artistic activity rested.

The matter of tradition gave her some real trouble, especially when it came to the old classical ballets in practice. "Swan Lake," she was depressed to discover, was for her just an old-fashioned bore. As a complete believer in Diaghileffian *avant-gardisme* she found these dreary relics of the past impossible to reconcile. Not until she had left the company and done some retrospective soul-searching was she able to accept them. Eventually, indeed, she came to see them as absolutely essential to carry out her own purposes, and her company's full-length revivals of these very nineteenth-century classics have come to rank among its major glories.

Once she was convinced, she went the whole way, even to restoring the long-abandoned formalized pantomime in the dramatic scenes. This gave them such a consistency of style as to make them in their context more intelligible and even more eloquent than the haphazard pseudo-realism that had replaced them. Her turning back to a full and frank recognition of the validity of the past as seen through the eyes of the present thus constituted one of her characteristically progressive innovations.

This whole department of activity, by which the vitality of the full-length romantic ballet, old or new, was re-established as a theatrical form, is only

---

Nureyev

COINCIDENT with the New York debut of Russian-born Rudolf Nureyev as a member of the Royal Ballet comes recognition in the Russian press (the columns of *Izvestia*) of his defection to the West, nearly two years after the event. The occasion was a denunciation of the dancer by one-time star dancer Serge Lifar, who is now director of the Paris Opera Ballet. Among his allegations were the charges that Nureyev was "unstable, hysterical, and vain" and that he "stood against discipline." This provided the opportunity for *Izvestia* to declare that Nureyev had "betrayed Soviet art and his country," that he was "decaying as a dancer," and that his prior popularity could be "explained by his vicious role of a turncoat."

At the time Nureyev broke away from attendants who were about to put him on a plane from Paris to Moscow (while the Leingrad Kirov troupe, of which he was a member, went on to London), it was said that he had become interested in a Chilean girl. More recently, he attributed his act to dissatisfaction with the roles he was being permitted to perform: "I felt I was being kept from performing before the critics because the management thought praise would turn my head."

A native of Bashkir, Nureyev grew up in Ufa. Now twenty-five, he was a leading member of the Kirov troupe well before its visit to America two years ago. In the fall of 1961, Nureyev made his American debut in Chicago and later danced in a program at the Brooklyn Academy of Music (*SR*, Mar. 24, 1962).

Whatever his complaints of treatment with the Kirov company, his role of featured performer with the Royal Ballet will give him a full share of prominence. In addition to a new treatment of the *Lady of the Camelias* theme, titled *Marguerite and Armand* and pictured on the cover of this issue, the repertory contains roles for Nureyev in *Swan Lake*, the *Corsaire pas de deux*, and *Giselle*.

The Royal Ballet will make one of its longest tours ever following the five-week engagement at the Metropolitan Opera. Cities to be visited and dates are:

May 21, Baltimore, Md. Convention Hall
May 22-23, Philadelphia, Pa. Convention Hall
May 24-29, Boston, Mass. Music Hall
May 31-June 2 Detroit, Mich. Masonic Auditorium
June 4-9 Toronto, Ontario O'Keefe Center
June 11-16 Chicago, Ill. McCormick Place
June 19-22 Seattle, Wash. Opera House
June 24-26 Portland, Ore. Public Auditorium
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one aspect of looking backward in order to move forward which de Valois found to be her first necessity. Once on her own, she had been quick to see that for the development in Britain of the kind of major ballet that alone interested her, there was no foundation to build upon, no tradition to tap, no native background of dancing to draw from. Foundation, tradition, background had somehow to be provided; they could not be ignored, and neither could they be simply invented or transplanted.

Her supreme achievement has been her solution of this apparently insoluble problem: she has created the equivalent of a past. Not a fictitious or a romantic one, either, for she is the last person in the world to be able to deceive herself. It is not even fair to call it synthetic, for its genuineness of substance is unquestionable. It contains the quality of a tradition, even though one that has never actually existed; a natural and unself-conscious national style; and roots that are demonstrably healthy and reproductive.

She has credited to Diaghileff "everything of value to do with the presentation of ballet, the study of choreography, and the development of the artist" that she has ever learned. But here is something he did not teach her, for he never had to produce a crop without soil, seeds, or tools. Manifestly it must fall in some other category having to do, perhaps, with miracles.

It is impossible to explain genius, but otherwise her process has consisted of creative observation, analysis, synthesis, adaptation, logic, taste, instinct, sensitivity, tenacity, and labor, labor, labor. She has looked at the international past and present of the art exhaustively, not alone for their specific technical and artistic practices but also for the social, pedagogic, creative rituals that have grown unperceived out of ethos, and apparent irrelevance.

Her view has not been nationalistic but rather subjectively British; she has looked simply and naturally through British eyes and acted accordingly, taking what she has deemed fundamental, with British bodies and British minds inevitably at the back of her mind. There has been nothing of *pastiche* in the process, for the search has not been for surface details to imitate but for principles to be applied in an environment to which they are not native. What has emerged is not derivative; it is sturdily established on its own base and is thoroughly and unmistakably British. The nearest parallel that presents itself is the old proverb that all conquerors of China become Chinese.

In order to do what she has done,

(*Continued on page* 71)

Up to Standard

By WINIFRED CECIL

IF I am ever tempted to look back and indulge in the delusion that "singers were better years ago" or "we shan't hear anything like that again," I hope I shall have the wit and courage to remember the recordings which have just come my way, six in all, running the gamut from the oldest, made sixty years ago, to the newest, made yesterday (with representation from the years between). Let me say at once that any age which has the good fortune to be graced by singing like that of Victoria de los Angeles and Teresa Berganza has nothing to fear from comparison with the singing of other times. Although recordings like these of the two Spanish ladies may be equaled, I doubt that they will be bettered. They are vocally sumptuous, dramatically logical and convincing, and technically as impeccable as any singing one is likely to hear. To make pleasure complete, the programs are a happy combination of familiar and unfamiliar songs and thus are examples of first-rate program-making. If any proof were needed that the highest tradition is far from lost, that today's generation is worthy of its heritage of the best from the past—and, indeed, can live up to any standard the past has set—these two recordings provide such proof. I enjoy throwing my hat in the air when all the vocal truths I believe in are as handsomely demonstrated as they are here.

I can, of course, add nothing to Mme. de los Angeles's reputation for superiority. Her voice is phenomenally true and heart-melting; sound falls from her with miraculous limpidity. She fairly "oozes" warmth, depth, charm and—need I add?—intelligence. Such is her sincerity, and what I like to think is her essential honesty, that she stands in a kind of aura of clarity.

We have had less opportunity to become acquainted with Mme. Berganza—only a few stunning recordings and a short visit here for live appearances in a concert version of opera. Of these I have heard only explosions of delight. Whether or not the voice is a mezzo seems to be a moot point. I should not have been surprised to have her called a dramatic soprano. Whatever her category, the Berganza voice seems more youthful than de los Angeles's. Where de los Angeles is subtle, indirect almost to the point of reticence, the Berganza instrument cleaves through with a sense of dominance and irresistible urgency, with no loss, I hasten to add, of tonal beauty or elegant style. Quite a feat! She deserves a special mention for her singing here of the Cherubini air, "Ahi! che forse." If anyone wonders why *bel canto* remains so lively, or why it should, listen to Teresa Berganza sing this scene from *Demofonte*.

Both de los Angeles and Berganza offer the rare combination of lavish voice and emotional and intellectual communication which, I am sure, Rossini implied but oversimplified in his famous definition of the requirement of song, "Voce, voce e ancora voce." With both of these ladies we have voice and more voice, so unstinted in fact that, even allowing for possible engineering enhancement, I hear only unalloyed greatness. Just as I am glad that I can call on an ecstatic memory and say, "With my own ears I heard Rethberg and Flagstad," I am sure that my younger contemporaries will soon say, "I heard de los Angeles and Berganza!" Well, I have, too.

A considerable part of my satisfaction in these two recordings lies in the repertoire which the two Spanish ladies open to us. How many of even the most musically literate are acquainted with the works of Xavier Montsalvarge, Oscar Espla, Joaquin Rodrigo, Jesus Guridi, or Felix Lavilla (Mme. Berganza's altogether excellent pianist-husband)? I played the recordings over and over, each time with increased pleasure—an actual physical sensation of well-being—at having been instructed by acute teachers who are genuinely concerned with opening hitherto closed doors and persuading me to like what I found. *Olé! Olé!*

OTHER recent issues offer interesting and challenging comparisons. As any buff knows, recording companies have been on a kind of antique hunt to revive and restore the old-timers buried in their archives, often seeming to go out of their way to prove (as if proof were needed) that the famous names of the turn of the century, when free-for-all recording began, merited their distinction. Oddly, Columbia's sixteenth-anniversary reissue on LP of its first

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(1903) "classic" discs (songs and arias by Suzanne Adams, Campanari, Edouard de Reszke, Gilbert, Schumann-Heink, Scotti, and Sembrich) did not amuse me by its mechanical deficiencies or impress me by its inevitable reminder of subsequent technical improvements. It did startle me by its evidence of the radical changes in musical taste and style which have evolved during the sixty years since the original recording was made. Vocal and interpretive liberties which "got by" and were published at the turn of the century would be hooted off the stage today. Juliet's "Waltz Song" at Mme. Adams's hurdy-gurdy tempo calls up memories of Florence Foster Jenkins. Yet, in her day, Suzanne Adams enjoyed an enviable reputation as an international prima donna. I decline to believe that she was as grotesque in life as she sounds here.

Conceivably, these recordings passed muster in 1903 because neither artists nor engineers could do any better under the mechanical restrictions of the day. But we know better now, and our greater sophistication raises the question about the use and value of reissues of this kind. Despite some jaw-dropping vocal demonstrations, notably Schumann-Heink's trills and extraordinary range (along with some depressing chest sounds which do that great singer's memory no service), I wonder what purpose is served by this particular republication. Edouard de Reszke was closing his career in this country; admittedly his voice had passed the prime which had won him fame. Can it be said, then, that we hear the legendary Edouard de Reszke? If not, why perpetuate a distortion?

During my early years, Marcella Sembrich was counselor, teacher, and almost a mother to me. From closest personal association with her, I know that she was a perfectionist, as exacting of herself as she was of a student about to make his debut. While she was extremely practical, she was also intolerant of compromise and would have no truck with the merely expedient. I know whereof I speak, therefore, when I say that, were Mme. Sembrich alive today and had it been possible for her to exercise a veto, she would never have permitted a reissue of her 1903 singing, as then recorded, for the ears of 1963. I can see her gentle but nonetheless commanding movement of the head. Somehow, her barely audible "No" had the impact of thunder. It was final. I am sure that had she been asked about these reissues, she would have said "No" in a voice that even the most obtuse could understand.

If we are to rely on what we read and what we have been told, Sembrich

Teresa Berganza—"a sense of dominance."

was one of opera's elect. From personal acquaintance, I know that she was matchless among artists. It is saddening to find no suggestion of that greatness in these refurbished discs. Since they do not give a fair representation either of the music or of the voices which they purport to display, how can they be valid? At best, they are a curio, suitable for a library shelf. Elsewhere I fear their effect. While I might be tolerant of an engineering stunt—and, perhaps, might smile sympathetically at what I recognize as near-travesty—I deplore the inherent dangers if alleged reproductions like these fall into the hands of uninformed youth who, because of the illustrious names, may accept them as gospel.

A word of thanks, however, to Philip Miller for his notes on the performances. As always, they are perceptive, informative without being pedantic, kindly, humorous—to my mind the very model of what program notes ought to be.

Maybe because Angel has had more experience in the resurrecting art, maybe, also, because the Angelic mentors have not attempted the impossible, their recent addition of Debussy songs by Maggie Teyte to the Great Recordings of the Century list is more successful. First, it is peculiarly gratifying to have so many of these songs readily available; second, we have them allegedly as Debussy himself taught them, and thus may think that we are in the master's presence. With such source material, it is interesting, and stimulating, to compare Miss Teyte's performances with other more recent and thus more removed renditions. As we found to be the case with the 1903 recordings, styles and concepts *do* change—sometimes fast—and not always to the disadvantage of the current idea. But aside from differences of approach, I am especially troubled by one aspect of this Debussy disc, namely, a prevailing absence of color, amounting almost to a monochrome—in songs, be it noted, by one of music's major colorists! Is the fault in the engineering, or do we have here a tag-end example of the misguided notion, at large for a while among eager cultists, that an assumed virginal purity and something called "transparency of tone," through which the composer's true wish would be free to manifest itself, obviated coloring by the singer? In any case I don't hear the Maggie Teyte I remember. I wonder, therefore, in spite of the press-agentry, how much definitive Debussy we hear. The songs themselves are, of course, a worthwhile addition to the library but, to my regret, I feel no urge to play them again and again for pleasure's sake.

Over and beyond Miss Teyte and Debussy, however, the recording offers —unintentionally, I'm sure—an illuminating comparison which I warmly recommend for study. The accompanists are Alfred Cortot, the eminent virtuoso pianist, and Gerald Moore, the distinguished accompanist, who, as far as I know, never attempted the soloist's role. If one searched the world for an example of the unbridgeable distance between the art of the solo pianist and that of the accompanist, he could not find one more explicit than that which Messrs. Cortot and

(*Continued on page* 65)

Cantos de Espana (Espla, Falla, Granados, Montsalvage, Rodrigo)—Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, with Paris Conservatoire Orchestra, Rafael Fruhbeck de Burgos, conductor. Angel 35937 (stereo).

A Program of Spanish and Italian Songs (Cesti, Cherubini, Pergolesi, A. Scarlatti, Granados, Guridi, Lavilla, Turina)—Teresa Berganza, with Felix Lavilla, pianist. London OS-25726 (stereo).

Songs of Debussy ("Fetes Galantes," "Chansons de Bilitis," "Proses Lyriques," et al.)—Maggie Teyte, soprano, with Alfred Cortot and Gerald Moore, pianists. Angel COLH-134.

Songs from Shakespeare, Bach, and La Fontaine (Arne, Morley, Purcell, Wilson, Bach, La Fontaine-Clerambault) — Hugues Cuenod, tenor, with Albert Fuller, harpsichordist. Cambridge CRS-1702 (stereo).

Columbia's 1903 Grand Opera Series Songs and arias by Suzanne Adams, Giuseppe Campanari, Edouard de Reszke, Charles Gilibert, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Antonio Scotti and Marcella Sembrich. Columbia M2L-283.

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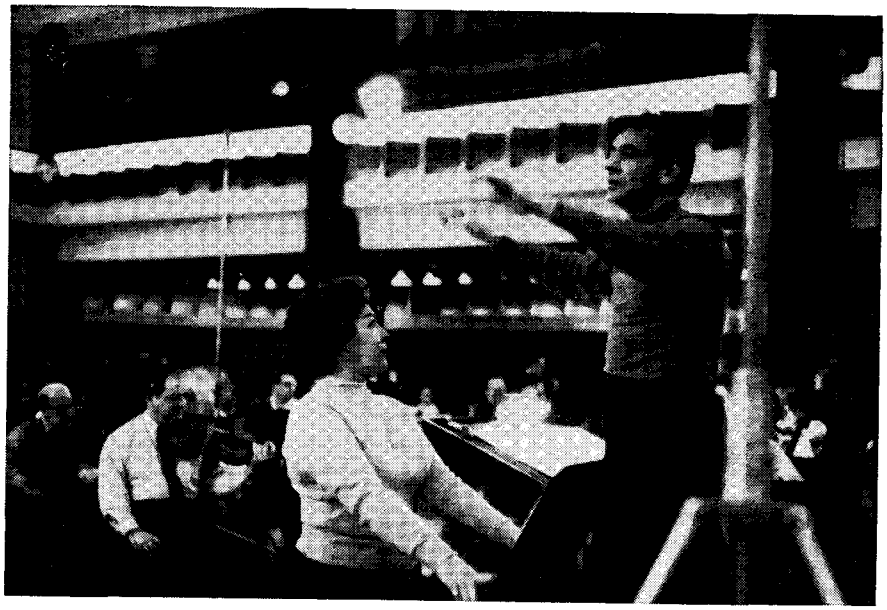
Recordings in Review



Tourel and Bernstein—"as rare as the understanding that has developed . . . during twenty years of musical collaboration . . ."

Berlioz's *Cleopatre*

BERLIOZ: *Cléopâtre;* RAVEL: *Shéhérazade. Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Leonard Bernstein.* Columbia Stereo MS 6438, $5.98.

Whoever's beautiful idea it was to combine these two beautiful works on a single disc is entitled to the heartfelt thanks of those who are sure to treasure it. Recordings of Ravel's *Shéhérazade* are almost as rare as recordings of Berlioz's *Cléopâtre*—of which this is the very first. For that matter, performances of anything on the level of both of these are as rare as the understanding that has developed between Tourel and Bernstein during twenty years of musical collaboration.

Here they are engaged in two tasks for which they have sympathy as well as ability in abundance. In both, the orchestra is more than an undercurrent of sound for the vocalist: it is an equal element in the total of music and words which convey the poetic idea. In "La Flûte Enchantée," for example, John Wummer's caressing treatment of the flute solo and its blend with the other winds is as much a completion of Ravel's purpose as Tourel's phrasing of the words "Une chanson de flûte."

The interest aroused when Tourel and Bernstein introduced *Cléopâtre* (which Berlioz wrote in an unsuccessful bid for the Prix de Rome at the age of twenty-five) to the Philharmonic repertory last spring is heightened by this further familiarity. It blends his feeling for the large vocal line of Glück (and Beethoven) with his own vivid sense of orchestral values in a manner prophetic (among other things) of the famous *Carnival Romain* to come. Indeed, the mournful downward course of that work's English horn solo is foreshadowed not once or twice, but three times in *Cléopâtre.* Miss Tourel makes herself as eloquent a counterpart of that instrument here as she did for the flute in Ravel, and Bernstein's shading of the low brass near the end is masterfully done. Richness and clarity are the twin qualities of a reproduced sound that seems to put the listener right in the studio with the performers.

Strauss's *Metamorphosen* Expounded

STRAUSS: *Tod und Verklärung, Metamorphosen. Otto Klemperer conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra.* Angel 35976, $4.98.

It is useful to have a Klemperer performance of *Tod und Verklärung* available, though there are others of equal quality in recordings of current fidelity. But it is indispensable that a performance on this level of *Metamorphosen* come into being if this difficult and little understood work is to be properly appreciated. What impelled Klemperer to study it is not disclosed; but it is singularly fitting that his is the mind that has been able to master its content.

For, as one has fathomed from the variety of performances previously on record (the early von Karajan, the most recent Horenstein) as those scattered ones in the concert hall (Koussevitzky and Walter when it was just published), *Metamorphosen* has much more to it musically than anyone has previously put together. For this there are two reasons: the constantly shifting harmonic idiom, in which C and D flat may be neighboring notes, or another way for saying B sharp and C sharp, or possessed of no connection at all; the other is the use of an ensemble of twenty-three string players. Each of these has to be as good as the other to hold the pitch with the nicety to define the harmonic flux, and possessed of the sound to make an effect with a solo entry when the twenty-three are divided into as many as eighteen different parts.

Both of these requirements are superbly fulfilled in this performance. Klemperer, as noted, has the background both with Strauss and all the experimental writing of the 20's and 30's to divine his intent. Through thick and thin (and the problem is sometimes stickiest where the texture is the thinnest) Klemperer holds tight to the thematic essence and the elaborations of it, which often take off in midmeasure as Strauss at eighty-odd ponders new ways of escaping the tyranny of the cadence. However, this textual command would count for little were the strings of the Philharmonia not capable of making every point, following every nuance. Klemperer has rarely equalled the musical service he offers in this performance, and the recording of it is in keeping with that service.

S's by Horowitz

SCHUMANN: *Kinderszenen, Toccata in C;* SCARLATTI: *Sonatas in G (Longo 209), in E (L. 430), and in A (L. 483);* SCHUBERT: *Impromptu in G flat (Op. 90, No. 3);* SCRIABIN: *Poem in C sharp minor (Op. 2, No. 1), Etudes in C sharp minor (op. 2, No. 1) and D sharp (Op. 8, No. 12). Vladimir Horowitz, piano.* Columbia stereo MS 6411, $5.98.

If S is Horowitz's favorite letter in the alphabet (next to C, of course) who can blame him? Not, certainly, those who are the beneficiaries of his interest here in Schumann, Scarlatti, Schubert, and Scriabin, four composers as varied as the span of time which

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brackets them. This is not merely a record which sustains the quality of Horowitz's magnificent first one for Columbia; it is a record which speaks so eloquently of his abiding love for the instrument and its music, and his ability to convey that love to the listener, that one may confidently expect many more to come.

It is, moreover, a record in the old, now almost forgotten, sense of being the record of something worth preserving. The intimation of things to come is plain as early as the second phrase of the first Schumann piece "Von fremden Ländern." It is a repetition of the first phrase, played with just a hairbreath's variation from piano to pianissimo (or perhaps pianino)—something that only a man with an ear to match his fingers could achieve.

Similarly, the Scarlatti sonatas are replete with niceties of phraseology and force on a vastly more refined scale than those Horowitz performances of the past in which the percussive element was dominant. Here the keys are stroked rather than merely struck, and the effect on the ear is closer to a string that is plucked than one hit with a hammer. In the Schubert it is Horowitz's legato (across the arpeggiations) that commands admiration in the equivalent of a song-without-voice duet. And as for power: the Scriabin D sharp minor etude is a summation of it. Amid all that is so right, there is one performance that isn't: the Schumann Toccata. It is pianistically uneven, rushed at times, held up at others, and a little petulant in its hammered emphasis. But if Homer could nod, why not Vladimir? The sound is consistently excellent and decidedly his own.

Bartok's Bluebeard

TWO opposing criteria of value collide head-on with the appearance of two versions of Bartok's one-act "opera" on the subject of the "Bluebeard" legend. One is the worth of a work recorded with the text as the composer set it; the other is the virtue of a musically excellent interpretation done in the language of the listener.

What might help in a determination of the reader's need is mention that the work in question, as recorded by Antal Dorati, the late Mihaly Szekely and Olga Szönyi (both of the Budapest Opera) and the London Symphony Orchestra (Mercury SR 90311, $5.98, mono MG 50311, $4.98) is neither *Bluebeard's Castle* nor *Herzog Blaubarts Burg* (as it is familiarly known here or on the Continent) but *A kékszakállú herceg vára.* That is to say it is sung in Hungarian, a language with which, traditionally, only Hungarians are familiar: and the record sleeve offers no more enlightenment than a condensation of the "story" with no extended reference to the text in *any* language.

By contrast, the version by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy, with Jerome Hines and Rosalind Elias as the vocalists (Columbia stereo MS 6425, $5.98, mono ML 5825, $4.98) is not only sung in pleasingly pure English, but is also provided with a complete copy of Chester Kallman's excellent English text. It has the estimable advantage of the Philadelphia Orchestra's special quality of sound, something not within the ability of the London Symphony Orchestra to match.

As tends to be the case, with two recordings, direct comparison flounders on the reef that catches one in one vulnerable place, the other in another. In the case of the Mercury it is the rather quavery voice of Miss Szönyi, which gives a disaffecting image of Judith to the ear. Certainly she has no part of the sensuous sound with which Miss Elias draws her likeness of the new wife doomed to the fate of the others. On the other hand, Hines, for all the weight of sound he produces and the care he gives to enunciating the text, doesn't match the sinister overtones with which Szekely (who died suddenly last month in Budapest) infuses his effort. Finally, as both Ormandy and Dorati are compatriots of Bartok, they may be presumed to be equally conversant with the tradition of the work and its preferred mode of performance.

Both versions make clear that *Bluebeard's Castle* (the typesetter may be spared another citation of the Hungarian equivalent) profits from the codifying and clarifying effect of his later masterworks. Having learned from the Concerto for Orchestra, the violin concerto, the third piano concerto, and the Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta where Bartok was headed all his life, it is now possible to see where he was circa 1910 and evaluate it accordingly. Taking the orchestra of Strauss and modifying it for his own purposes, Bartok in *Bluebeard's Castle* has turned the piercing light of *Salome* and *Elektra* on its subject and made an image of his own with it.

In these terms, the harsher, more astringent impulse in the Dorati treatment strikes my ear as more suited to the elements of the psychotic and perverse in Bluebeard's nature. Ormandy's unquestionably fine sense of sonority for the same values tends to refine and soften them, which has to affect the impact they convey. Thus, more for the preference of the conductor rather than the superiority of one pair of singers or the other, my conclusion would be that there is more of the essential Bartok in the Mercury than the Columbia. But this is against the strong reservation that a very poor service has been done to the purchaser in denying him a translation. Perhaps Columbia will consider renting its translation to Mercury on a royalty basis?

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Antal Dorati—for Bluebeard, a "harsher, more astringent impulse."

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bartok: Concerto for Orchestra. Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 2643, $5.98 mono $4.98.	This is without question the most curious version of this work yet to appear: a painstaking effort to make audible most of what is on the printed page, without more than a superficial rendering of Bartok's intention in putting them there. The most eloquent moments of the work (in the "Elegia" and the "Intermezzo Interrotto") are passed over with little exposition of their meaning, and too often subordinate voices are stressed at a cost to the dominant ones. Most of all, the Hungarian flavor is replaced by a blandly innocuous one. The precise orchestral playing is reproduced in a technique that is "Dynagroove" in everything but name. That is to say, the surface is quiet, the instrumental timbres brilliantly clear; but dynamic values are concentrated between *mf* and *ff*. This is particularly costly in this score, where piano and pianissimo are frequently indicated in the same measure. There are, literally, dozens of swells and diminuendos, accents and contrasts, indicated in the score but inaudible to the ear. Oddly, the "bonus record" offered as inducement to purchase this first collaboration of the Boston Symphony and its new conductor includes a performance (1947) of the Prokofiev *Classical* by Koussevitzky which has both a real pianissimo and a fuller range of dynamics than the one produced fifteen years later. Also included in this survey of Leinsdorf's predecessors are Muck's version of the prelude to Act III of *Lohengrin* (1917), Monteux's treatment of Debussy's *Nocturnes* (1955), and excerpts from Munch's performance of Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust* (1954).
Brahms: Concerto in A minor, Op. 102. Pablo Casals, cello, and Jacques Thibaud, violin, with Alfred Cortot conducting the Orchestra Pablo Casals of Barcelona. Mendelssohn: Trio in D minor. Casals, Thibaud, and Cortot, piano. Angel COLH 75 $5.98.	As well as being the first recording of the Brahms to circulate in this country (in the early Thirties) it remains one of the best in one all-important respect: harmonious relationship of all the elements. The phrases pass from Thibaud to Casals, or vice versa, with a single minded unanimity of feeling and temperamental rapport. This is a very special kind of interplay, rarely heard to the same degree in later recordings. And, needless to say, Cortot is at one with them. Unfortunately, it was made in Barcelona where the art of reproducing the orchestra was fairly primitive in 1929. The restoration is painstaking but there is a severe limitation in what the engineers have to work with. By contrast, the trio (made in London two years before) is utterly enjoyable still. Cortot was always regarded as a "good recording pianist" (meaning that his finger stroke produced a bell-like sound which registered well) and he is at his musical best in the scherzo. The record as a whole is an admirable summation of the reason Casals and colleagues enjoyed so high a rating among their contemporaries—and colleagues.
Hindemith: Concerto (1939). David Oistrakh, violin, with the composer conducting the London Symphony Orchestra; Bruch: *Scottish Fantasia*. Oistrakh with orchestra conducted by Jascha Horenstein. London CS 6337, $5.98.	This order of priority is not the one offered on the recording, but it may be adapted 1) to put the emphasis for the music lover where it ought to be or 2) correct the record for all but those who rate a dead composer of modest abilities above a living composer of eminent ones. In other words, it strikes me as belittling for a composer of Hindemith's position and prominence to be relegated—as co-performer of his own work—to a status inferior to Bruch's. As to what "sells": I have a strong conviction that there is a larger public waiting for a performance of Oistrakh's quality of the Hindemith than there is for his Bruch (whose audience was insuperably served by Heifetz not more than a few months ago). It is, in any case, a compelling performance of Hindemith and one to which the composer as conductor contributes as much as Oistrakh as soloist. As proof: Oistrakh plays as well in Bruch, but the orchestra lags far behind its standard on the other side. Very good sound.
Poulenc: *Concert Champêtre*. Aimée van de Wiele, harpsichord, with orchestra conducted by George Prêtre; Concerto in D minor. Francis Poulenc and Jacques Février, pianos, with Prêtre conducting. Angel Stereo 35593, $5.98 mono $4.98.	It is some time since there has been an issue as good as this of the concerto for two pianos, and I cannot recollect (or find reference to) a prior version of the *Concert Champêtre*. Both belong to the period of Poulenc prior to his most recent work, but for all the fact that they deal more with style than with substance, their verve, gaiety, and spirit of calculated nonchalance are ingratiating. And whatever the mood of his expression, Poulenc's craftsmanship is unvarying. Here it is brilliantly expounded by Prêtre, no less in the work with harpsichord (for which Van de Wiele is the capable soloist) than in the two-piano concerto, whose impulse derives from the composer's own participation.
Schubert: Symphonies Nos. 3 (in D) and No. 8 (in B minor). William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony. Command CC11017SD, $5.98.	As the choice of works is balanced by a complementary quality of contrast, so the performances themselves are formulated in a way to sustain interest without supplanting Schubert by Steinberg. The *Unfinished* has a degree of flexibility which rejects the rigidity with which it is sometimes infused, without undervaluing the emotional values it contains. The movements are given a full share of lyricism without pushing either close to sentimentality. In the D major, the implications of things to come (especially in the finale) are compelling factors of a performance both surehanded and compelling. The orchestra responds beautifully to Steinberg, and the recording gives one a sense of being all around the orchestra rather than confronting it merely from a single point of listening.
Stravinsky: Divertimento (*Baiser de la Fée*), Quatre Etudes, Suites Nos. 1 and 2. Ernest Ansermet conducting l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. London Stereo CS 6325, $5.98.	For all the magnitude of his abilities, it is now fairly established that Ansermet is not keenly responsive to the expression of humor in music. As most of the Stravinsky herein contained has something of a smile in it (in the Suites it frequently broadens into ringing laughter), the absence of its suggestion tends to deprive the composer of a portion of the effect due to him. What we have then are impressively clean, carefully detailed performances that are, nevertheless, a little lacking in character. As far as it goes, the playing is beautiful: the regret is it does not go all the way. Excellent reproduction.
Tchaikovsky: *Capriccio Italien;* Mendelssohn: *Hebrides* overture; Strauss: *Don Juan*; Wagner: "Liebestod" (*Tristan*); and Stravinsky: "Infernal Dance" (*Firebird*). George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Epic stereo BC/1002, $5.98 mono LC/3483, $4.98.	According to Shaw in *Man and Superman*, "There are two tragedies in life. One is not to get your heart's desire. The other is to get it." This is somewhat the case with Szell, who achieved his stated objective of creating the best Haydn-Beethoven orchestra in the land, only to find himself the molder of a Frankenstein (Cleveland, not San Francisco) monster which must needs play Tchaikovsky and Stravinsky better than the best to qualify for this disc's title of *Show Pieces for the Virtuoso Orchestra*. This, to me, is exactly what Szell has always said he wasn't doing: playing "show pieces." If it's the fault of his record representatives, they should be censured for misrepresenting him. As the musical performance goes, it is very good in the Johann Strauss, nearly as good in the Wagner, good in Mendelssohn, and decidedly otherwise in Tchaikovsky and Stravinsky. —IRVING KOLODIN

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New This Month on Tape

Orchestral

BEETHOVEN: Piano Concerto No. 3 in C minor, Opus 37. Leon Fleisher, piano, with George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Epic EC-828, $7.95.

*BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 7 in A, Opus 92. William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. Command 4TC-11014, $7.95.

BEETHOVEN: Symphonies No. 8 in F, Opus 93, and No. 9 in D minor, Opus 125. Bruno Walter conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra, with (in No. 9) Emilia Cundari (soprano), Nell Rankin (mezzo), Albert da Costa (tenor), William Wildermann (bass), and the Westminster Choir. Columbia M2Q-511 (two reels), $11.95.

*BRAHMS: Symphony No. 3 in F, Opus 90. Herbert von Karajan conducting the Vienna Philharmonic. London LCL-80122, $7.95.

DVORAK: Symphony No. 9 (5) in E minor, Opus 95 ("From the New World"). István Kertesz conducting the Vienna Philharmonic. London LCL-80120, $7.95.

*ENESCO: Roumanian Rhapsodies Nos. 1 and 2, Opus 11; LISZT: Hungarian Rhapsodies Nos. 1 and 2. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia MQ-540, $7.95.

GERSHWIN: "Rhapsody in Blue" and "An American in Paris." Leonard Pennario, piano (in the "Rhapsody"), with Felix Slatkin conducting the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra. Capitol ZP-8343, $7.98.

GRIEG: Concerto in A minor, Opus 16; RACHMANINOFF: Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini, Opus 43. Philippe Entremont, piano, with Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia MQ-526, $7.95.

HANDEL: *Concerto à due cori* in F and "Music for the Royal Fireworks," both edited by Charles Mackerras. Mackerras conducting the Pro Arte Orchestra, London. Vanguard VTC-1661, $7.95.

HINDEMITH: Violin Concerto; BRUCH: Scottish Fantasy. David Oistrakh, violin, with London Symphony Orch., Paul Hindemith conducting the Concerto, Jascha Horenstein conducting the Bruch. London LCL-80119, $7.95.

*HOLST: "Egdon Heath" and "The Perfect Fool" (See under *Choral.*)

LISZT: Concerto No. 1 in E flat and "Les Préludes." Andre Watts, piano (in the Concerto), with Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic. Columbia MQ-551, $7.95.

*MAHLER: Symphony No. 2 in C minor ("Resurrection"). Otto Klemperer conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf (soprano) and Hildegard Roessel-Majdan (mezzo). Angel ZB-3634 (two reels), $15.98.

*MOUSSORGSKY-RAVEL: "Pictures at an Exhibition"; RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: "Capriccio Espagnol." Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic. Columbia MQ-538, $7.95.

OFFENBACH-ROSENTHAL: "Gaîté Parisienne," a complete ballet. Felix Slatkin conducting the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra. Capitol ZP-8405, $7.98.

*RACHMANINOFF: Symphony No. 3 in A minor, Opus 44. Maurice Abravanel conducting the Utah Symphony Orchestra. Vanguard VTC-1662, $7.95.

*RAVEL: Piano Concerto in G; DELLO JOIO: Fantasy and Variations for Piano and Orchestra. Lorin Hollander, piano, with Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor FTC-2138, $8.95.

RESPIGHI: "The Pines of Rome" and "The Fountains of Rome." Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia MQ-525, $7.95.

SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 2 in C, Opus 61. George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Epic EC-829, $7.95.

*SIBELIUS: "Finlandia," "The Swan of Tuonela," "Valse triste," "Pohjola's Daughter," and "Lemminkäinen's Homeward Journey." Morton Gould conducting the RCA Victor Orchestra. RCA Victor FTC-2149, $8.95.

*ARTHUR FIEDLER conducting Boston Pops Orchestra in Gade's "Jalousie," three dances from Massenet's "Le Cid," Overture to Gomez's "Il Guarany," Sinigaglia's "Danze Piemontese," "La Sorella," "España Cani," etc. RCA Victor KCS-4089 (magazine loading cartridge), $6.95.

*ANTONIO JANIGRO conducting Solisti di Zagreb in Barber's "Adagio for Strings," Mozart's "Eine kleine Nachtmusik," Respighi's "Ancient Airs and Dances" Suite No. 3, a Pergolesi Concertino in G, Vaughan William's Fantasia on "Greensleeves," etc. Vanguard VTC-1663, $7.95.

HARRY SHULMAN, oboe, with Daniel Saidenberg conducting orchestra in music for oboe and orchestra by Bach, Alessandro Marcello, Handel, Telemann, and Fiocco; James Stagliano, Arthur Berv, and James Buffington, horns, with Richard Dunn conducting Kapp Sinfonietta in music for one, two, and three horns and orchestra by Telemann, Handel, and Barsanti. Kapp "twin pack" KTK-49009 (two discs), $11.95.

Choral

*HOLST: "The Hymn of Jesus," Opus 37. Sir Adrian Boult conducting the BBC Chorus and BBC Symphony Orchestra; HOLST: "The Perfect Fool," ballet suite, Opus 39, and "Egdon Heath," Opus 47. Boult conducting the London Philharmonic. London LCL-80117, $7.95.

MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR with Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra in "This Is My Country" and other patriotic numbers. Columbia MQ-533, $7.95.

*ROBERT SHAW CHORALE in "Yours Is My Heart Alone," etc. RCA Victor FTC-2140, $8.95.

Operatic

LEHAR: "The Merry Widow," complete. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Nicolai Gedda, Eberhard Wächter, *et al.*, with Lovro von Matacic cond. Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus. Angel ZB-3630 (two reels), $15.98.

*MOZART: "Così fan tutte," complete. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Christa Ludwig, Hanny Steffek, Alfredo Kraus, Giuseppe Taddei, Walter Berry, with Karl Böhm conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus. Angel ZD-3631 (four reels), $31.98.

*PUCCINI: "Manon Lescaut"—excerpts from complete recording by Renata Tebaldi, Mario del Monaco, Mario Boriello, *et al.*, with Francesco Molinari-Pradelli conducting Chorus and Orchestra of Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Rome. London LOL-90061, $7.95.

VERDI: Arias from "Macbeth," "Nabucco," "La forza del destino," "Don Carlos." Birgit Nilsson, with Argeo

(*Continued on page* 69)

*Indicates May releases; all others are April.

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs & Tapes

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach, C. P. E.: Fantasie in F sharp minor; Cabezon: *Duiensela;* Froberger: *Tombeau*; Grotthuss: Rondo in C, etc. Joan Benson, clavichord. Repertoire Records RM 901, $4.98. (7 Front St., San Francisco, Calif.)	In addition to a Thomas Goff (English) clavichord, Miss Benson uses an instrument attributed to Jacobus Verwolf of Holland—though which is which I do not find very prominently specified. In either case, the sound is attractively resonant, remarkably shaded under the closely controlled manipulation of the performer (a disciple of Edwin Fischer who is now a lecturer at Stanford University). The material is variable in interest, but the best of it—such as the C. P. E. Bach *Fantasie* and the *Duiensela* (a paraphrase by Cabezon, a Spanish musican of the sixteenth century of a French folk song *D'ou vient cela?*)—is a welcome addition to anyone's experience. Miss Benson has productive command of her instrument, and exploits it to artistic ends. Satisfactory recording.
Bach, J. S.: Passacaglia and Fugue in C minor; Toccata, Adagio and Fugue in C; Toccata and Fugue in F; Prelude and Fugue in G. Carl Weinrich, organ. RCA Victor LSC/LM 2649, $5.98/$4.98.	Weinrich is not so strongly supplied with dramatic instincts as some of his contemporaries, with the result that the Passacaglia and Fugue and the Adagio of the Toccata, Adagio and Fugue lack the expressive appeal they may sometime possess. However the command of contrapuntal structure they reveal are much to the advantage of the other works, which he performs with breadth and considerable brio. As in the prior issue of this series, the organ of the General Theological Seminary in New York (designed by Walter Holtkampe) was utilized. Its clarity and freely vibrant sound contribute much to listening pleasure.
Beethoven: Sonata in G (Op. 30, No. 3); Brahms: Sonata in D minor (Op. 108). Erica Morini, violin, and Rudolf Firkusny, piano. Decca DL 710065, $5.98.	What starts out (on the Beethoven side) to be one of the best of the Firkusny-Morini series deteriorates rather sadly in the Brahms. This relates especially to Miss Morini's inclination to regard the pianist as accompanist rather than partner to her violin, or at least to claim a position of acoustical advantage vis-à-vis the microphone. The consequence is not only to overbalance the sound in her favor when it should be equal, but also to overstress trivial figures in her part when the piano's should be dominant. There is gratefully less of this in the Beethoven, possibly because its line is more compact and tightly interrelated, with few of the juicy singing phrases enjoyed by the violin in Brahms. Very good sound.
Cascarino: Sonata for Bassoon and Piano. Sol Schoenbach, bassoon, and the composer, piano; Lieberson: String Quartet. Galimir Quartet; Gaburo: Line Studies. Walter Trampler, viola, Julius Baker, flute, David Glazer, clarinet, and Erwin L. Price, trombone; Etler Sonata for Bassoon and Piano. Schoenbach and Joseph Levine, piano. Columbia MS 6421, $5.98, mono ML 5821, $4.98.	Skill is more evident than invention in the majority of the works on this disc, with the surprising exception of the Lieberson quartet, composed in 1938 and dedicated to Dimitri Mitropoulos. It is, understandably, a work that recalls various of the composer's enthusiasms, but with a dash and facility that are hardly expectable from the executive head of the company which made this disc. The other works share the characteristic of suggesting more entertainment for the performers than for the listeners. Uniformly good sound.
Coleridge-Taylor: *Hiawatha's Wedding Feast*. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting the Royal Choral Society, Richard Lewis, tenor, and the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35900, $4.98.	Every country has some music whose popularity is difficult to understand for some one not a native. If anything, England differs only in having more than the average amount, of which this is a prime example. A view of the noble Redman as of 1898, it is a composite of Mendelssohn-cum-Dvorak with a little touch of Grieg here and there. It is genteel, well-mannered and a credit to the Royal College of Music, where it had its first performance. This, however, does not guarantee its creative credentials, but only the composer's ability to write creditably for the means employed. Perhaps, now that Sir Malcolm has broken the ice (lit the first peace pipe) he will go on to record *The Death of Minnehaha* and *Hiawatha's Departure,* the succeeding portions of Coleridge-Taylor's Longfellow trilogy.
Fauré: Requiem. André Cluytens conducting the Choeurs Elisabeth Brasseur, Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, and Henriette Puig-Roget, organ. Angel stereo S 35974, $5.98.	Both in mood and sonority this work is full of appeal to the best in André Cluytens. He sustains the first in a long, unhurried contemplation of Fauré's poetic purpose, while generating a warmly tinted richness of sound that spreads to all parts of the spacious frame housing the recording. This, naturally enough (being of primary interest) is not identified on the record jacket. The "soloists" in this work, including the Choeurs Elisabeth Brasseur, are possessed not only of the voices but also of the stylistic affinity to make each succeeding section, whether choral, baritone, or soprano solo, part of a harmonious whole. The opportunities of stereo have been utilized (without ostentation) to convey the music in the spaces around it.
Mozart: Serenade in B flat, K.361. Eugen Jochum conducting members of the Bavarian Radio Symphony. Deutsche Grammophon SLPM 138 830, $6.98, mono LPM 18 830, $5.98.	Technical proficiency is abundant in this performance, which has the advantage of stereo to recommend it over most predecessors (Columbia offers one of recent date under the direction of Robert Craft). However, Jochum is a thoroughgoing rather than enlivening conductor of Mozart, and the soaring spirit of this work is never allowed to become completely airborne. In terms of the current catalogue it is about as good as there is, for most of the preferred performances of the past (Steinberg, Ansermet, RIAS) have been eliminated. If Westminster were to restore its version by members of the Vienna Philharmonic, it would be a helpful addition to those now offered. DG's sound is of characteristic clarity and fulness.
Prokofiev: Sonatas Nos. 6 and 8, *Sonatine Pastorale, Paysage, Pensée III,* Gavotte (*Cinderella*); Rachmaninoff: Preludes Op. 23 Nos. 4 and 5. Sviatoslav Richter, pianist. Columbia M 2L 282, $4.98.	The works included here from the Carnegie Hall recital of October 23, 1960, are not the most appealing kind of Prokofiev, but they serve well to define the kind of pianism exemplified by Richter —intent, hard-driving, marvelous in velocity, but only occasionally as expressive as it is impressive. For study purposes, the discs have an enduring, even a unique value. But the attention of the music lover is apt to find itself wandering more than a little amid so much that is similar in this musical thinking. The lightly jesting gavotte from *Cinderella* provides a kind of contrast that would have been welcome in larger measure. The two Rachmaninoff encores are beautifully played. Indeed, the familiar G-minor—the very last piece on the two discs—is a feat of the imagination that surpasses Richter's effort everywhere else on the two discs. Uneven recording (from the concert stage, of course).
Rachmaninoff: *Vocalise;* Moussorgsky-Kreisler: *Hopak* (arranged for orchestra by Richard Jones); Glazunov: *Meditation* (orchestrated by Jones); Tchaikovsky: Valse-Scherzo; Tchaikovsky-Glazunov: *Meditation;* Tchaikovsky-Glazunov: Scherzo (both of Op. 42); Rimsky-Korsakov and Kreisler: Fantasy on Russian Themes. Nathan Milstein, violin, with orchestra conducted by Robert Irving. Angel S36002, $5.98.	What all the hyphenations and double hyphenations add to is something less than an hour of violin playing, all beautiful, all serenely indifferent to difficulty, and as much disdainful of exaggeration for sentiment's sake. Milstein's taste has rarely been so acute as it is in his exquisite playing of music that sometimes verges on the borderline of taste itself. It is a revealing example of sometimes commonplace music upgraded a notch or two by the discrimination of the performer. The orchestration of Richard Jones (presumably the same as producer Richard C. Jones) are deftly done, and Irving's known skill as a ballet conductor is highly relevant to works that abound in dance rhythms. Fine sound from all. —I.K.

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Up to Standard

Continued from page 59

Moore give here. The lesson is priceless.

The last item in my current catalogue is an assortment of English, German, and French songs performed by tenor Hugues Cuénod and harspsichordist Albert Fuller. Mr. Cuénod may be, as the jacket asserts, "one of today's great tenors," but, for more than two-thirds of its length, this particular recording fails to permit him to pass a basic test of first-class singing: intelligible diction. Although all of the English texts (Shakespeare songs) are reasonably familiar—*Come Unto These Yellow Sands, Full Fathom Five, It Was a Lover and His Lass*, et al.—I had to refer to the jacket to find out what Mr. Cuénod was singing about. The German of the Bach excerpts was no clearer. It was only in the fascinating La Fontaine *Fables* that the music and interpretation seemed to jell for Mr. Cuénod and enable him to bring the performance to life. Although the harpsichord obtrudes unduly throughout the recording, I found this second half of the disc's second side to be the most rewarding part of all. Mr. Fuller is to be thanked for discovering the *Fables*.

Whether or not the critic-reviewer is blood brother to the old-fashioned peddler, he certainly is a hawker of wares. What, then, do I recommend today? Were I a singer wishing to learn the ultimate in the practice of my art, I would rush out and buy not one but both the Berganza and de los Angeles recordings. Were I an amateur, gifted (or plagued?) with an appreciation of exquisite singing, or indeed, only one of the considerable band of true music lovers who are dissatisfied with anything less than perfection in sound, I would proceed with equal dispatch to the nearest record store, purchase the de los Angeles and Berganza recordings —being sure before I parted with my money that the surfaces of my treasures were without blemish—and would myself carry them home with the care that I would give to the last remnants of great-grandmother's Bowe porcelain.

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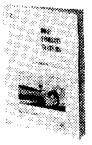

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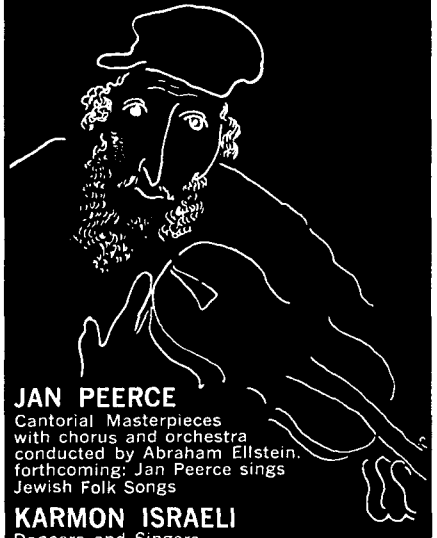

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THE AMEN CORNER

The Packaging Age

AN EXCELLENT chance to consider certain questions of jazz esthetics is afforded by a new retrospective album, *Woody Herman—'The Thundering Herds'* (Columbia C3L 25). This consists of three LPs containing forty-five tracks recorded between 1945 and 1947 by Herman's so-called First and Second Herds, each with eighteen or so players, and by his smaller, nine-piece combination known as the Woodchoppers. Herman's big bands were among the most famous and accomplished in jazz history. They were staffed with superb instrumentalists and included soloists of high inventive flair such as Sonny Berman, trumpet; Bill Harris, trombone; Flip Phillips, Zoot Sims and Stan Getz, tenor saxophones. Among the skilled arrangers were Ralph Burns, Neal Hefti and Shorty Rogers.

It has long seemed to me—and my feeling is only heightened by this album—that big-band jazz confronts many temptations that work against the essentials of the jazz spirit. That spirit is one of spontaneity, spontaneity felt by the player as an ease of his playing mood, which may rise to ardent improvisation. The finest moments of jazz, for me, are those in which gifted players, feeling this ease among each other, are stirred to show us what the inventive musical capacity can produce. I think, for example, of Joe Smith playing his limpid trumpet behind the voice of Bessie Smith; of any number of collective improvisations by masters of the traditional New Orleans small-band style; of Charlie Parker shaping his elaborate alto saxophone melodies above a super-sympathetic rhythm section; of the trumpeter Miles Davis in wonderful rapport with his pianist Wynton Kelly (a latter-day Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines).

Of one thing we can be certain: wherever this spontaneity exists, there will be no sense of regimentation, drill-mastery, the mechanical. To be sure, there have been big bands that have known their orchestrations so well they could play them with a fire of freshness and support their soloists in the same spirit (e.g., much music by Duke Ellington and the early Count Basie). But this will depend in large measure on the kinds of arrangements played and on the human atmosphere in the band. And in the big-band world, as I have noted, there are dangerous temptations.

Bill Harris—"one of the most extended and beautiful of all jazz trombone solos."

One is what might be called the lure of finish. This is, as we know, a mechanical age, much impressed by swift and exact techniques, complex efficiency, sleek perfections—all outwardly symbolized by the love of glossy packaging. All these appeal to many musicians as well as to innumerable listeners. Sheer musical virtuosity, with or without intensity of feeling, has an enormous market, not only because of the reach of modern communication networks, but also because it suits the mechanized temper of the times. Groups of instrumentalists as brilliant as Woody Herman's can be drilled to perform difficult jazz orchestrations with dazzling finesse. But this kind of thing requires incessant rehearsal and concentration on polish. And while the resulting package may be all agleam, the atmosphere of ease and spontaneity which prompts good jazz playing may have been lost in the process.

ANOTHER big-band temptation I will call the lure of power. A typical big-band jazz ensemble, including five or six brass (trumpets and trombones) and five or six saxophones, is a dynamically loaded outfit. It can indulge in loud, explosive attack, big volumes of sound (capped, if it wishes, by high trumpet screaming), and the thickest imaginable chords. The result has been, all too often, an absurdly inappropriate declamatory style, an inflated musical rhetoric (ludicrous, if it were not, first of all, painful) applied to essentially simple material—popular song themes,

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simple jazz motifs. Again, the misplaced skill and effort involved in this musical overweighting detracts from, if it does not destroy, the easy mood that stimulates fine jazz playing.

These points are all emphasized, for me, by the Woody Herman album—all the more so because the players are so talented and their drilling so precise. The collection revives many pleasures and more regrets: the sense of slick or ornate packaging (with little content) is recurrent. There are numerous commercial ballads in pretty costume. There are jazz stomps in which the soloists seem hurried along in a general push toward scintillating briskness (which, to be sure, is usually achieved). There is little time allowed for the ruminative musical instinct. I feel relieved when the program reaches the small Woodchoppers band, when tensions seem to be relaxed and the music-making has an impromptu feeling.

IN closing, I should repeat that the big Herman Herds were remarkable groups of players, and their potential was indicated by the two most striking numbers in the album. Each is a classic in romantic jazz; in each case Ralph Burns wrote and arranged a lovely piece of syncopation which seemed to inspire the players lyrically (Burns himself may have had a good deal to do with this). There is the jazz rhumba "Bijou," which projects Bill Harris into one of the most extended and beautiful of all jazz trombone solos (and he is noteworthy throughout the album). And, secondly, there is the pulsing, shadowy "Lady McGowan's Dream," on which Woody Herman comments as follows: "Ralph wrote this . . . in honor of a woman, supposedly a 'literary celebrity,' who entertained the entire band lavishly in her suite at the Ambassador East in Chicago. It was a big thing—with the wine stewards and the caviar . . . But it turned out to be a great hoax. I don't think she had a quarter to her name. What happened to her? Nothing, so far as I know. After all, what do you do, keep people like that in jail?" —WILDER HOBSON.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: FOLK MUSIC

PERFORMER, TITLES, DATA	REPORT
Lynn Gold: "Sakura," "Katie Cruel," "Hound Dog," "Bonny Boy," "Choucounne," "Sweet Potatoes," "The Melora Ballad," "Monday Morning," "Anathea," "I Once Loved a Boy," two others. Warner Brothers, W-1495, $3.98.	"My Son the. . . ." may be the most profitable folk singer on the Warner Brothers roster, but a dark-haired newcomer named Lynn Gold is clearly the most talented. Sounding a bit like Joan Baez in the more intense songs, and with a vocal grace reminiscent of Mary O'Hara in the lyrical ones, Miss Gold shares with both of these artists strong sensitivity and a rewarding directness of communication. She also commands a remarkable range of vocal timbres, thereby adding color and variety to her already well-varied program. A certain stridency of sound in some of the ballads here would seem to be more a matter of microphone placement than a musical shortcoming on Miss Gold's part; in any event, it detracts only slightly from a highly impressive recording debut.
Tour the World: The Dauphins. "The Flowers," "Two Guitars," "The Rabbi's Song," "All My Love," "Midnight in Moscow," "Erev Shel Shoshanim," "Oh Mowry Boys," five others. Algon MG 2551, $3.98.	The Dauphins, a duo comprising Dimitri Bolgar and Daniel Delmont, have evidently concertized extensively in Europe and the Middle East, but further data on the gentlemen is not vouchsafed on their first American recording. Perhaps the simplest way to characterize them would be as a sort of international Kingston Trio. Their voices are pleasant, their manner suave, and their polished arrangements lean more heavily to the pop than the folk. Withal, the Dauphins bring a genial, easy-going flair to their material, and their unhackneyed garland of song from France, Russia, Israel, New Zealand, and sundry other lands is thus quite attractive.
Walk Right In!: The Rooftop Singers. "Walk Right In," "Shoes," "Houston Special," "Cool Water," "Ham and Eggs," "Stagolee," "Ha Ha Thisaway," "Brandy Leave Me Alone," five others. Vanguard VRS 9123, $4.98.	Erik Darling, formerly of the Weavers and even more formerly of the Tarriers, has organized himself a new group—and it is a group of considerable promise if only moderate fulfilment. The Rooftop Singers (the other members are Lynne Taylor and Bill Svanoe) offer zesty performances of undeniable lilt and vitality, perhaps even with a more pronounced folk "feel" than that engendered by most similar ensembles; on the other hand, their vocal limitations are evident, and they have yet to settle upon a completely distinctive style. Darling, of course, is one of the finest banjo and guitar players in the business, and the group's virtuoso accompaniments in large measure compensate for the rather pedestrian vocal arrangements.
World Tour with Folk Songs: Stephen Addiss and Bill Crofut. "Arirang," "Buddy Bolden," "Motherless Child," "The Keeper," "Ragaputi," "In the Evening," "Naik Naik," nine others. Folkways FA 2405, $5.95.	Stephen Addiss and Bill Crofut are names new to me, but obviously not to our State Department, which selected the two young balladeers to make extended concert tours through Africa and Asia. Judging from this colorful and unusual musical diary—taped during actual performances—Addiss and Crofut are versatile and resourceful musicians, and eminently successful ambassadors of good will. Bridging the language gap, they teach a Burmese audience to sing along with "Kisses Sweeter Than Wine," join with native Gamelan musicians in a delightfully unique version of "Oh Susanna," and prove their own linguistic aptitude with an array of fascinating songs from India, Indonesia, Korea, and Kenya. Sonic quality is generally very good, the only problem being a tendency for the instrumental accompaniments to overbalance the vocal line.
Yiddish Folk Songs: Netania Davrath, with Orchestra/Robert DeCormier. "A Dudele," "Nigun," "Reizele," nine others. Vanguard VRS 9117, $4.98.	Exquisite performances by Netania Davrath and a thoroughly engaging assortment of Jewish melodies combine to make delectable listening indeed. Robert DeCormier has contributed arrangements and accompaniments in impeccable taste (as usual), contributing further to what is surely one of the most beautiful folk albums on the market.
The Jewish Heart: Dina Claire, with Orchestra/Kermit Leslie. "Ay Ay Hora," "Sha Shtil," "Unter Boymer," "Eli Eli," "Chassidic Dance," seven others. Algon MG 2550, $3.98.	Dina Claire, an alumna of the Broadway and Hollywood casts of *Gypsy*, herein turns her light, twinkling voice to a dozen familiar Yiddish tunes, with generally agreeable results. In complete contrast to the dignity and musical refinement of the Netania Davrath collection described above, Kermit Leslie's arrangements are pop-oriented, a bit pretentious, and, on occasion, more than a bit on the vulgar side. Nor does Miss Claire lose any opportunity of indulging in extraneous flights of coloraturic fancy. Still, she brings an abundance of good cheer and comfortable sentiment to the songs, and there is enough pleasant singing (between high notes) to make a diverting album.
Cossacks of the Ukraine: Various Artists. "A Light Rain is Falling," "The Cuckoo Song," "In the Field," "My Thoughts," eight others. Monitor MF 394, $4.98.	The Cossacks of the title fail to materialize musically in this seventh album of Ukrainian songs and dances to appear under the aegis of Monitor, but at least ten other choral groups, soloists, and ensembles foregather to provide a moderately entertaining Slavic songfest. An overabundance of slow, soulful numbers tends to ponderize the proceedings somewhat, but much of the singing is quite beautiful, and all of it is authentic.
Lisbon by Night: Maria José da Guia. José Borges, Valentina Félix, other artists. "Aninhas," "Cantares de Madeira," "Sem Razão," "Não Tentes," eight others. Monitor MF 393, $4.98.	The moody, nostalgic *fados* of Portugal are herein performed by six of the leading exponents of this national song form, but a remarkable folk ensemble known as "Conjunto Cantares de Portugal" most definitely dominates. Singing with exuberance and humor, and drawing their ballads from Madeira and the folk traditions of various provinces, the "Conjunto" portrays an entirely different side of Portuguese musical life. Their gay and sparkling tunes are much closer to the spirit of flamenco in their unflagging buoyancy and rhythmic lilt, and as such they provide a perfect foil for the brooding, sensuous aura of the *fado*.
Whaler Out of New Bedford and Other Songs of the Whaling Era: Ewan MacColl, Peggy Seeger, and A. L. Lloyd. "Boney," "Mary Ann," "The Coast of Peru," "Homeward Bound," "Desolation," "The Boston-Come-All-Ye," many others. Folkways FS 3850, $5.95.	During the early 1800s, the spiritual ancestors of Burton Holmes devised the "traveling panorama," consisting of hundreds of descriptive pictures, painted on canvas and mounted on rollers, to illustrate their talks. A few years ago, one such "Panorama of a Whaling Voyage Around the World" was converted into a documentary film called *Whaler Out of New Bedford,* and Peggy Seeger and Ewan MacColl spun a finely nautical background score for it. MacColl, with his craggy voice and rough-hewn honesty, is an ideal interpreter of sea shanties, and he is ably abetted by a small male chorus and (occasionally) Miss Seeger. The strong sense of maritime verisimilitude is further heightened by occasional sounds of cackling gulls, stormy winds, and even some harmonious South Sea chants (recorded on the Island of Tongo). Complementing this fascinating pageant, MacColl, Seeger, and A. L. Lloyd present a more conventional, but no less salty recital of nine additional shanties.
Folk Music of Washington Square. "I Never Will Marry," "Roving Gambler," "Two Brothers," "Marianne," "Hard Traveling," "Hiroshima," "How Long Blues," fifteen others. Folkways FA 2353, $5.95.	"Embarrassing" is the word that most readily comes to mind in description of this hopelessly amateurish musical hodgepodge. Poorly recorded (on location) and clumsily edited by Melvin T. Reiter, the album preserves for posterity the balladic outpourings of nearly two dozen youngsters of little skill and less musicality. Frankly, I cannot imagine why such an esteemed company as Folkways has seen fit to propagate it. With but few exceptions (Henry Schifter, Ana Perez, and Henry Bradley do show glimmers of real talent, for instance), these Washington Squares have nothing of interest to offer vocally or stylistically. —ROBERT SHERMAN.

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Tapes

continued from page 63

Quadri conducting the Covent Garden Orchestra. London LOL-90058, $7.95.

*VERDI: "Un ballo in maschera"—excerpts from complete recording by Birgit Nilsson, Carlo Bergonzi, Giulietta Simionato, *et al.*, with Georg Solti conducting the Santa Cecilia Orchestra. London LOL-90060, $7.95.

*WAGNER: "Siegfried," complete. Birgit Nilsson, Joan Sutherland, Wolfgang Windgassen, Hans Hotter, Gerhard Stolze, Gustav Neidlinger, with Georg Solti conducting the Vienna Philharmonic. London LOY-90062 (three reels), $33.95.

"THE BEST OF TEBALDI"—Renata Tebaldi in arias from *Bohème, Tosca, Fanciulla del West, Madama Butterfly, Turandot, Andrea Chenier, Adriana Lecouvreur, and Mefistofele.* London LOL-90059, $7.95.

Piano Solo

*BEETHOVEN: Sonatas No. 15 in D, Opus 28 ("Pastorale"), No. 26 in E flat, Opus 81a ("Les Adieux"), No. 30 in E, Opus 109, & No. 32 in C minor, Opus 111. Wilhelm Backhaus. London LCK-80121 (two reels), $11.95.

*SCHUMANN: "Carnaval," Opus 9, and "Fantasiestücke," Opus 12. Artur Rubinstein. RCA Victor FTC-2150, $8.95.

Vladimir Horowitz in three Scarlatti sonatas, Schumann's Toccata & "Kinderszenen," Schubert's Impromptu in G flat (Opus 90, No. 3), and three short works by Scriabin. Columbia MQ-519, $7.95.

—RICHARD FREED.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 8, 4, 14, 2, 7, 9, 6, 13, 12, 10, 5, 3, 1, 11.

Sources (Column One): (1. "The Expedtiion of Humphry Clinker (Smollett). 2. "The Duchess of Malfi" (Webster). 3. "The Catcher in the Rye" (Salinger). 4. "Wuthering Heights" (Brontë). 5. "Hamlet" (Shakespeare). 6. "Ah Wilderness' (O'Neill). 7. "Great Expectations" (Dickens). 8. "Antigone" (Sophocles). 9. "The House of the Seven Gables" (Hawthorne). 10. "Penrod" (Tarkington). 11. "Twelfth Night" (Shakespeare). 12. "The Mill on the Floss" (Eliot). 13. "The Fall of the House of Usher" (Poe). 14. "Wieland" (Brown).

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Beatrice et Benedict

Colin Davis—"able and sympathetic."

A QUESTION that often vexes devotees of Berlioz—the extent of that master's feeling for the stage—comes up again with the release of his opera *Béatrice et Bénédict* in an excellent new recording (L'Oiseau-Lyre Stereo SOL 256/7, also available in monaural) conducted by Colin Davis. The overture to this comedy in music is, of course, a familiar concert item. Heard much less, yet known to connoisseurs, is the tender duet for Héro and Ursule, "Vous soupirez, madame!"—so reminiscent in its intertwining of the women's voices and even in its harmonic scheme of the "Troyens" duo for Dido and Anna. Beyond these two numbers, *Béatrice* (Berlioz's final opera and one of his most intimate works) has always been more or less of a closed book to music lovers. It was performed as a concert piece in New York a few seasons back by Thomas Scherman with soloists, chorus, and the Little Orchestra. This single hearing, however, could not bring an elusive work into complete focus; and of recordings, up to this welcome new one, there have been none.

Listening to the Oiseau-Lyre release awakens fresh doubts about Berlioz as a practical man of the theatre. Even this composer's greatest opera, *Les Troyens*, filled for the most part with sublime musical inspiration, misses the aura of footlights. The central characters are brilliantly drawn—especially Cassandra—with Dido and Aeneas standing in noble relief. A lack of definition, however, persists among the secondary persons. Their music and their timing come largely out of a single mold; they lack profile. Too often Berlioz, the symphonic revolutionary, banks his fires on stage. He does, of course, remain his compelling self in the great moments: the entrance of the horse into Troy, the Royal Hunt, the septet, the death of Dido; but immediacy of dramatic effect seems to have interested him less than deep-seated psychological truth or the inner tensions of the music. With Berlioz, the real sphere of action lay not on any stage but in his boldly imaginative fancy. Quite ironically, this composer, whose symphonies have been labeled "theatrical" by their detractors, had no real affinity for the theatre as we know it.

In *Béatrice et Bénédict*, composed in the style of *opéra-comique*, Berlioz employed the old "set number" form, using spoken dialogue to bind the musical pieces one with another. It was his final opera, written for the new house at Baden-Baden in 1862; and like Verdi's farewell, it was based upon a comedy by Shakespeare—in this case, *Much Ado About Nothing*. In further resemblance, each has its share of what might be called "old man's music," with perfection of craft, refinement of taste compensating in part for a lack of melodic vigor. *Falstaff*—warm, human, skilfully integrated—is the more successful of the two. Compared with it, *Béatrice et Bénédict* seems fragmentary and cerebral. Yet there are some heavenly individual numbers: the duet for Héro and Ursula mentioned above; Béatrice's aria, "Il m'en souvient"; and a ravishing trio for the three women. Nor do the beauties of the score stop here. Almost every page bears musical distinction. But does it hold the interest as a work conceived for the stage? In this respect, the little comedy falls short. It is crisp, detached, and elegant rather than communicative; literary rather than theatrical.

THE present performance is conducted expertly by Colin Davis. This young maestro, with his previous Oiseau-Lyre recording of *L'Enfance du Christ* and now of *Béatrice et Bénédict*, has established himself as one of the most able and sympathetic Berlioz interpreters of our time. He has temperament, clarity, command of color, and—to top these qualities—an extraordinary feeling for the right tempo. The London Symphony Orchestra plays with sparkling spirit under his direction. Chorus is good, and the youthful vocalists in the principal roles never let the listener down—yet neither do they raise him up. One of the joys of the new set remains the searching, finely spun balance between solo voices and orchestra. The sound of this *Béatrice et Bénédict* is as near perfection as a current recording can bring.

—ROBERT LAWRENCE.

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Nureyev

Continued from page 58

de Valois could have been no less than an extraordinary person to begin with. There was nothing in her background to serve as a presage, except, perhaps, the fact that her father was a distinguished army officer and hence at least potentially the source of her ability to fight and her propensity for giving orders. She has described herself as "a Dubliner tamed at the age of nine by an English hockey field and an east wind." The hockey field and the wind are not to be denied; the taming remains somewhat more controversial. The de-Irishing process, however, began when she was about to enter "show business" and her teens at roughly the same time. Her mother abolished the fine, strong name with which Dame Ninette was born—Edris Stannus— and selected a stage name for her.

In that day, when the Edwardian era had just ended, it would never have done to drag a good family name into the eyebrow-raising world of dancing. At first Mama toyed with the idea of de Montmorency, for that ancient Huguenot family was in the ancestral Stannus background. But for her final choice she made a complete *volte-face*, politically and religiously, for she had fallen in love with Dumas's "Marguerite de Valois." (The Ninette was just "for fancy").

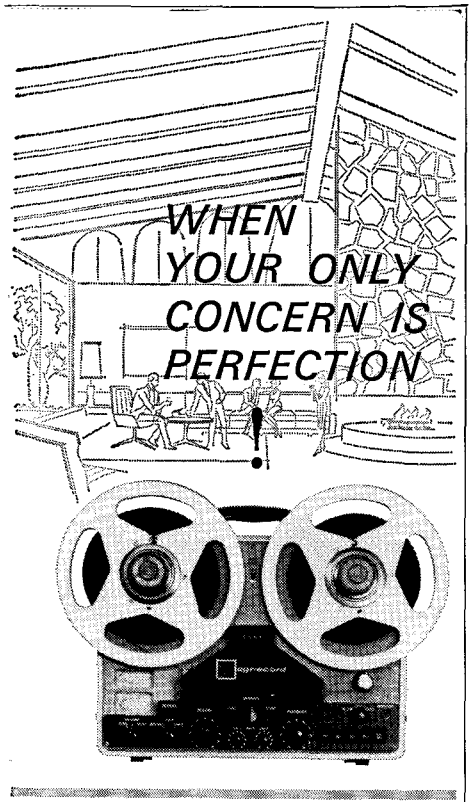
The poor child was apparently never to be too successful with names. Diaghileff could not abide this one, partly because all his dancers must at least pretend to be Russian, and partly because he was no partisan of the Valois dynasty. But Ninette was no pushover in an argument, and the compromise name that finally appeared on the programs was Nina Devalois.

As things worked out, Mrs. Stannus's choice had something to be said for it. After all, "la p'tite Margot" was the daughter of Catherine de' Medici who was responsible for the *Ballet Comique de la Reine*, to all intents and purposes the beginning of the ballet as an artistic entity. Far-fetched, perhaps, but many a prophecy has been rationalized from sketchier contexts.

But neither hypothetical heredities nor *ex post facto* prophecies can account for the overpowering realities of this present-day Valois. Quite apart from her artistic perceptions and capacities, she manages to combine the devoutness of a sophisticated Joan of Arc (she first heard her voices in the Diaghileff period) with the procedural methods of the Red Queen. The fact that she is also an eminently feminine woman does nothing to mitigate the single-minded ruthlessness to which she has subjected not only her devoted, beloved and cannily chosen co-workers, but also herself.

Physically she has driven herself unremittingly, even through the periodic seizures of migraine that have long bedeviled her. Artistically she has laid aside first her own dancing, then her own choreography, in order to devote herself to that "incessant organization" which as she learned from Diaghileff, "spells creation." On this "concrete foundation" many dancers have been enabled "to achieve their ambitions," foremost among them being Dame Margot Fonteyn, the very epitome of the classic ballerina. It has also provided the stage for the emergence of one of the two great choreographers of our time, Sir Frederick Ashton, who has worked with her almost from the start as choreographer-in-chief, has been her associate director in recent years, and is now to succeed her. (If, indeed, she has produced him—and she has—he has also produced her, as the foremost of her gloriously brow-beaten colleagues).

Despite her unquestioned domina-



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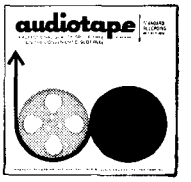

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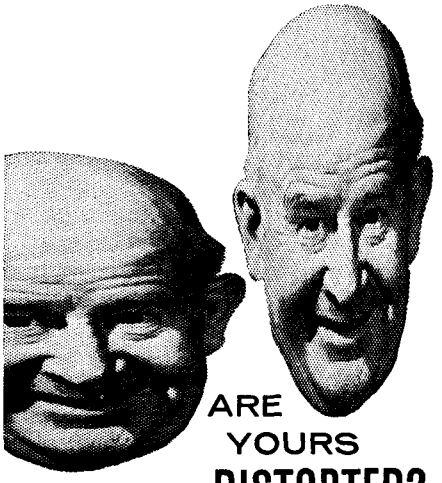

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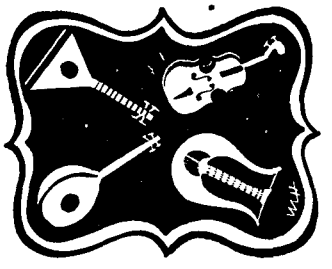
tion of the organization, she has never worked for herself, for honor or glory or personal power. Undoubtedly, like any other hearer of voices, she puts a high valuation on the mission she has had to perform, and since she is a woman of great intelligence, she cannot be unaware of having performed it well. But her attitude has always been plainly that of one working in trust for the future, as it were, a national trust, a cultural trust, or what you will, but something large, impersonal, and enduring.

Back in 1932, when the Vic-Wells Ballet was just coming into being, she stated unequivocally that if the company did not "survive many a director" it would have "failed utterly in the eyes of the first dancer to hold that post." That she is turning the directorship over now to a successor is clearly in accord with that early conviction.

What is encouraging about it is the definite implication that in her mind (and she should know) the foundation has been solidly laid, the institution is established, healthy and in every way equipped to carry on after she releases the reins. That it will carry on differently under Sir Frederick, who is supremely and exclusively the artist rather than the organizer, is certainly at least as evident to her as it is to the rest of us, and she must be eager to see her own work justified by a successful second flowering. Her eye has always been focused on the future, and here it is.

There is no possibility whatever of her retiring into any sort of isolation from the project. Indeed, she will be appointed Life Governor of the Royal Ballet School, which is the darling of her heart. With its two sections, a day school and a boarding school for "juniors," she has within her vision a large segment of that future for which she is so zealous.

When Prime Ministers retire from office (by request, as it were) it is customary to make earls of them. Surely Dame Ninette cannot be allowed to retire with no equivalent honor. She has been in office far longer than most Prime Ministers and who can say that she has done less? The new year, then, should in all justice find her Countess of—shall we say Islington?



LETTERS TO THE
RECORDINGS EDITOR

STUDENTS ALL

YOUR REVIEW of the new Mercury recording of the Eastman Philharmonia Orchestra [*SR*, Mar. 30] gives a very misleading impression that the orchestra has not been entirely composed of students of the Eastman School of Music. As a member of the Eastman Philharmonia Orchestra for the last three years, I can assure you that both during the tour of Europe and in the recording the orchestra was made up of regular Eastman students only. . . .

The young flutist in the Kennan number was Susan Levitin.

LAURENCE R. TAYLOR.
Hillsdale, Mich.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Both points of information are missing from the record sleeve.*

CALLAS AS CARMEN

IN RESPONSE TO a letter you published regarding the possibility of Callas as Carmen [*SR*, Jan. 26], I would have you take note that this rumor has been spreading through the South for some time now. I sincerely hope that the talk produces results. . . .

BOB BROWN.
Houston, Tex.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Capitol hopes so, too.*

LEINSDORF: PROS AND CONS

I AM APPALLED at the letter signed "Bostonian" [*SR*, Mar. 30].

It does not seem to me that the letters column of a national weekly is the proper place to carry on a discussion about the merits or demerits of a conductor. But even if it were, to publish an unsigned letter from someone who by his own admission, has attended half a concert and listened to a few radio broadcasts seems to me less like responsible music criticism than like spiteful gossip-mongering.

JOHN HOLT.
Boston, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Bostonian's" letter was neither unsigned nor anonymous. The signature was omitted by SR at the writer's request.*

ONE FOR LEINSDORF

THE BEST THING that has happened to the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the last thirteen years is the resignation of Charles Munch. Stripped of the programs presented by guest conductors, the shell that remains is hardly a tribute to the vast and varied repertoire that is available. Bach, Beethoven, Debussy, Ravel, Brahms (it doesn't matter which composer you choose) all sounded the same under Munch—French!

Half a concert under Leinsdorf is for us a more rewarding musical experience than a whole season under Munch. Unlike

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"Bostonian," we need no pseudonym, and we are not afraid of disturbing the "peace in our town."

MR. AND MRS. LOUIS ISAACSON.

Woburn, Mass.

ONE FOR "BOSTONIAN"

I HAD JUST decided to skip the forthcoming Boston Symphony concert in Chicago (the first in ten years) when I read with delight the letter from "Bostonian."

I have long regretted that Mr. Munch and his orchestra did not appear here after 1953, and this regret stemmed not only from a desire to hear Munch, whom I happen to like very much, but from a deep wish to hear the Boston Symphony in concert. Why, then, have I decided not to go when the orchestra is at last scheduled to play in Orchestra Hall? Precisely for the reasons which your correspondent has cited.

Mr. Leinsdorf demonstrated long ago, through records, that his approach to music is uncomplicated and simple. He is content merely to play the notes and secure technical perfection. He almost invariably lets other conductorial considerations go to the winds. Thus, one receives from him excellent playing and precise ensemble—and nothing else. Of course, this is an important part of the conductor's task, but when the final tally is taken it stands, I think, as the less important part. . . .

I am saddened that the orchestra of Nikisch, Muck, Monteux, Koussevitzky, and Munch should have come to such straits, and can only hope that we do not have to wait another thirteen years, let alone twenty-five, before live music returns to Boston.

DONALD H. TAIT.

Evanston, Ill.

DISCIPLINE AND MASTERY

IT IS A GREAT PUZZLE to me that often two people listening to the same concert will respond in such opposite ways. How can exactly the same sounds arouse such different feelings? I wondered about this again as I read the letter from "Bostonian" concerning the Boston Symphony and Mr. Leinsdorf. What your correspondent hears as "goose-stepping," I hear as the marvelous discipline and mastery which are so important to any great musical performance. But beyond that, I hear an eloquent and direct communication of the music itself, which gives me the greatest feeling of excitement and exhilaration. . . .

MARGARET W. WOODWORTH.

Belmont, Mass.

WORDS BY HOLIDAY

THANK YOU FOR "Lovelorn Lady," Stanley and Helen Dance's fine article on the incomparable Billie Holiday [*SR*, Jan. 12]. My husband and I, both avid *Saturday Review* readers and jazz addicts, were delighted to hear Lady Day's praises being sung.

The Dances, however, stand corrected on one small issue—specifically, the lyric of "Riffin' the Scotch," which was misquoted. Billie, who recorded this in 1933, backed by Teagarden, Goodman, and Krupa among others, was allowed an all-too-short middle chorus, and the words she wailed were, correctly quoted, as follows:

And right into the fire
I jumped out of the fryin' pan
Well, I lost me a cheatin' man
And got a no-count liar.

Swapped the old for the new one
Now the new one's breakin' my heart
I jumped out of the fryin' pan
And right into the fire
Lord, right into the fire.

Billie Holiday does indeed live on in her records! Thanks again to the Dances for remembering, reliving, and reminding.

SUSAN E. WAND.

New York, N.Y.

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Writers' Conferences

Continued from page 51

MICHIGAN WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of English Department, University of Michigan, will meet May 23-24 at Ann Arbor, Mich. Founded 1951. Director: R. F. Haugh. Staff: Sheridan Baker (fiction workshop), Radcliffe Squires (poetry workshop), Kenneth Rowe (drama workshop). Visiting lecturers: Arthur Miller, Robert Murphy. Tuition: $5 (includes luncheon). Last year's enrolment: did not meet. For information, write Professor R. F. Haugh, Department of English, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Michigan State University, Oakland, and Detroit Women Writers Club, will meet Oct. 5. Founded 1962. Last year's attendance: 361. For staff, program, and tuition, write Mrs. Priscilla Jackson, Division of Continuing Education, Oakland University, Rochester, Mich.

OMAHA WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under auspices of Creighton University, will meet May 11-12 at Omaha, Nebr. Founded 1946. Director: L. V. Jacks. For information, write Miss Amelia Hartman, 2405 Cuming St., Omaha 31, Nebr.

EASTERN NEW MEXICO WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under auspices of Eastern New Mexico University, will meet June 26-29 at Portales, New Mex. Founded 1952. Director: Dr. E. Debs Smith. Staff: Wilfred McCormick, Dr. B. June West, Dr. Jim Penrod. $200 cash awards for best writing submitted. Tuition: $12. Room and board: $3.50 per day. Last year's enrollment: 100. For information, write Dr. E. Debs Smith, Eastern New Mexico University, Portales, N.M.

SHORT COURSE IN PROFESSIONAL WRITING, under auspices of University of Oklahoma, will meet June 5-7 at Norman, Okla. Founded 1938. Director: Foster-Harris. Associate Director: Helen Reagan Smith. Staff: Dwight V. Swain, Harry Harcher (short story), Bob and Wanda Duncan (TV and movie writing), Fred Grove (novel), Mrs. Vera Holding (poetry), Mrs. Ennen Reaves Hall (confession story), Ralph Martin (technical writing). Guest speakers: Margaret Cousins, Oliver G. Swan, Phyllis Grann, Annie Laurie Williams, Bill Butchart, Savoie Lottinville, Glenn Bradley, Lawrence V. Fisher. Tuition: $15. Last year's enrollment: 367. For information, write Professor Foster-Harris, Director, Short Course in Professional Writing, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.

UNIVERSITY OF TULSA WRITERS' CONFERENCE will meet Oct. 11-12 at Tulsa, Okla. Director: Winston Weathers. Staff and program to be announced. For information, write Winston Weathers, English Dept., University of Tulsa, Tulsa 4, Okla.

PHILADELPHIA REGIONAL WRITERS' CONFERENCE, under the auspices of a number of writers' clubs in the Philadelphia area, will meet on June 5-7 at the Warwick

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Hotel, Philadelphia. Founded 1949 by Florence Kerigan, honorary president. President: Walter M. Breish. First Vice-President: Joseph L. Fox. Staff: David Appel (articles and features), Pauline Bloom (short story), Richard Fitzgerald (literary story), Arno Karlen (short story), Claude Koch (novel), Jay Kogan (drama), Elliott McDowell (basic problems), Aurelia Reigner (juveniles), Malcolm Stewart (technical writing), Flora Stross (young adult novel), David Taylor (history and biography), Howard A. Wiley (poetry). Awards and scholarships. Tuition: one three-day workshop, $7; two or more workshops, $6 each. Special room rates at Warwick Hotel for conferees. Last year's attendance: 200. For information, write Mrs. Sylvia Berman, Registrar, P.O. Box 897, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA CONFERENCE FOR READERS AND WRITERS, under auspices of English Dept., University of Pittsburgh, met on March 29. Director: Edwin L. Peterson. Lecturers: Cameron Hawley, George White, Julian Moynahan, Kenneth Muir, Rolfe Humphries. For information about 1964 conference, write Edwin L. Peterson, The English Department, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa.

CORPUS CHRISTI FINE ARTS COLONY WRITERS' WORKSHOP will meet at Del Mar College, Corpus Christi, Tex., June 2-14. Director: George G. Williams. For information, write J. P. Rabalais, P. O. Box 462, Corpus Christi, Tex.

PINEYWOODS WRITERS' CONFERENCE met April 25-27 at Stephen F. Austin State College, Nacogdoches, Tex. For information about 1964 conference, write Elma Heard, Director, Box 457, SFA Station, Nacogdoches, Tex.

TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL ROUNDUP, LEAGUE OF UTAH WRITERS will meet at Salt Lake City, Utah, Sept. 6-8. Founded 1935. Director: C. Cameron Johns. Staff to be announced. For information, write Bonnie Emmertson, Secretary, 530 Colorado St., Salt Lake City 16, Utah.

LEAGUE OF VERMONT WRITERS' SUMMER INSTITUTE will meet July 11-12 at the Student Lounge, University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt. Director: Gary Earl Heath. Lectures to be announced. For information, write Gary Earl Heath, P.O. Box 104, St. Albans, Vt.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST INTERNATIONAL WRITERS CONFERENCE will meet July 25-27 at the University of Washington, Seattle, Wash. Founded 1956. Officers: Tom E. Clarke, President; Lucile McDonald, Vice-President; Zea Sherburne, Secretary. Workshops in all phases of writing. Staff to be announced. The 1963 Editors Panel Awards for members of conference. $25 cash award in each of four categories. Tuition: $15. Room rates: single, $4.50; double, $6.50, at the Men's Residence of the University of Washington. Last year's attendance: 350. For information, write Tom E. Clarke, President, Pacific Northwest International Writers Conference, 15531 Ninth N.E., Seattle 55, Wash.

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(Continued from page 75)

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RIVERSIDE HOTEL-MOTEL. Informal seaside relaxation. Bountiful meals. Near beach, art colony, golf. Moderate rates. Color folder. Ogunquit 2, Maine.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

NASSAU, BAHAMAS—Ocean Spray Guest House. Facing beach. $5 single, $7 double. Box 1558, Nassau.

CHRISTMAS TREE INN. AAA. Deliberate informality. Lakeside resort with private cottages nestled in pines. Central dining room and lodge. Excellent meals. Sandy beach, good fishing. Open June to September. Bridgton 5, Maine.

PEACE . . . PRIVACY . . . MARTHA'S VINEYARD! Writers, painters, naturalists especially welcomed. Housekeeping cottages available at Horizon Murals, RFD, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

TENNIS: 4 Clay Courts. Sun-drenched Florida Keys. Write: Hawthorne Bissell, Islamorada, Florida Keys.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Beautiful vacationland in a setting of rare, natural beauty. 2,150' high in the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Private pond, trout fishing. Excellent food, accommodations, genuine hospitality. Brochure. Sue & Alex Zoesch invite you.

MONADNOCK REGION. Beauty, charm, relaxation, towering pines, swimming pool, shuffleboard, your own lodge, delicious meals. Open mid-May to mid-October. Write Palmer Lodge, Keene 4, N.H.

THE ARTS COME TO LIFE summers on the Goddard College campus. Vacation home for amateur chamber musicians, painters, crafts workers, offers low-pressure life, professional staff to work with and learn from. Green Mountain scenery, weekly concerts. Special opportunity for recorder players, including American Recorder Society Summer School, July 7th to 20th. Stay one week or all summer, June 30th to August 25th. Bulletin: Music and Art Center, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

FARMS AND HOTELS for adults and families, near New York. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

SHAWMUT INN. Oceanfront resort. Secluded, restful, informal. 32 rooms, 16 cottages. Chalet Motor Lodge. Heated pool. Fine food. Cocktails. Open May 24th. Kennebunkport, Maine.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

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VERMONT HOUSEKEEPING June and September: "Snug Harbor" (4 rooms over boathouse) or "Currier & Ives" Suite (3 rooms). Free boats, canoes, sailboats, tennis. Near golf, horses, White Mountains. Write Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th Street, NYC 10.

ON THE HERITAGE TRAIL . . . New England hospitality in modern setting at congenial, complete White Mountain resort. Prize-winning chef. The New England Inn, Intervale 9, New Hampshire.

VACATIONS

THE BROOKFIELD CRAFT CENTER. Enjoy a vacation studying handcrafts with nationally-known instructors. Delightful surroundings. Write for brochure. Brookfield, Connecticut.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Cowslips! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

SEASHORE? Colonial Inn and Motel. Elevator. Informal. Folder. Ogunquit 5, Maine.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open Summer and Winter. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel) 21-40 years. Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $50 weekly. Bay Street Studio, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

ENJOY YOUR VACATION with your family at a New England lakeside resort. All facilities. American Plan or housekeeping cottages. Forrest Durkee, Wolfeboro 18, N.H.

ROCKPORT. You will love this photoscenic year 'round New England seacoast town. Sea birds, flowers, the leisurely pace, rockbound coast and clear, crisp air appeal to artists, photographers and vacationers. For free guidebook write: Board of Trade, Rockport 2, Massachusetts.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Excellent food, beautiful country. Rooms and cottages.

WENTWORTH WORKSHOP—paint and vacation in New Hampshire. Brochure. Box B-576.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $16.80 double occupancy, A.P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

YOU CAN HAVE IT ALL—the beauty, the peace, the superb food, the friendly, informal atmosphere. Winhall Mountain Lodge, Manchester, Vermont.

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PISGAH INN on Blue Ridge Parkway at Mt. Pisgah. High, cool, rustic comfort. Open fires, forest trails, marvelous views. Since 1920. R-2, Box 375ASR, Canton, N.C.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (Water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

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SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small, secluded, informal. American Plan. No cottages. Folder.

WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton P.O., New Hampshire.

WORLD-FAMOUS FISHING PORT and vacation area on cool, picturesque Cape Ann. Beaches, fishing, boating. For pictorial, informative folder write City Manager, Gloucester 5, Massachusetts.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

CANADA VACATION? Wooded island in beautiful lake. Eastern Ontario housekeeping cottages, $35-$45 weekly. Electricity. Quiet, refined. Box W-902.

(Continued on page 78)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 77)

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MANCHESTER-IN-THE-MOUNTAINS, VERMONT — Famous golf courses, trout fishing, swimming, hiking, summer theatre, art and music center. High Hill Apartments, completely and attractively furnished for housekeeping, magnificent views, spacious grounds, near town. Mrs. Harold E. Porter, Way's Lane, Manchester. Tel. Manchester 200.

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WISTFUL THINKING . . . I'll quit my job and write a novel. I'll run against Rockefeller . . . I'll live to see a tax reduction . . . I'll spend my vacation at Gurney's Inn. Nine acres of lush woodlands "On the Brink O' the Beach." Luxurious hostelry and private oceanside cottages . . . ambrosial food . . . gracious hospitality. Could you wish for more? Gurney's Inn, Montauk, L.I., 516-MO 8-2345. Write Dept. S-2 for Brochure.

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"AS WE HEADED OUT TO SEA we felt our spirits rising . . . air of radiant clarity, a sense of virgin remoteness . . . the distant island serene and unriddled." The Island Inn, Box C, Monhegan Island, Maine. Mainland garaging for all cars.

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REFRESHINGLY MAINE — Overlooking ocean, beach. Art colony, theatre. Informal, excellent food. Brochure. Hillcrest Inn, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

COLONIAL LONG ISLAND. Vacation this summer in Amagansett. The Ocean Dune Apartments offer luxuriously furnished, charming two and four room suites with kitchenettes, daily maid service, private sun decks, swimming pool and private beach. Golf privileges. Rates, application and brochure on request: BOwling Green 9-7299 NYC or Dial 516-AM 7-3406.

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TRAVEL

FLEXIBLE, LEISURELY TRAVEL by station wagon. Western Europe, Greece—groups of 4, 8, 16. High school, college. Some include language study, others student vacation centers, biking, hiking. Students Abroad. Gertrude Lange, Director, 200 East End, NYC 28, ENright 9-1395.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A. Stay at the Hotel Albert, East 10th Street and University Place, NYC. Kitchenettes available. Moderate rates. Call ORegon 7-0100.

WINDJAMMER CRUISES — Here's adventure right out of the pages of Joseph Conrad! Sign aboard world's largest staysail schooner, Polynesia, and leisurely explore remote Caribbean Islands in complete barefoot relaxation and informality. For casual, thinking people who are tired of being pampered at plush, pretentious resorts, there's Sailing, Fishing, Skindiving, and a daily ration of Grog, with small, friendly, coed group. 10 Days Before the Mast—$175. Write for illustrated booklet: Capt. Mike Burke, Dept. 23, P.O. Box 1051, Miami Beach 39, Florida. JEfferson 2-3407.

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EUROPEAN TOURS, 1963: June sailings, 28-60 days in Europe, $1,092-$1,495. Young Adults Tour, $1,375. Write Prof. L. Knecht, KNIGHT TOURS (SR), Northfield, Minnesota.

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HOLIDAY SCHOOLS ABROAD—unique, international six-week school-camp summer programs. Coed, 14-18. Switzerland, Israel, England—$895. Write/phone: Ruth Faine, Holiday Schools Abroad, Room 3100, 11 West 42nd, NYC 36, OXford 5-1360.

RENAISSANCE ART IN FLORENCE. Bucknell University professor. Three credits available. Excursions. Six weeks $690. U. S. National Student Association, Dept. F, 20 West 38th Street, New York 18.

PHILADELPHIA (on Penn Campus in "University City"). See famed African primitive sculpture at University Museum; new buildings by Eero Saarinen, Louis Kahn. Theatres, Philadephia Orchestra, Barnes Foundation. $5 single, $7 double, none higher, all private baths. NEW MARLYN HOTEL, Walnut at 40th, Philadelphia. 215-EVergreen 6-7100.

THE NICEST WAY to see Europe! English-French-German speaking guide will drive one to five persons in roomy Mercedes. Tours planned. Reservations made. W. H. Riegler, 33 Boulevard Lefebvre, Paris 15e.

STUDENT TRAVEL STUDENTS CAN AFFORD. 35 exciting itineraries, 35-60 land days, from $660 (including transportation). U.S. National Student Association, Dept. SR, 20 West 38th Street, New York 18.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, just east of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers quiet and privacy in the midst of town. Spacious air-conditioned accommodations with private bath, television and pantry. Superb restaurant and cocktail lounge. Family Plan and monthly rates available. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

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BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL has special WEEKEND rates—most attractive package plans for luxurious two- and three-day stays. Write or call for reservations. If you're driving to New York, ask for the road map showing how to avoid city traffic. You'll enjoy your visit because you're so near everything: theatres, shops, museums, art galleries, the United Nations. Two popular-priced restaurants offer delicious food. The Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge is delightful and commands breathtaking views of the city and the East River. Beekman Tower Hotel, 49th Street and 1st Avenue, New York 17, 212-EL 5-7300.

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WANTED: 10 VENTURESOME TRAVELERS. Luxury limousine coach with leader-driver and hostess going West on 4 camping-sightseeing tours. Motels utilized through East. Excellent food and all equipment provided, all-expense basis. June 1st—21 days: Grand Circle Tour—South Dakota, Wyoming, Colorado, $575. June 29th—15 days: Compact Circle—Yellowstone, Tetons, etc., $495. August 3rd—21 days: Wyoming Wind River Wilderness. Horseback and pack trip, tremendous scenery, memorable forever, $665. September 6th—15 days: Colorful Colorado—Highest mountains, Mesa Verde, $495. Write for itineraries, Modus Operandi: Murray deCamp Spear, Director, The Company of Voyageurs, 711 Valley Road, Mahwah, N.J.

TRAVEL

HENRY HUDSON HOTEL, 353 West 57th Street, NYC. Single rooms, private bath. $26 per week. Bus, subway at corner. Swimming pool. COlumbus 5-6100.

"MEDITERRANEAN HOLIDAY" CRUISES offer the trip of a lifetime at amazingly low cost! Elegant Italian Line steamers—Colombo, Saturnia, Vulcania—feature unexcelled cuisine and service, thrilling ports of call, plus glamorous stay ashore in Italy. 35 to 41 days, from $595 each for room with bath. Monthly departures. For brochure, Columbia Tours, Inc., 590 Fifth Avenue, NYC 36, COlumbus 5-2600.

FREIGHTER TRAVEL. Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook gives complete information on hundreds of lower cost trips you can take on passenger carrying freighters from U.S. and Canadian seaports to all parts of the world. New 21st edition shows where they go, how long they take, what they cost, gives addresses of Steamship Lines, everything needed for planning vacation travel. 112 pages fully illustrated, price $2.75 postpaid. (No C.O.D.s). Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook, Dept. 19, 2031 Glendon Avenue, Los Angeles 25, California.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

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EUROPE, June 28th, $997. An excellent tour—about 5½ weeks, personally conducted. Modern luxury boat, first class on European trains. Dr. Sharton's Transatlantic Tours, 1148 West Northshore Avenue, Chicago 26, Illinois.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1516

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. County, river, city (tourist resort), lakes, mountains, in Oregon, all named for an Indian tribe still living in the region.	10 156 79 204 141 104 17
B. Certain domestic animate appurtenances which may legally be distributed between two Moslem gentlemen (2 wds.).	187 132 171 75 119 167 81 136 199 96
C. Zeus's large family of girls by Mnemosyne, who went in for the sciences, poetry, music, the arts (2 wds.).	160 172 60 109 92 97 31 37 70
D. A leading comedienne of old silent movies who met a tragic end, 1930.	190 91 67 116 174 110 200
E. Enthralled.	137 175 58 29 169 78 155 191
F. With compliance; submissively.	43 14 33 93 107 193 9 180 40
G. The Pandava brother in the great Hindu epic, who represented firmness and integrity.	112 122 25 83 135 62 130 47 52 6 50 59
H. Describing side whiskers roundish at one end, narrow and prolonged at the other.	88 145 74 129 13 42 178 140 159 179
I. Having a tinge of one of the primary colors.	143 114 69 134 147 158 36 185 101
J. Engaged busily in trivial pursuits.	48 65 85 188 39 115 161

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
K. City, NW U.S., started by a great industrial plant and named for it, 1884.	181 24 8 103 125 198 57 86
L. Extra hand of cards dealt in some games for special reasons (2 wds.).	19 202 68 26 177 12 152 44
M. A compacted layer in soils through which it is difficult to dig.	168 73 124 118 157 76 182
N. Makes a specific gift to (2 wds.).	162 151 30 120 7 113 20 197 176 154
O. Noisy clattering crescendo climaxing with a sudden bigger sound (comp.).	123 189 139 153 149 4 51 22 54 100 80 166
P. Inclined to follow a leader.	184 203 63 35 21 146 55 144 126 194
Q. Straightforward.	1 186 71 108 105 95 99 15
R. What one likes to be served on.	133 11 34 148 102 192 3
S. Hunting.	98 89 165 117 173 53 16 183 106 121
T. Unsafe; uncertain.	72 23 111 45 163 128 49 64 82
U. Concomitant.	18 87 201 84 94 77 41 127 38
V. One category for many apples, many cherries, some plums, some grapes, and pomegranates (2 wds.).	56 131 150 2 66 28 32 195 138
W. Authoritative utterance.	61 164 90 142 196 170 46 27 5

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

		1 Q	2 V	3 R	4 O	5 W		6 G		7 N	8 K	9 F	10 A	11 R	12 L		13 H
14 F	15 Q		16 S	17 A	18 U	19 L		20 N	21 P	22 O		23 T	24 K	25 G		26 L	27 W
28 V	29 E	30 N		31 C	32 V	33 F		34 R	35 P	36 I	37 C	38 U	39 J	40 F		41 U	42 H
43 F		44 L	45 T	46 W	47 G		48 J	49 T	50 G		51 O	52 G	53 S		54 O	55 P	56 V
57 K	58 E		59 G	60 C	61 W		62 G	63 P	64 T	65 J	66 V	67 D	68 L	69 I	70 C		71 Q
72 T	73 M	74 H		75 B	76 M	77 U		78 E	79 A	80 O	81 B	82 T	83 G	84 U	85 J		86 K
87 U		88 H	89 S		90 W	91 D	92 C	93 F	94 U	95 Q		96 B	97 C	98 S	99 Q		100 O
	101 I	102 R	103 K	104 A	105 S	106 S		107 F	108 Q	109 C	110 D	111 T	112 G		113 N	114 I	115 J
116 D	117 S	118 M		119 B	120 N		121 S	122 G	123 O	124 M	125 K	126 P	127 U	128 T		129 H	130 G
131 V	132 B	133 R		134 I	135 G	136 B	137 E	138 V		139 O	140 H	141 A	142 W		143 I	144 P	145 H
	146 P	147 I	148 R	149 O	150 V		151 N	152 L	153 O		154 N	155 E	156 A	157 M		158 I	159 H
160 C	161 J	162 N	163 T	164 W	165 S	166 O		167 B	168 M	169 E	170 W		171 B	172 C	173 S	174 D	175 E
176 N	177 L	178 H		179 H	180 F	181 K	182 M		183 S	184 P	185 I	186 Q	187 B	188 J		189 O	190 D
191 E		192 R	193 F	194 P	195 V	196 W	197 N	198 K	199 B	200 D		201 U	202 L	203 P	204 A		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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From trout to tuna, Canada is famous for its fishing

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